…ement of a law passed by the Legislature …quiring that all oysters brought to Baltimore …cargoes should be measured in an iron vesse… …certain capacity and sold by such measure… …nt, has led to the indictment of fourteen …ns, who are charged with selling shell oys… …by the barrel.

Sand-Spouts.

From the Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

Half a dozen "sand-spouts"—columns of sand …wn up by whirlwinds—were to be seen on the …enty-two-Mile Desert, yesterday afternoon, …m 2 till nearly 3 o'clock. They waltzed about …eping always apart, and moving in the same …rection, each, apparently, a solid column ten …t in diameter and one thousand feet high. …e top of these columns seemed to be cut off …a brisk breeze from the west, which carried …e dust in clouds over the range of mountains …ng to the east of the Sink of the Carson. …metimes two of these "sand-spouts," or …hirlwinds—call them what you may—come to…ther, when they explode with a loud report …d both instantly disappear.

Nature's Freaks.

The three grown persons known as the Alliga… …r Children are to be exhibited at the Savannah …ir. The first child has a scaly skin, and, when …ing down, her actions are very similar to those … an alligator. The other two are not so dis…nctly marked, yet are similar in appearance …d actions to their sister. They walk with dif…ulty; their usual style of locomotion is crawl… …but when erect they walk upon the tips of …eir toes. Their natural position is a recum…nt one, and in that only they are at ease. The …rents of these singular children are very desti…te, but refused an offer of $10,000 from …owman to take them North for exhibition.

Comparative Cotton Statement.

New York, Dec. 26.

	Bales
…t receipts at all ports during the week	104,42…
…me time last year	130,09…
…tal for the year	1,626,32…
…st year	1,388,31…
…ports for the week	80,1…
…me time last year	46,00…
…tal for the year	832,84…
…st year	628,57…
…ock at all United States ports	600,32…
…st year	488,73…
…t interior towns	88,0…
…st year	95,68…
…t Liverpool	Not rec…
…st year	507,00…
…merican afloat for Great Britain	Not rec…
…st year	187,00…

Telegraphic Brevities.

Foster, the forger, has been brought from Mon…real to Boston, and committed for trial.

There has been but a single case of small-po… …n Jacksonville, Ill., this winter, and tha… …esulted fatally yesterday.

The Cincinnati Board of Trade yesterday re…olved to employ an agent to remain at Louis…ville and look after the interests of its mem…bers, in speedy shipping of freight from tha… …oint south.

Obituary.

SCRANTON, Pa., Dec. 27.—Judge C. A. Lane …of Wilkesbarre, Pa., died suddenly in this cit… …yesterday.

BOSTON, Dec. 27.—Edward C. Bates, a well …known Boston merchant, died in the railwa… …station at Swampscott, last night, of heart dis…ease.

Burned to Death.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Dec. 27.—Two or thre… …days ago Mrs. W. E. Smith, of Nebo, Pike Coun…ty, Ill., attempted to kindle a fire with coal oil, …resulting in a terrible explosion and the burnin… …of the woman so horribly that she died shortl… …after.

MARRIED.

KENT—OSBORNE—On the 18th inst., in Laport… Ind., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. … Kent, assisted by Rev. M. Kendall, F. H. Kent an… Augusta, second daughter of Hon. A. L. Osborne.

GOODRIDGE—PORTER—In this city, at the res…dence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Henry G. Per… Rector of All Saints' Church, on Christmas day, M… Henry W. Goodridge and Miss Hattie K., daughter … Thomas Porter, Esq., all of Chicago.

BULKLEY—WOODS—At the residence of the brid… by the Rev. C. H. W. Stocking, Charles S. Bulkley an… Miss Ella M. Woods.

DIED.

ALLEN—At Riverside, Dec. 27, William Cornell, elde… son of William T. and Sarah C. Allen, aged 17 years. Funeral at house, Monday, 11 a. m. Friends of the family are invited to attend.

TOBIN—On last evening, Dec. 28, Thomas T. Tobi… aged 38 years. Funeral from No. 6 Osborn-st., corner of West Indian… on Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1 p. m. By cars to Calva… Cemetery.

AUCTION SALES.

By WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.
55 and 57 South Canal-st.

BUTTERS & CO.'S
REGULAR SATURDAY'S SALE OF
Household Furniture,
New Brussels and Ingrain All-Wool Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Table Cutlery, White Granite and Yellow Ware, Show Cases, Desks, Chairs, Tables, Together with a large variety of Merchandise.
On SATURDAY, Dec. 28, at 9½ o'clock, at 55 and 57 South Canal-st.
At 11 o'clock—Two fine new Piano Fortes.
WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

BOOTS AND SHOES
AT AUCTION, on TUESDAY MORNING, Dec. 31, at 9:30 o'clock, at 55 and 57 South Canal-st.
WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

Horses, Buggies, Cutters and Harness
On WEDNESDAY, Jan. 1, at 10 o'clock, at 25, 27, 29 and 31 West Washington-st.
WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

DRY GOODS,
Custom-Made Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Etc.
On THURSDAY, Jan. 2, at 9½ o'clock.
WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

By GEO. P. GORE & CO.
22, 24, and 26 East Randolph-st.
AT AUCTION,
Bargains in Household Furniture, &c.
To close out several consignments.
Parlor, Chamber, Library, Office, and Kitchen Furniture,
Show Cases, Wardrobes, Mirrors,
Sewing Machines in perfect running order,
12 crates of W. G. Crockery,
10 casks of Yellow and Rockingham Ware,
30 rolls Wool Carpets,
2 elegant Pianos (new),
A large and fine lot of Plated Ware of every description (8 oz. plate).
On Saturday, Dec. 28, at 9 1-2 o'clock.
G. P. GORE & CO., Auctioneers.

By W. O. HOFFMAN, Auctioneer.
TEAS
AT AUCTION.
IMPORTANT SALES OF TEAS. L. M. HOFFMAN'S SON & CO. will sell on
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 8, 1873, at 11 o'clock,
At Roberts' Salesroom, Nos. 97 and 99 Water-st., New York.
By order of the importer, 13,000 packages choice New Season Teas, comprising invoices of Green Teas, Oolongs, Souchongs, and Japans.
Catalogues and samples will be ready at the office of the auctioneer on and after the 3d of January, and at the salesroom two days previous to sale.

By HARRISON & CO.
Mortgagee's Sale.
At No. 290 West Madison-st., under foreclosure, we will sell, on Saturday, Dec. 28, at 9½ o'clock, the entire stock of Furniture, &c., contained in above store, consisting of ELEGANT NEW FURNITURE, such as Parlor and Chamber Sets, Chairs, Tables, Mattresses, &c. Elegant stock, and sale peremptory.
HARRISON & CO., Auctioneers, 63 South Canal-st.

REGULAR SATURDAY'S SALE OF
Household Goods
THIS MORNING, at 9½ o'clock. Large and attractive stock.
HARRISON & CO., Auctioneers, 63 South Canal-st.

200 Canary Birds
AT AUCTION, this morning at 9½ o'clock. Unreserved sale of very choice birds.
HARRISON & CO., Auctioneers, 63 South Canal-st.

PAWNBROKER'S SALE.
I will sell at Public Auction, without reserve, for cash, the balance of forfeited pledges for the current year, this evening and every evening at 7 o'clock, until New Year.
A. GOLDSMID, 488 State-st.

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

VOLUME 26. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1872—TWELVE PAGES. NUMBER 132.

FURS.

AT COST
For 30 Days.
We will sell our Extensive and Elegant Stock of
LADIES' FURS!
Including much the largest and finest assortment of
GENUINE ERMINE
To be found in this city,
AT ACTUAL COST!
BREWSTER, Furrier,
38 West Madison-st. 38
Opposite Sherman House.

GENERAL NOTICES.

THE ADAMS
EXPRESS COMPANY
Will commence to transact their general business on and after this date at
120 & 122 Dearborn-st.,
Between Madison and Washington-sts.
The Branch Office
At 55 West Washington-st.
Will continue to receive and forward all matters as before. ANSON GORTON, Agent.
Chicago, Dec. 26, 1872.

REMOVALS.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
The Office and Wholesale Department of
J. J. McGRATH,
Importer and Manufacturer of PAPER HANGINGS, DECORATIONS, and WINDOW SHADES, will be removed, on Monday, Dec. 30, to 174 & 176 STATE-ST., opposite Palmer's Grand Hotel.

REMOVAL.
FASHIONABLE
FURNITURE!
W. W. STRONG FURNITURE CO,
266 & 268 Wabash-av.

REMOVAL.
C. GERSTENBERG,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Has Removed to 199 East Kinzie-st.

MAGAZINE.

500,000 SUBSCRIBERS
WANTED FOR
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.
"The Best Magazine in the World."
The NOVEMBER and DECEMBER numbers, containing the beginning of
"Arthur Bonnicastle,"
DR. HOLLAND'S GREAT AMERICAN SERIAL,
Sent free to all subscribers for 1873.
SCRIBNER & CO.,
654 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TO RENT.

OFFICES IN THE
Tribune Building
Are nearly finished. Several are yet untaken. Fire-proof, with vaults. English tile floors throughout. No offices in the city equal these in every first-class respect. Plans of the Tribune Building can be seen at the office of
W. C. DOW,
Room No. 1, Nevada Block.

FOR RENT.
Building situated on one of the most prominent corners in the city, to be elegantly fitted up for a HOTEL; 130 rooms and all modern conveniences. Plans can be seen at our office.
WM. H. SAMPSON & CO.,
Real Estate and House Renting Agency,
144 LaSalle-st., Otis Block.

TO RENT.
The Basement and 2d and 3d Stories of Brick Building, No. 13 Michigan-av. Apply on premises.
H. W. DURANT.

TO RENT.
Fine Bank or Broker's Office,
No. 122 South Clark-st.,
Next door to Chicago Clearing House. Has large Private Office, and an A. No. 1 Fire and Burglar Proof Vault, 5 ft. 8 in. by 7 ft. 8 in. Call and examine. Also, several light eligible offices in same building.
WM. HANSBROUGH,
131 LaSalle-st., Room 12.

HOUSES FOR RENT!!
HOUSES FOR RENT!!
Call and examine our large list of houses in all parts of the city.
WM. H. SAMPSON & CO.,
144 LaSalle-st., Otis Block.

MUSICAL.

400
Pianos and Organs
For the Holidays.
The largest stock in the city. Just look at some of our prices. Splendid new 7-octave Rosewood Pianos, which we fully guarantee.
PIANOS at $225.
PIANOS at $250.
PIANOS at $275.
PIANOS at $300.
PIANOS at $350.
PIANOS at $400.
ORGANS at $60.
ORGANS at $75.
ORGANS at 100.
ORGANS at $125.
ORGANS at $150.
ORGANS at $175.
We sell on instalments to suit purchasers.
STORY & CAMP,
211 State-st., cor. Adams.

JEWELRY, &c.

MAYO & CO.,
JEWELLERS,
Opposite Post Office,
WILL SELL,
AT COST,
FOR THIRTY DAYS.
SEE FOLLOWING PRICES:
American Gold and Silver Watches, 25 to 35 per cent discount.
Geneva and Swiss Watches, 30 to 45 per cent discount.
Solid 14-Carat Gold Chains, $1.25 to $1.50 per Pwt.
Royal Opera Chains, $35 to $60 each.
Elegant Gold Necklaces and Crosses at nearly half price.
Beautiful Stone Cameo, Coral, and Turquoise Sets at nearly half price.
Satin Finish and Chased Sets at half price.
New Designs in Bands and Chain Bracelets, at half price.
Sterling Silver Forks and Spoons only $1.75 per doz.
Do. do. in cases, for presents, at 25 to 45 per cent discount.
Rogers' Plated Ware, 25 to 40 per ct. discount.
Ice Pitchers, Tea Sets, Castors, etc., do. do.
Beautiful Bronzes and Clocks at nearly half price.
Voyage Clocks and Electric Bells do. do.
Russia Leather, Gilt, and Ivory Fans do. do.
Our entire stock, in fact, far below market prices.
J. B. MAYO & CO.,
360 Wabash-av., opp. Post Office.

AT COST
WATCHES,
CHAINS,
Silver and Silver Plated Ware,
And everthing in our store, for the next THIRTY days.
ROSEBERRY & FALCH,
68 Madison-st., cor. State.

FINANCIAL.

DIG.
We employ the best facilities known for the collection of claims in all parts of the country, with as complete and extensive a system as most cases will demand. Business men are invited to investigate. Call or send for circular. FRASIER'S Mercantile Collection Agency, 146 East Madison st.

INSURANCE CLAIMS.
MERCHANTS', GERMANIA,
GREAT WESTERN, EQUITABLE,
And other insurance claims, bought at the very highest cash price.
R. S. DIETRICH,
Room 8, 77 West Madison-st., up stairs.

Loans Negotiated
On real estate, in the city or suburbs, at current rates.
G. S. HUBBARD, Jr.,
168 East Washington-st.

A. O. Slaughter,
BANKER,
Corner Clark and Madison-sts. Buys and sells Stocks, Bonds, and Gold. Receives money on deposit and transacts a General Banking and Brokerage Business.

INSURANCE CLAIMS
Merchants', Firemen's, Great Western, Home, Equitable, Chicago Fire, and Germania—a liberal price in cash paid for above by J. N. WITHERELL, 368 Wabash-av.

REPUBLIC INSURANCE CERTIFICATES
I will sell 4,000 and buy at market price.
R. D. STILES,
130 South Clark-st., Room 5.

MEETINGS.

I. O. of O. F.

All members of Excelsior Lodge, No. 22, I. O. of O. F., are hereby requested to meet at their new hall, southeast corner of Washington and Clark-sts., on next Tuesday evening, at 7½ o'clock. Election of officers and other important business. By order of the Lodge.
W. H. DAVIS, N. G.
E. D. SHULL, Rec. Sec'y.

Masonic.

Chicago Commandery, No. 19, K. T. Special Conclave at Masonic Temple, corner Halsted and Randolph-sts., Monday, Dec. 30, at 7½ p. m. Work on the K. T. order. All Sir Knights are courteously invited. By order of the E. C.
GEO. F. SINCLAIR, Recorder.

Masonic.

Special Communication of Chicago Lodge, No. 437, A. F. & A. M., Tuesday evening, 31st inst., at Apollo Hall, cor. Twenty-eighth and State-sts., for work. By order of W. M.
SAM. SEELEMAN, Sec'y.

Attention!

Members of the Carpenters' and Joiners' Union, No. 1, of the city of Chicago, are hereby requested to meet at Father Mathew's Temperance Hall, on West Harrison-st., Monday, Dec. 30, 1872, at 8 p. m., sharp, as business of importance is to be transacted. By order of
E. OWENS, President.

Knights of Pythias.

The members of Ivanhoe Lodge, No. 9, are earnestly requested to attend an election of officers Monday evening, Dec. 30, at the Castle Hall, 114 East Monroe-st.
J. D. KENDALL, K. of R. & S.

NOTICE.

To members of the Tin-Plate and Sheet Metal-Workers' Protective and Benevolent Society of Chicago, on and hereafter regular meetings will be held at the rooms of the Chicago Arbeit Verein, at the Globe Theatre on Desplaines-st., between Madison and Washington-sts., on Thursdays, at 7:30 p. m.
CHARLES BARTH, Sec.

DRY GOODS.

Store Too Small!
STOCK TOO LARGE!
AND MUST BE REDUCED!
Sweeping Reductions
FOR TEN DAYS ONLY!
$75,000 worth of Dry Goods, to be sold regardless of cost.
$25,000 worth Dress Goods at panic prices.
300 Shawls, less than half price.
$5,000 worth Cloths, less than cost.
$10,000 worth Cloths, Underwear, and Hosiery at net cost.
Canton Flannels and Domestic at New York jobbing prices.
MERIGOLD & LLOYD
Will, on Monday next, 30th inst., and for ten days following, offer their entire stock of DRY GOODS at prices never before offered, at
326 West Madison-st.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Vienna,
Paris, and
Bohemian
HOLIDAY GOODS
AT COST for balance of the season.
BURLEY &
TYRRELL,
274, 276 & 278 WABASH-AV.,
Corner VanBuren-st.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
FINE WINES
FINE WINES,
Cigars, &c.
BENJ. BRUCE, JR. & CO.,
511 Wabash-av.,
ARE OFFERING A FINE LINE OF
CHAMPAGNES, CHOICE OLD PORT,
SHERRIES, AND MADEIRA WINES,
BURGUNDIES, RHINE, MOSELLE,
HUNGARIAN AND CALIFORNIA WINES,
COGNAC, HAVANA CIGARS, ETC., ETC.
Their stock comprises one of the largest and choicest assortments of IMPORTED and NATIVE WINES, LIQUORS, &c., in the West. Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and satisfy themselves.
BENJ. BRUCE, JR., & CO.,
511 Wabash-av.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE
BY
Wm. D. Kerfoot & Co.,
90 East Washington-st.
20x150 feet on north side Lake-st., between Clark and Dearborn-sts., with four-story building.
46 feet on River-st., facing Rush-st. bridge.
40 feet on Wabash-av., 80 feet north of Adams-st.
64x135 feet on Michigan-av., between Randolph and Lake-sts.
40x100 feet on Wabash-av., between Lake and Randolph.
50 feet on Clark-st., near Harrison.
100 feet on Clark-st., north of Van Buren.
65x53 feet on LaSalle-st., just south of Monroe.
40x180 feet on Michigan-av., north of Adams-st.
22x108 feet on Van Buren-st., between Wabash and Michigan-avs.
25x100 feet on Wells-st., between Jackson and VanBuren.
84x150 feet on State-st., north of Quincy.
92x95 feet on State-st., between Randolph and Washington.
30x80 feet on Wells-st., near Madison.
40x108 feet on Fourth-av., near Van Buren.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.
A third interest in a SAW-MILL AND LUMBER YARD at Winona, Minnesota, doing a prosperous business. For particulars address
WILLIAM MITCHEL, Winona, Minn.

DISSOLUTION NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION.

The copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the firm name of Wright & Beebe, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
N. T. WRIGHT,
GEO. T. BEEBE.
CHICAGO, Dec. 16, 1872.

COPARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned having purchased the interest of N. T. Wright, in the late firm of Wright & Beebe, have entered into a copartnership for the purpose of continuing the general grain and produce commission business at 187 South Water-st., heretofore occupied by Wright & Beebe, under the firm name and style of G. T. Beebe & Co. We are prepared, not only to supply the wants of all old customers, but to make liberal cash advances on consignments from others. A continuance of favors is solicited from our acquaintances, and a trial from all. Letters of inquiry will receive prompt attention.
G. T. BEEBE,
T. ORMSBEE,
E. P. CASS.
Dec. 17, 1872.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. H. TONGUE
Has removed to 187 and 189 EAST WASHINGTON-ST., Rooms 3, 4, 5 and 6. He has practiced in the city of Chicago over thirteen years, and has the greatest success in curing all diseases of the head, eye, and ear. Separate rooms and good accommodations for ladies and gentlemen.

BUILDING MATERIAL.

BRICK.
Those wishing to exchange good common Brick for choice real estate, will please address
A. P. MOORE, 39 and 41 Wabash-av.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

NEW YEAR'S
GIFTS.
We have just received an elegant assortment of
GORHAM
MANUFACTURING CO.'S
Sterling Silverware,
Warranted 925-1,000 Fine.
The Gorham Company is pre-eminently distinguished for their artistic designs and ornamentation, fine workmanship, and the purity of their Silver. Their great facilities for manufacturing enable them to produce Sterling Silver that cannot be approached in utility, beauty, and price. An examination is respectfully requested.
N. MATSON & CO.,
State and Monroe-sts.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

RETURN
The compliments of the season by purchasing your NEW YEAR'S GIFTS at the jewelry establishment of
A. H. MILLER,
176 STATE-ST.
There you will find a complete assortment of Jewelry, Silverware, and Watches, at extremely low prices.
A. H. MILLER,
Jeweller, 176 State-st.

PERFUME.

New Perfume!
PULLMAN
Palace Car Bouquet.

DENTISTRY.

D. M. TOWNER & CO.
DENTISTS,
181 and 183 West Madison-st., northeast corner Halsted.
Teeth Extracted Without Pain.
Artificial Sets..........$10, $15, $20 and $25
Pure Gold Fillings..........$2 to $4
Silver Fillings..........$1 to $3
Extracting Teeth, each..........50 cents

MUSICAL.

PIANOS,
Of DECKER BROS., New York, and other first-class manufacturers,
Store and Warehouse, 455 Wabash-av.
H. CLAUSSENIUS & CO.,
General Agents for the State of Illinois.

Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.,
281 Wabash-av., corner Van Buren-st. These Organs are acknowledged to be unrivalled in excellence. See ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND TESTIMONIAL CIRCULAR. Organs to rent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

100 cases Champagne, Carte Blanche, L. Roederer.
70 cases Champagne, Carte Noir, L. Roederer.
65 cases Champagne, Gladiateur, L. Roederer.
50 cases Champagne, Green Seal.
50 cases Champagne, Sparkling Moselle.
Just arrived and for sale by
JNO. CLARKE & CO., 21 and 23 River-st.

CARD.
Dr. E. O. F. ROLER having returned from Europe, will attend to professional calls as usual.
Office and residence as formerly.

To avoid delay, order your Blank Books and Printing for the new year immediately of CULVER, PAGE, HOYNE & CO., 118 & 120 Monroe-st., Chicago.

J. W. DEAN & CO.
PUBLISH THE CHICAGO LIBRARIAN,
Devoted to the library interests of the city, containing a monthly catalogue of all the new books received by the Chicago Public Library; guaranteed circulation, 5,000 per month; a valuable medium of permanent advertising. Subscription, 50 cents a year. Office, No. 7 Tribune Bldg.

SEE HERE!
Save your feet and have comfort by securing your doors and windows from the blasts of winter, dust, insects, rattling, etc., with Torrey's celebrated Patent
WEATHER STRIPS.
Furnished and applied by A. D. McCORMICK, 299 West Madison-st. Open from 7 a.m. to 8 p. m.

At Israel's Pharmacy,
522 Wabash-av., corner Harmon-court, can be found a beautiful selection of
HOLIDAY GOODS,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

THE SHERMAN HOUSE SALOON
Will open Tuesday, Dec. 31. Give us a call. Best of Wines and Liquors on hand.
M. SMITH & CO.

REAL ESTATE.

An Increase of Capital from Abroad for Investment.

Some Imporant Sales of Business and Residence Property.

Great Land Claims in This and Other Cities.

The Progress of Notable Buildings—Transfers for the Week.

The volume of real estate transfers has been diminishing from week to week, and for the past week has been smaller than in any similar period for a year or two. It is apparent, however, that the inquiry for property from investors is increasing. Within the last few weeks the amount of Eastern money offered here for loan on real estate has increased largely, and this is a pretty sure indication that the amount offered for investment in the fee of land, by actual purchase, is increasing also.

SALES OF VALUABLE BUSINESS PROPERTY.

Among the transfers in our daily list, a few days ago, was one for a very valuable piece of property fronting on Madison and Clark streets. The lot, which is in the shape of an L, has a north frontage of 50 feet on Madison street, extending back 50 feet and 33-100, and an east front of 45½ feet on Clark street, extending back 126 feet. The lot originally included the southwest corner of Clark and Madison streets, and had a frontage of 50½ feet on Clark, by 126 on Madison. Out of this, the lot on which stands the building occupied by the National Bank of Commerce (25x76 feet) was sold, leaving the L-shaped lot, just sold to Messrs. Brown Brothers, of this city, for the sum of $110,000, being at the rate of $25 per square foot. The sale is a clean transaction, the entire price being in money and time payments, and is the highest price ever paid for any ground in Chicago. But even this price is still far below the prices of business property in Eastern cities, like Boston, where the best business ground sells at $50 to $60 per square foot, to say nothing about New York, where it sells for still higher prices. About eighteen months ago the lot just sold for $110,000 was sold for $100,000, and much comment was made then on the price, which, to a few old fogies who had a stereotyped idea of Chicago as an ephemeral town, was considered very high. The disaster of October, 1871, however, proved that Chicago had a much more substantial basis for prosperity than it had ever received credit for. In the case of this particular lot, the fire was a benefit, as it was the means of moving some of the best business locations considerably west of the old centres. The purchasers of the lot in question will build on it early next spring a magnificent five-story building, of which both the Clark and Madison street fronts will be constructed more largely of plate glass than any other building in the city. The entire building is to be occupied for one of the finest restaurants in the United States, and will be kept by Messrs. Woolworth & Wentworth, now of the Briggs House. There will be a gentlemen's dining-room, with its front and entrance on the ground floor on Clark street, and a ladies' dining-room, to occupy the entire Madison street front on the ground floor. The basement will be used for kitchens, laundries, and other offices of the restaurant, and the upper rooms for private dining and banqueting rooms.

Messrs. W. D. Kerfoot & Co., who negotiated the sale of the above valuable property, have made sales of real estate during the last six weeks, to the aggregate amount of $316,000, more than half of which was for first-class business property, and among which is another Clark street lot, being 25x80 on the east side of Clark street, 146 feet south of Madison, and on which is a good three-story marble-front building, for $46,000.

PRICES IN VARIOUS QUARTERS.

As indications of the range of prices of "inside" property in various parts of the city, we select a few lots from the transfers of the last few weeks which are known to be on regular terms of money and time payments, and do not include any "swaps," as is sometimes the case:

50 ft. on North Dearborn, near Goethe	$10,500
58x109 ft., cor. Clinton and DeKoven	4,000
65x104 ft., cor. North LaSalle and Western av.	8,000
100x203 ft., cor. West Lake and Oglesby	5,200
75x150 ft., cor. Warren av. and Homans av	7,850
30x160 ft., with house, on Cottage Grove, near Thirty-seventh st	6,500
50x100 ft. on Lake, near Halsted	3,600
50x100 ft., West Harrison, near Robey	2,200
25x150 ft., Harrison, near Aberdeen (with house)	4,500
48x118 ft. on Halsted, near Luke	6,100
25x125 ft. on Harrison, near Western av	1,000
100x100 ft., cor. Walsh and Brown	4,300

THE GREAT LAND SUIT

which has been suddenly "sprung" upon the community, of course, excites a great deal of comment. Everybody has been so completely taken by surprise that it can scarcely be said yet that there is any prevailing opinion about the foundation of the claim, though many persons whose judgment in general matters is regarded with deference, are disposed to view the whole affair as growing out of the destruction of the official records and the impossibility of referring to the original documents showing the titles to the lands in question in the individuals who have been acknowledged as the rightful owners for so many years. In the four or five great land claims to city property which have been prominently before the public in the last dozen years; the Anneke Jans suit in New York, the Clamorgan claim suddenly made about 20 years ago to several million dollars' worth of property in St. Louis, and the Myra Clark Gaines claim to a large amount of property in New Orleans, there have been a few general features much the same in all; In none of these cases have the claimants got actual possession of any of the property claimed, and the most that claimants have ever expected was to get small sums from timid individual property owners in the way of compromise. Even Mrs. Gaines, whose claim probably had a much more legitimate foundation than the others, has had to make it a life-long fight, and notwithstanding her apparent success at one time is now all at sea again. The entertainment of such claims by the Courts without the most undoubted evidence of their legitimate, bona fide character, is contrary to public policy, and the general sentiment of the public is, and should be, against them. If the claimants in the suit in question find the money to carry on the litigation it will throw a cloud over the titles to all the property between Forty-third and Forty-seventh streets and State street and Indiana avenue. This tract includes "Winston's Subdivison" of about 35 acres; "Stone's Subdivision" of 20 acres; "Shrimp's Subdivision" of about six acres, besides about 19 acres in smaller subdivisions, all in the west ½ of southwest ¼ of Section 3; also on all the property between Fifty-ninth street on the north, Sixty-third street on the south, Cottage Grove avenue on the west, and Woodlawn avenue on the east, which includes Busby's Subdivision, of 80 acres; two blocks of 20 acres each, lying next north of Busby's Subdivision, and 40 acres which are included in the park-way that connects the two great divisions of the South Parks, 240 acres in all.

BUILDING NOTES.

The intense severity of the weather would, under ordinary circumstances, completely shut off building operations; but the strong pressure that exists on many parties to get their structures enclosed, to be finished during the winter, in time for the early spring, has caused much work to be done in the face of the great vicissitudes of the past few weeks. As the most prominent theme in this line, a few words may be said in reference to

THE GREAT HOTELS.

The Pacific will be enclosed and steam heated the present week. The joiner work on three floors is well advanced. The plastering is nearly finished throughout, and the small remaining portion in the upper part of the building will be in favorable condition to be completed when the house is heated. The large ceilings are ready for the fresco work, which will begin early in January. The hotel will be ready for the public in March or April, though the delay caused by non-resident contractors, for galvanized iron work, will delay completion six weeks, and has left the Mansards and pavilions in ragged shape for the winter. The furniture of the Pacific, in the hands of Chicago manufacturers, is well advanced.

The Sherman House will be ready for opening early in March. The painters are busy, and the later work of the carpenters in progress.

The Matteson House has suffered some delay, but will be open in February.

The Tremont is up to the third-story. The Clifton to the fourth. The Palmer is in winter quarters, nothing doing.

THE PAPER MILL.

Messrs. Bradner, Smith & Co.'s paper mill, on the North Side, occupying the site of the sugar refinery, is finished and in operation, the first of its class in Chicago. Capacity, four tons of print paper daily.

OTHER BUILDINGS.

The great store of Field, Leiter & Co. has put on increased proofs of its magnitude and splendor. It has reached the fourth story. The store of D. B. Fiske & Co., on the adjacent corner of Washington street and Wabash avenue, is receiving the finishing touches. The fine building in Frear stone on the corner of Adams street and Wabash avenue is receiving the roof. It is the most striking building in this material yet erected in this city. The Franklin street extension of J. V. Farwell & Co.'s dry goods premises, of concrete, is enclosed, and being rapidly finished. The fine block of Judge Galbraith, of Erie, Pa., on the corner of Madison and Franklin streets, is nearly ready for tenants. Messrs. Carson, Pirie & Co. will occupy one of the stores.

YESTERDAY'S TRANSFERS.

The following instruments were filed for record on Saturday, Dec. 28:

CITY PROPERTY.

Second st, bet Leavitt and Hoyne sts, n f, 25 ft to alley, dated Dec. 17; consideration, $800.

Park st, bet Holstein and Henshaw avs, s f, Lot 40, dated Nov. 5; consideration, $350.

West Polk st, e of and near Halsted st, n f, 25x119 ft, dated Dec. 26; consideration, $1,700.

Lot 18, in Block 2 of Davis' Subdivision, in s w ¼ of Sec 28, 39, 14, dated Dec. 20; consideration, $900.

Forquer st, w of and near Halsted st, n f, 25 ft to alley, with improvements, dated Oct. 23; consideration, $2,700.

Lot 2 of Lot 4, in Block 25, of Fake's Subdivision in Blocks 27 and 28, Sec. 29, 39, 14, dated Dec. 19; consideration, $1,250.

Clark st, 198 ft s of Madison st, w f, 25x90 ft, with marble-front building, dated Nov. 28; consideration, $46,000.

Lot 14 in Hambleton's Lots 1 and 4 in Block 7, of Rockwell's Addition, dated Dec. 20; consideration, $1,000.

Lots 5 and 6, in Block 8, of Millard and Decker's e ½ e ½ of n w ¼, Sec. 26, 39, 13, dated Oct. 18; consideration, $1,500.

Clinton st, between Lake and Randolph-sts, w f, und ½ of 80x150 ft, with other property, dated Dec. 16; consideration, $27,333.

Rebecca st, between Throop and Loomis sts, s f, 24 ft to alley, dated Dec. 27; consideration, $600.

Rebecca st, bet Throop and Loomis sts, s f, 24 ft to alley, dated Dec. 27; consideration, $600.

Wabansia av, e of and near Elk Grove st, n f, 25 ft to alley, dated Nov. 15; consideration, $2,000.

Calumet av, w f, 66½ ft, running to railroad, in Culver *et al.* Subdivision, s w ¼ of Sec. 22, 39, 14, dated Dec. 28; consideration, $19,250.

Dayton st, between Willow and Bissell sts, w f, 25 ft to alley, dated July 18; consideration, $1,025.

Lot 57, in Block 2, of Assessor's e ½ n w ¼ Sec. 8, 39, 14, dated Dec. 7; consideration, $1,450.

North Sangamon st, between Third and Fourth sts, e f, n ½ of Lot 6, dated Dec. 26; consideration, $1,250.

Division st, 159½ ft w of Robey st, s f, 159½x120 ft, with 13 other lots in same subdivision, dated Oct. 24; consideration, $10,000.

Lots 13 and 36, in Waughop's Block 27, Sec 7, 39, 14, dated Oct. 8; consideration, $2,000.

North Wood st, bet Iowa and Rice sts, e f, Lot 5, dated Dec. 9; consideration, $650.

Thirteen lots in Block 26, Sec 33, 40, 14, dated Dec. 21; consideration, $6,500.

NORTH OF CITY LIMITS.

Halsted st, 189 ft n of Wellington st, w f, 50 ft, dated Oct. 2; consideration, $2,100.

Lot 3, in Thompson's part of Block 14, in Hundley's Lots 3 to 21, etc., in Pine Grove, dated Oct. 11; consideration, $1,600.

SOUTH OF CITY LIMITS.

Lot 22, in Block 29, Kimbark's Addition to Hyde Park, dated Dec. 17; consideration, $3,500.

That part Chestnut st lying between Hyde Park avenue and railroad right of way, dated July 1; consideration, $5,000.

Wood st, 125 ft s of Fifty-third st, w f, 75x128½ ft, dated Dec. 17; consideration, $900.

SUMMARY FOR THE WEEK.

The following is the total amount of city and suburban property transferred during the week ending Saturday, Dec. 28: City property, number of sales, 72; consideration, $445,292. North of city limits, number of sales, 9; consideration, $18,550. South of city limits, number of sales, 25; consideration, $104,260. West of city limits, number of sales, 1; consideration, $39,390. Total sales, 107. Total consideration, $607,432.

EVANSTON.

The town of Evanston is still alive with its holiday festivities. On Friday evening the Baptist Church was crowded to overflowing with people who had assembled to witness the holiday festival of that church. It was so packed that even the *Times* reporter had great difficulty in securing a seat. The church was uniquely trimmed with evergreens, and on the front and side walls were numerous golden stars. Just over the pulpit was this motto, in large gilt letters, "Immanuel," with a star above and beneath each letter, and on either side were the two smaller mottoes, "Earnest Workers," and "Cheerful Givers." There were two Christmas trees heavily laden with presents and decorations, one on the right and the other on the left of the platform. After prayer by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Chapell, and the singing of the "Greeting Song" by the school, there were several recitations by different young ladies of the church.

Then came the chief feature in the entertainment, a dialogue entitled "A Year's Reckoning." The old reaper, Time, first appeared on the stage, holding a large scythe in his hands; he then called on each one of the months of the year in succession, and the persons who represented the different months would step on the stage, one at a time, and deliver a short speech appropriate to the month he or she represented. The months of January and February were represented by Messrs. Ingraham and Mulford. The next eight months were represented by Misses Crapser, Palmer, Huntoon, Shuman, Way, Brown, Chapman, and Harris, and November and December by Messrs. Foster and Grey. This performance bieng over, "Ring out the old year, and ring in the new," from Tennyson, was recited by three little girls, which concluded the literary exercises of the evening.

Santa Claus then appeared on the stage of action, and, as usual on such occasions, this created a great sensation. This veritable Santa Claus was none other than Andrew Shuman, Esq., of the *Evening Journal*. He rode in on a small cart drawn by four little boys.

Near the close of the exercises, Miss Webster, the Superintendent of the Infant Department, was presented with a beautiful book, and Miss Lina Olson received a picture as a reward for bringing in the most new scholars during the year.

On this same evening there was a Sunday School Fair given by the members of the Presbyterian school. The object was to secure funds to aid in the purchase of the "Woodstock Home," which is situated high up in the Himalaya Mountains in India. The Missionary Board connected with the Presbyterian Church in this country have undertaken to purchase this property, which is valued at $10,000, for a resort for their missionaries during the very warm months of the year, to save them from the necessity of returning home in order to save their lives. This surely is a very worthy object, and it is hoped that the proceeds of the fair will be large.

The holiday gathering at St. Mark's Church, on Saturday evening, was the occasion of much joy to both young and old. This, though the last, was by no means the least of the many festive gatherings which have taken place in Evanston during the past week.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Good news has come at last. Mr. C. J. Gilbert, the President of the Board of Trustees, has already purchased all the equipments of a Hook and Ladder Company, and a company will at once be organized. The fire engine which THE TRIBUNE said was coming, will be purchased in a very few days, and it is the purpose of the Trustees to have another company organized to take charge of this department.

The first floor of the Town Hall is already being fitted up as an engine-house; the front is being torn down and large double doors are to be put in. The second story will now be finished off to be used for the Court-room and offices. This looks more like business than anything that has taken place in Evanston for some time.

The Trustees are very anxious that every citizen who is at all interested in the welfare and safety of his home should come out to the public meeting, to be held in Lyon's Hall, on next Tuesday evening. The water works question will be thoroughly discussed at that time, and some definite action will probably be taken.

THE $261,583 OF "STATE" CLAIMS.

An Advance Sheet from a Little Book of Limited Circulation.

Complete Schedule of the Contested Claims Held by the National Loan and Trust Company Against the State Insurance Company.

The following is a list of the claims held by the National Loan and Trust Company against the State Insurance Company. This, as well as other information published from time to time in THE TRIBUNE, in connection with the revisory petition now before Judge Drummond, would probably never have been seen by the public eye without the intervention of these columns, the schedule here given now being printed in a little book, whose circulation will be so select as not to exceed twelve copies. THE TRIBUNE'S best apology for anticipating the advance pages of the little publication in reference is the fact that those concerned may have no other opportunity of learning information so interesting to many citizens. The following is the schedule:

Schedule of adjusted claims against the State Insurance Company, for which certificates of indebtedness were issued, which are now in the possession of the National Loan and Trust Company. [Note—All policies are assigned to J. B. Smith.]

Policy No.	*Name of person insured.*	*Am't of loss.*
1,739	A. B. Smith	$2,684
1,747	B. M. Ford & Co.	3,000
2,270	Charles McMaster	3,144
8,248	George H. Rozet	6,000
8,555	J. V. Farwell & Co.	5,000
8,684	Charles M. Smith	2,000
9,319	S. & M. Geo. H. Rozet	2,500
10,206	Gower Brothers	2,500
10,273	Bradner, Smith & Co.	2,500
10,453	Field, Leiter & Co.	5,000
10,633	R. B. Mason and H. G. Miller	2,500
10,756	S. F. Wright	1,200
10,762	Charles M. Smith	2,500
10,763	Same	2,600
10,847	J. Brader (?) Smith	1,000
10,848	Bradner, Smith & Co.	2,500
10,852	Charles Crosby	2,000
10,938	John Williamson	1,000
10,940	O. F. Angier	407
10,958	Heartt, Wait & Dodge	2,000
10,976	Page & Sprague	2,500
11,019	Spaulding & Merrick	1,000
11,027	R. M. Hooley	2,000
11,188	Lord, Smith & Co.	2,500
11,205	Walter Philbin	500
11,206	Charles M. Smith	5,000
11,218	Alfred S. Trude	406
11,219	Spaulding & LaMontes	2,500
11,231	Gould Bros.	2,500
11,241	R. B. Mason	4,000
11,242	Lyon & Healy	5,000
11,246	R. J. Morse	1,250
11,254	William Bross	5,000
11,287	R. B. Mason	4,000
11,296	R. M. Landis & Co.	2,000
11,309	C. D. (?) Wilson	2,000
11,317	Bradner Smith	2,500
11,326	Norman C. Perkins	1,000
11,343	R. J. Morse	1,500
11,380	E. Wolf	1,000
11,435	John Nelson	118
11,440	J. V. Farwell & Co.	5,000
11,459	Chicago File Co.	2,000
11,471	Bradner Smith & Co.	2,300
11,500	Jones & Torrey	2,300
11,542	Bowen Bros.	4,000
11,545	A. A. Munger	2,500
11,561	Hibbard & Spencer	5,000
2,271 (6)	Taylor & Hurlbut	2,000
27,525	Page & Sprague	2,000
27,543	Same	2,000
27,547	Root & Cady	3,000
27,548	Wm. Y. Daniels	3,000
27,558	Chas. P. Kellogg & Co.	5,000
27,563	W. T. Jacobs	500
27,567	Wright Brothers	2,000
27,596	H. W. King & Co.	5,000
27,597	M. O'Callaghan	500
27,604	Alston, Devoe (?) & Co.	1,500
27,608	O. F. Fuller	4,000
27,609	Same	1,000
27,612	E. Hempstead	4,000
27,613	Same	5,000
27,626	Alston, Devoe & Co.	1,000
27,638	E. Hempstead	6,000
27,645	Gilbert & Sampson	5,000
27,648	W. F. Dominick	4,000
27,666	Hurlbut & Edsall	2,500
27,667	O. L. American	5,000
27,670	W. W. Kimball	2,500
27,672	D. W. & A. Keith & Co.	5,000
27,706	W. P. F. Meserve	3,000
27,721	R. B. Mason	4,000
27,726	W. P. F. Meserve	5,000
27,737	John T. Stafford	4,000
27,742	George Morrison	3,000
27,744	H. & D. S. Greenebaum	5,000
27,746½	Charles Colehour	5,000
27,750	Alston, Devoe & Co.	5,000
27,753	Keith Bros.	5,000
27,761	J. V. Farwell & Co.	5,000
27,779	*Post* Printing Company	3,000
27,786	Ephraim Morrison	3,000
27,788	B. P. Wane	2,500
27,800	Martin Thatcher & Co.	2,500
27,801	John Butler & Co.	2,000
27,808	H. M. Boardman	1,500
27,818	Genneman (?) & Hinds	1,400
27,823	Samuel Overton	650
27,838	John D. Catchfene	386
27,849	Charles Busby	6,000
27,850	National Loan and Trust Company	1,400

The claims aggregate..........$261,583

It will be seen that Norman C. Perkins, the assignee himself, is one of the party, and that the National Loan and Trust Company is the holder of its own claim.

MORE OF MUNN & SCOTT.

The Assignees Petition to Have George Armour & Co.'s Proofs of Debt Stricken from the Files of the Court.

The assignees of Munn, Norton & Scott yesterday petitioned the Court to strike off the files the proofs of debt filed by George Armour & Co., on the ground that the notes referred to have been paid, and that said Armour & Co. had received a fraudulent preference; and to order the said Armour & Co. to repay to the estate the value of the pledged property appropriated by them in excess of the amount of said notes. Petitioners represent that the notes referred to were given by the bankrupts with security on grain receipts, their (Munn, Norton & Scott's) property absolutely, received in the usual way of business, shipped to them by their various correspondents in all parts of the country, and stored in the elevators of Munn & Scott, who issued to said bankrupts the proper receipts therefor. Said Munn & Scott and said Armour & Co. never had any interest in said receipts. Further, the petitioners claim that Armour & Co. and Munn & Scott were, in effect, partners, and equally liable; that, whilst such partners, Armour & Co. procured such notes from Munn & Scott for the purpose of extinguishing the liability of the latter on the grain referred to, the warehouse receipts being held and pledged for the payment of said notes. The petitioners show that the grain was of greater value than the sum represented by the notes to the extent of $5,891.53, and protest against any set-off; and that Munn, Norton & Scott, between the 1st and 29th of October, transferred over 120,000 bushels of wheat to Munn & Scott. The Court has directed Armour & Co. to show cause.

MORE DEFENDANTS.

Another List of Defendants in the Great Land Lawsuit.

Our otherwise complete report of the great land lawsuit filed by the heirs of John Bostwick lacked the names of the defendants to the Skinner suit, those in the Hess suit, by some inexplicable inadvertence, having been omitted. The following is the additional list of defendants: Mark and Elizabeth Skinner, Paul and Helen G. Cornell, John M. Kraum and wife, Benjamin T. Downing, Charles Busby and wife, the South Park Commissioners, Jeremiah A. Kinsella and wife, Joseph B. Greenhut and wife, Lester S. Bond and wife, Isaac Pflaum and wife, Erskine M. Phelps and wife, Reuben P. Layton and wife, Robert L. and Josephine Wilson, Francis J. Wilson, Samuel Bowe and wife, George R. Clark and wife, Edward and Mary A. Martin, Edward S. Solomon and wife, Almira H. Washburn, widow of Peter T. Washburn; Elizabeth Johnson and Almira H. Washburn, executors of Peter T. Washburn; L. C. Paine Freer, Trustee; Thomas and Josephine H. B. Webb, Elmer G. Clarke and wife, Isaac S. Richardson and wife, Mrs. Sluyter, Ada Sluyter, William Sluyter, Geo. E. P. Dodge, N. H. Palmer and wife, and Edwin S. Fowler.

DISASTERS.

Further Details of the Recent Great Storms in England.

Two Hundred and Twenty-one Marine Accidents in November.

Over One Hundred Lives Lost at Sea During December.

Great Floods in Central America—Many Persons Drowned.

Steamboat Disasters on the Western Rivers During the Past Season.

Property Destroyed to the Value of $3,225,000—423 Lives Lost.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—London files give details of the great storm that swept over the British Islands Dec. 8. In London on the night named trees were uprooted in the parks, conservatories and glass roofs were smashed in, and chimney stacks came to the ground by the dozen. Several houses were unroofed, side walls were driven in. A large factory was levelled with the ground, and forty storm patients were received during the night at various hospitals.

At Liverpool the Great Britain dragged her anchors in the Mersey, pitched against the pier-head, and stove in her stern so that the sea made a clean sweep into her cabin. The Melpomene went ashore. A tug ran under the bows of the Great Western to haul her to a place of safety, and was never seen again, having been literally swallowed up by the sea.

At Clifton, near Bristol, the pinnacle of Christ Church fell and went right through the roof. Precisely the same thing happened to churches at Yeovil, at Creukerne, and at Taunton. Heavy pieces of architecture, such as walls and towers that had stood the storms of centuries, were demolished.

In Savernake forest, Marlborough, ninety magnificent forest trees, all close together, were blown down.

Buildings were unroofed in many towns, vessels were dashed by the score against the coast. A stone wall at Richmond, 100 feet long and 9 feet high, was prostrated. Carriages in some places were blown entirely over. Several accidents happened to gasometers, leaving whole districts in utter darkness. At Stoke-on-Trent an explosion occurred by which several persons lost their lives.

The highest wind pressure ever previously known in England was represented by twelve. A force of eleven is recorded on this occasion at Plymouth, Scilly, and Portshead.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The *Evening Express* has a statistical article showing that 1872 has been pre-eminently a year of disasters. It says:

Never before, we think, have so many steamships been burned, wrecked, or sunk, as during this year. According to our memoranda, the number of casualties in November was 221, 15 of which occurred on the Canadian and American coasts, 29 on the Baltic, 52 on the west coast of Great Britain, 72 on the east coast of Great Britain, 15 in the English Channel, 11 in the North Sea, and the balance in the Pacific, Australian, and other waters, resulting in a total loss of 33 vessels.

The number of vessels lost or disabled during the present month will exceed that of November. The disasters this week alone foot up 114 killed outright, and 80 seriously injured.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—In Harlem, this morning, the bursting of a boiler range caused a slight fire, killed a lady, and wounded a boy.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The volcano of Santana, in the northern part of San Salvador, is erupting, and it is feared that many valuable coffee plantations will be destroyed.

Bogota has been seriously inundated. Many people were drowned and much property destroyed.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—A Boston special says that the number of lives lost by the sinking of the ship Peruvian is twenty-five. The ship had a cargo valued at nearly $1,000,000, consisting of costly products from the East Indies, and insured for $400,000.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—A despatch from Hong Kong says that the ship Benares, Captain Anderson, which left that port Sept. 12 for San Francisco, went ashore on one of the Loo Choo Islands and became a wreck. All her crew were drowned except five. The English gunboat Curlew went to the spot to aid her.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—The Amyntas was lost while on her voyage from Holyhead to Workington, and every person on board perished.

A severe gale prevailed in the English Channel yesterday, and several marine disasters are reported.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 28.—The *Democrat* will to-morrow publish a list of disasters and losses on the Western rivers during the present year. The losses amount to $3,225,200, of which the Mississippi gives $1,178,850; the Ohio, $1,052,700; the Arkansas, $163,000; the Red, $104,000. The lives lost by explosion number 58, and 365 are estimated to have been lost by falling overboard.

WALL STREET.

Review of the Monetary and Commercial Situation During the Past Week—Business Yesterday.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—During the past week, the stringency in money has increased, and the pressure has been greater than during any previous week this season. There have been isolated cases of money-lending at the legal rate of interest on call, but the great majority of borrowers have been forced to pay from 1-32 to ¼ per cent per diem, or from about 12 to 18.2¼ per cent per annum. These remarkable rates have attracted but little attention comparatively, and the brokers have paid them with apparent unconcern. There is an increasing pressure of public opinion calling for the repeal of the usury laws. The outflow of currency to pork-packers, and the various derangements caused by the snow blockade, have increased the stringency. The Treasury operations, as usual, since election, have been adverse to monetary ease. The gold operations of the Treasury have been more extensive than usual. During the week $3,678,000 have been paid out on account of interest, $31,100 for bonds redeemed, and $1,000,000 sold on Friday. This makes the total disbursement of $4,709,100 gold for the week, while about $1,100,000 have been taken in for customs. At the close of the week many individuals and corporations were gathering their resources previous to making annual settlements, and paying interest and dividends. It is estimated that over $75,000,000 will be disbursed at this point in January, and the necessary preparations for even one-quarter of this sum are sufficient to temporarily disturb the money market.

Important events in this country within about fifteen months have exercised a detrimental effect upon the financial situation at this point. The Chicago fire transferred to the West a large amount of capital from the East, which was always regarded as fixed or permanent in this city. The Boston fire repeated this operation on a smaller scale. The creation of new railroad securities has been going on steadily during the present year, and within six months the volume of railroad bonds and stocks has been largely increased. Some important and extensive lines of railroad in the Northwest and Southwest have been pushed to completion or partial completion, and these permanent improvements have absorbed for the time being a large amount of money, much of which has been drawn from this point.

Gold speculation was heavy early in the week, when the price declined to 111⅛, but later a firmer feeling prevailed, and there was an advance to 112⅞ on specie shipments and full bidding rates on Government gold.

Foreign exchanges have been strong, with a further advance in rates. The week has been marked by a good demand for Government bonds and other first-class investment securities, but the offerings have been light.

The railway and miscellaneous speculation started off buoyantly, and prices advanced up to Tuesday afternoon, since which time the market has been irregular, with frequent intervals of weakness and lower prices. Business on the Stock Exchange has been smaller than usual, while the fluctuations have been confined within narrower limits, with the exception of a very few shares. There has been an entire absence in extremely "fashionable" securities of any of those violent movements so prominent for months past. The smaller class of professional speculators and outsiders have continued to buy during the week for the "January rise," and are now thoroughly "fortified" for this expected event. At the close, despite the continued stringency in money, there was a buying movement on the part of small operators which stiffened the market, and carried the general list up from the lowest prices previously made.

The foreign commerce of the port for the week was as follows: General merchandise imports, including dry goods, $4,575,759; produce exports, $4,734,886; specie exports, $1,980,324; total merchandise imports since Jan. 1, $375,821,704, against $368,680,164 last year. Total exports of produce, $236,027,474, against $237,354,041 last year. Total exports of specie, $70,550,333, against $66,532,039 last year.

The bank statement, while showing a large loss in legal tender notes, is favorable as far as the bank reserves are concerned, they having been strengthened by $4,468,700 gold, while the loss in legal tenders is $3,507,100. The total liabilities of the banks on the averages of the past six days are $843,900 less than last week. The loans have been decreased $1,239,000. The banks now hold in what they reckon as lawful money $1,835,750 above the 25 per cent requirement. Last week they so held $663,175. Of course the specie shipped by to-day's steamers does not fully show in this week's statement, which is made up to the close of business last night. So it is fair to infer the banks have less specie than appears by this statement. The large loss of legal tenders is explained by the shipments of currency to the South and West, and by the Treasury policy. It is possible that money has been locked up, but there are no indications of it.

MONEY

was very stringent again to-day. Call loans advanced to 5-16 *per diem*. Most of the business during the day was at 3-16, and closing loans at 1-16.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Foreign exchange heavy and lower. Gold ranged from 111⅞ to 112⅛, and was dull.

STOCKS.

The stock market to-day was generally firmer and higher.

BONDS.

Government bonds were firm at the best prices of the week.

PRODUCE.

Flour closes stronger, with little offering; family grades firmly held, but quiet; No. 2 and supers in more active demand and better. Southern flour firm, but very quiet. The market for wheat closes better, with a good inquiry for spring for export. Winter is wanted for milling at higher prices. Some demand for spring for the South. Of our present stock some 530,000 bushels are sold chiefly for Europe. Pork is in fair demand with sales of 475 brls at $13.50@13.75 for new mess, cash. Cut meats are in moderate demand, with sales of 50 tierces pickled bellies at 7⅝c; 1000 heavy fresh rough sides at 6c; 590 fresh bellies at 7@7⅛c and 590 do hams at 8¼c. Bacon is firm on the spot at 7⅞@8c for short clear and 7c for long clear. Lard rules quiet at 7⅞@7 13-16 for new Western for December; 200 tierces to arrive sold at 7⅝c; 500 tierces for March sold at 8¼c; 7⅞c bid for January and no sellers.

SPRINGFIELD.

Report of the Secretary of State—New Incorporations—A Bet Decided by Law.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 28.—The Secretary of State has laid his biennial report before the Governor. It contains a pretty thorough statement of a Department that heretofore has been little known and less understood by the people. It begins with the statement that the law requiring a report from the Secretary of State, was approved April 4, 1872. Up to that date, the records were so kept as to make it almost impossible to collect the information required by the law. The work of printing and binding laws and journals of the Twenty-seventh General Assembly has been somewhat delayed. The laws, a volume of eight hundred pages, was distributed soon after the adjournment of the Legislature. Two volumes of reports, of eight hundred pages, have been distributed. Two more, nearly complete, will soon be distributed. One volume of the journals has been sent out. The remaining two will soon be. A table is submitted showing a comparative statement of the cost of printing from 1859-60 to 1871-2, and the amounts paid in that time. In 1865-6 the amount paid was $56,660.18; for 1871-2, although a greatly larger amount was ordered printed, the price paid was $41,300. The statement showing the cost of printing exhibits the fact that the price per 1,000 "ems" for the last Legislature was less than paid for twenty years by nearly one-half. With reference to the recent contract the Secretary says: "The law being mandatory in its terms, and the Commissions, Auditor, Secretary of State, and Treasurer, having no discretion in the matter, they were compelled under its provisions to award the contract for all the classes on the only bid received, which was made by W. H. Ballhache, and E. L. Merrill. The price to be paid is the amount allowed by law. The contract for binding is less by more than one-half than it has been for twelve years. The cost of binding for the Twenty-seventh General Assembly is less by nearly six thousand dollars than was the the Twenty-sixth, and nearly two thousand less than the Twenty-fifth General Assembly. The contract for furnishing printing paper is the most favorable to the State ever known. The price now said is six dollars and forty-eight cents. A largely increased amount of printing paper has been used in consequence of every bill presented being ordered printed in large quantities, whether it is passed or not. There has never been any system followed in filing engrossed laws, as per consequence they are difficult to find. It is suggested that the Secretary of State be authorized to have these bills arranged so as to make reference to them easy. Duplicate copies of the census of 1870 are received and properly disposed of. He recommends a Bureau of Statistics to be arranged separate from the library.

The large increase in defraying the cost of printing paper, furniture, stationery, books and blanks for the General Assembly, exhausted the appropriation for these purposes, and a loan of ten thousand dollars was effected, carrying on the Department. The loan was received on the joint note of the State officers, and falls due March 1st 1873. The appropriations for the immense work to be done in the office, have been found to be altogether inadequate. The Library is well arranged and contains many valuable books, standard works, 2,550 volumes, and in all 32,750.

In conclusion, in retiring from the office, I desire, in this public manner, to express my obligations to those who have co-operated with me, and shall always revert with pleasure to these years of service to the people of the State.

The Western Screw Manufacturing Company of America, capital, $100,000; the Western Steam Bell Company, of Quincy, capital, $100,000, the purpose being to manufacture and sell steam bell ringers, &c.; and the Benevolent Society of Chicago to aid French speaking emigrants, filed articles of association with the Secretary of State to-day. The latter company is to be sustained by an annual subscription of three dollars from its members.

Justice Campbell, of this city, to-day decided that one Rice, who bet $50 each on the result of the election in the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana being a Liberal triumph, and who refused to give up the stakes because his opponent would not agree that he had won on Indiana, and who brought suit to recover the whole amount from the stakeholder, was entitled to so recover, and a judgment of $150 and costs was entered up against the stakeholder. The suit will be appealed to a higher Court.

Killed by a Policeman.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 28.—The Coroner's jury returned a verdict, to-day, that John Tweedie died from violence received from Police Sergeant Rodgers, while the former was a prisoner in a cell at the station house, on the 11th of December. Tweedie was arrested on the charge of drunkenness, but it is believed that he was suffering from a fit.

Equal Rights.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Board of Education at Paterson, N. J., have resolved that the colored children there should be allowed to attend the public schools and have the same privileges as whites.

FOREIGN.

Pleuro-Pneumonia Epidemic in Belgium and Prussia.

How the Pope's Recent Allocution is Regarded in Germany.

It is Pronounced an Unpardonable Insult to the Emperor William.

Political Matters in France.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Dec. 28.—France will pay Germany $200,000,000 francs of her war indemnity on the 15th of January, and will continue to pay the same amount every month until May next.

The Mayors of several Communes of France refused to placard the speech of Dufaure, Minister of Justice, delivered in the National Assembly, during the debate two weeks ago, on the petitions for a dissolution of that body. Dufaure, in his remarks, spoke ironically of Gambetta, whose speeches he said, were the cause of needless agitations throughout the country, and the Assembly, by resolution, directed the placarding of the speech. It is probable the action of the Mayors will lead to an interpellation of the Government upon the meeting of the Assembly after the holidays.

The second sub-Committee of the Committee of Thirty of the National Assembly, yesterday, considered the proposition of M. Barthe, Republican Deputy, for the formation, from the present Assembly, of a separate legislative body, to be called the "Section of Control," and also other modes for forming an upper chamber. After a resultless discussion of three hours' duration, the Committee adjourned until Friday next.

ROME, Dec. 28.—Bourgoyne, the French Ambassador at the Papal Court, has resigned.

A Paris tradesman has been sent to prison for two years for displaying in his shop placards containing remarks insulting to the National Assembly.

One of the sub-Committees of the Committee of Thirty of the Assembly called upon Thiers, to-day, and a courteous and conciliatory conversation ensued on the various proposals for Constitutional reform. There were no concessions on either side. The President urged the creation of a second Legislative Chamber but made no distinct proposal.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, Dec. 28.—The North German *Gazette* denies the statement that Germany has consented to co-operate with Austria and Russia in the effort to effect a settlement of the Caurium silver mines dispute.

The *Gazette* also stigmatizes the allocution of the Pope, delivered at the Consistory held in Rome on the 23d inst., as an unpardonable insult to the Emperor of Germany. The colossal impudence of the Pope, says the *Gazette*, proves the inevitable necessity for the immediate passage of a law defining the boundaries between the State and the Roman Catholic Church.

After the 1st of January, persons entering Germany from France will not be required to provide themselves with passports.

The *Spenersche Zeitung* strongly opposes the decree of the Brunswick Council of Ministers, issued on the 6th of December, providing that upon the demise of the present sovereign, who is unmarried, Duke William I., the ex-King of Hanover, or his son, shall succeed to the throne.

PARIS, Dec. 28.—The Paris *Gazette* says Prussia is treating with Portugal for the session to the former power of Delagoa Bay on an island of the Indian Ocean, off the coast of southeastern Africa.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Panama papers of the 17th state that there is a revolution in the Cauca, New Granada, headed by the Bishop of Pasto, against President Mosquera, growing out of the latter designating General Santa Coloma as his (Mosquera's) successor. Santa Coloma is in command of the Government troops, and it is reported that an engagement has already occurred.

RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 28.—The Czarovitch is now out of danger.

LATER—The feverishness of the Czarovitch is somewhat increased to-day. During the night, he perspired and had four and a half hours' uninterrupted sleep. He is stronger to-day than yesterday.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—It is expected that 70,000 British coal miners will strike work on the 1st of January.

George King, who confessed that he murdered one Pook, at Greenwich, has been discharged from custody, having been found insane.

BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 28.—There is a pleuro-pneumonia epidemic in the villages of Prussia and Belgium, near the line separating those two countries.

NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX, Dec. 28.—The small-pox, imported from Boston, is spreading in the country towns. In Yarmouth all the churches, schools and other places of public resort are closed.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Dec. 28.—The *Imperial* says that General Pieltain will probably be appointed Captain General of the Island of Cuba.

MEXICO.

MATAMORAS, Dec. 28.—The election for municipal offices at Tampico is reported very disorderly. During the counting of the votes a disturbance arose. Eight were killed and wounded. Great excitement prevailed. Both parties, called Tampicienos and Tametipecos, claim to have won the election.

NEW YORK.

Departure of the Historian Froude—Scandal in Hoboken—Clearing Broadway—Masonic—Unsafe Theatres—The Stokes Trial—Suicide.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The historian, Froude sailed for home to-day on account, it is stated in the *Times*, of pressing domestic engagements. It is understood, however, that his American critics have thrown him on the defensive, both as a lecturer and historian. The *Times* anticipates some good from his visit, since his lectures on Ireland have been reproduced in England, and may lead to a modification of the land-lord system.

Hoboken is excited over a case of alleged bigamy in prominent society. Mrs. Willisia S. Coughlin has brought suit for the offence named against James Coughlin, a well-known city contractor. She states that on the 25th of January, 1870, she was married to the accused in New York, by Rev. John E. Coopman, pastor of the Bedford Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and in confirmation of this the marriage certificate was produced in Court. The pair lived thereafter as man and wife, although Coughlin resided nominally in Hoboken, while Mrs. Coughlin kept house in New York. Not long ago his eye fell on a Miss Hortense Griser, a young lady of 17, who has not been long out of school, the upshot of which was that on last Tuesday the pair were united in matrimony by Rev. Dr. Cauvin, pastor of the Catholic Church in Hoboken. After a very brief honeymoon Coughlin fled to parts unknown, abandoning both wives.

[*To the Associated Press.*]

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Broadway to-day is filled with carts and laborers, removing the banks of snow. The principal railroad lines are rapidly clearing their tracks, and it is expected that this afternoon the regular trains will be running again.

The Masonic Lodge of Sorrow, in respect to the memory of brother Masons who have died during the past year, was held last evening at Irving Hall with great solemnity.

A late inspection of the theatres of the city by the Fire Marshal, shows that but a few of them were in anything like an unsafe condition, and in the cases of those few orders were given and carried out for the requisite fire precautions.

Stokes, to-day, was cross-examined at great length. In the former trial he was not cross-examined at all. The prisoner's statements contained nothing especially new. On two or three occasions, counsel on either side indulged in sharp passages. Stokes again denied that he ever made any threats to shoot Fisk. Jos. H. Ramsey, of Albany, President of the Susquehanna Railroad, testified concerning Fisk's character. John L. Doty, Geo. H. Cole, Rufus F. Andrews, David Smith, Daniel P. Ingraham, Jr., and Henry Deborlay were also examined.

The various parties interested in the ownership of the property in Centre street still refuse to take steps for the exhumation of the bodies of the burned girls from the *debris*. The Boards of Health and Police say they have no legal authority to remove the *debris*.

A young man, named Campbell, was found dead in his room, in Fifth avenue, from a pistol shot, this morning. The case is supposed to be one of suicide.

WASHINGTON.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE TWO PER CENT LAND SALE CLAIMS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 28.—The 2 per cent claims of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, which passed the House so swimmingly the week before the holiday adjournment, will meet with considerable opposition in the Senate, mainly on account of the present construction of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Edmunds, the present Chairman of the Committee, is opposed to the claim, as is, also, another influential member thereof, Roscoe Conkling. It is anticipated that the claims have friends enough, in spite of this adverse influence, to secure success in the Senate.

DOGS NOT PROPERTY.

Judge McArthur, of the Supreme Court of this District, to-day decided that dogs are not property, and that at common law they are simply nuisances.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

The annual Convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, of which Susan B. Anthony is President, will be held in this city on the 16th and 17th of next month. Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, of this city, is the general agent for Washington, and is looking after the details of the Convention. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Matilda Joselyn Gage, Mrs. Merriwether, Madame Anneke, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Lucy B. Chandler, Mrs. B. A. Lockwood, Mrs. Sarah J. Spencer, Mrs. Myra Bradwell, editress of the Chicago *Legal News*, and other prominent woman-suffragists, the exclusives of Boston exceptal, are expected to be present and deliver addresses. It is probable that Miss Anthony will receive quite an ovation on account of her pending trial for voting at Rochester, N. Y., which is set down for the third Tuesday in January. Mrs. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin have not been invited, and are not expected to be present on the occasion.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

The Commissioner of Patents, General M. D. Leggett, is constantly in receipt of letters from persons, who claim to have discovered perpetual motion, and asking for the supposed reward of $1,000,000 offered by the United States Government. To-day, he received a letter from Mack Milligan, who resides in Georgetown, Colorado Territory, stating that he has discovered perpetual motion, and inquiring what was the bonus offered for the same by the Government. The writer says that he has demonstrated to many the fact that his machine is the long looked for one, and that he will satisfy the mind of the Commissioner or any other official whom the Government may designate for the purpose, that he has got the machine, and is the discoverer of perpetual motion. He desires an answer as soon as possible. The Commissioner has answered as he usually does in such cases, by stating that there has been no reward offered by the Government for the invention, nor is there likely to be.

[*To the Associated Press.*]

COMMISSIONER WALKER'S RESIGNATION.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Commissioner Walker's resignation has been accepted, to take effect Feb. 1, not Jan. 1, the date for which it was tendered.

THE VOTE OF MINNESOTA.

E. Wilson, bearer of the Electoral vote of Minnesota, arrived here this morning.

FINANCIAL.

The President this morning had a long conference with Assistant Secretary Richardson.

DIPLOMATIC CHANGE.

It is reported that Count Corti, the Italian Minister at Washington, has been recalled. If this is true there will be a vacancy in the British-American Claims Commission.

SMALL-POX.

Yesterday there were twelve cases of small-pox and eight deaths.

RUMORED CHANGE IN THE CABINET.

Rumors concerning a change in the Post-master Generalship increase. Judge Settle, of North Carolina, and President of the Philadelphia Convention, is prominently mentioned as the possible successor of Mr. Creswell.

WYOMING.

Numerous protests are arriving here from Wyoming Territory against the dismemberment of that Territory and its incorporation into Colorado. The friends of female suffrage in Wyoming are particularly exercised.

JUDGE DURELL.

It is stated that Judge Durell, of New Orleans, had taken an oath to support the Southern Confederacy before his appointment to the office which he now holds.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

The name of William H. Wheeler, of New York, having been mentioned as likely to be urged in opposition to that of Mr. Blaine for the Speakership of the next Congress, Mr. Wheeler states that he is not a candidate against Mr. Blaine.

FIRES.

Destructive Conflagrations at Troy, N. Y., and Adrian, Mich. Loss $175,000—Three Hundred Men Thrown out of Employment—Minor Fires.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Larne's sash factory, in Brooklyn, was burned last night, with two tenement houses. The loss is $10,000. There is considerable suffering among the occupants of the tenements thus turned into the streets.

A fire in Goldsmith's lager beer saloon, in First avenue, this morning, caused a damage of $28,000.

ABINGDON, Ill., Dec. 28.—An incendiary fire here last night destroyed one residence, one boot and shoe shop, the dry goods store of B. Bradbury, the grocery and boot and shoe store of Marshall & Chipman, and the art gallery of William Johnston. The loss is estimated at from $15,000 to $20,000; partly insured.

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 28.—Arnold & Co.'s extensive paint works, at North Adams, were burned yesterday morning. The loss is $150,000; insurance for $100,000. Two hundred hands are thrown out of employment.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 28.—The Adrian car-shops, at Adrian, Mich., with six new coaches, were burned last night. The loss is $75,000. One hundred and fifty men are thrown out of employment. The fire caught in the paint shop, where a man was cleaning brushes with naphtha. The shops will be rebuilt at once.

MEMPHIS, Dec. 28.—A fire broke out in Clark's marble building, corner of Main and Madison streets, this afternoon about 4 o'clock, and but for the prompt action of the firemen, a disastrous conflagration would have ensued. The losses are: F. H. Clark & Co., on the building, $3,000, fully covered by insurance in the Queen's of Liverpool; Murray & Ridgely, merchant tailors, $4,000 in stock and fixtures, fully insured in local companies. The Western Union Telegraph office, next door, narrowly escaped, the second floor being flooded with water. During the fire Henry Fontaine fell from the top of a building three stories high, receiving serious if not fatal injuries.

POLITICAL.

LOUISIANA POLITICS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Sub-Committee of Louisianians yesterday waited upon many prominent merchants with a view to enlisting their sympathies in matters in that State.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 28.—Governor Warmoth's private secretary says that the statement published in Washington to the effect that the Governor had abandoned the contest and advised the Legislature not to meet on the 6th of January is untrue.

CINCINNATI SPECIAL ELECTION.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 28.—At a special election to-day, Robert Buchanan, Independent, was elected by 900 majority, for Director of the City Infirmary over Barney Corbett, Democrat, with 11,000 votes cast.

The vote to authorize the city to issue a million and a quarter bonds in aid of the Cincinnati & Chesapeake Railroad, was carried to-day by nearly 7,000 majority, being over 1,000 above the necessary two-thirds vote under law.

NEW YORK CITY POLITICS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—A new charter for the city, prepared by the Republicans, is ready for presentation to the Legislature.

Cold-Blooded Murder.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 28.—Levy King was arrested to-day, charged with the murder of Richard Baker on Thursday. The two lived in the village of Arnoldtown, at the lower end of the county, about thirteen miles from the city. On Thursday Baker and King went to a store in that vicinity, where Baker showed a $10 bill, and bought a dress and trinkets for his daughter. The men left the store together. Baker failing to come home, search was instituted, and yesterday, his body was found in a ditch about a mile from the store. The body was covered with rails, and the snow of the night previous had almost entirely hidden it from view. Examination revealed the fact that murder had been committed. The stabs penetrating his heart was evidently the cause of his death. His head and face were beaten and bruised entirely past recognition. The brother of the dead man, however, identified the body by the clothing. The dress purchased by Baker was found in King's house after the latter's arrest; also, one or two of the trinkets. The knife found on King's person has one blade which corresponds with the wound in Baker's breast. King denies all knowledge of the murder, and says that Baker got drunk and he left him asleep under a haystack. King is held for further examination.

MADISON.

Exercises in the State Superintendents' and Teachers' Convention—Railroad Notice.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

MADISON, Wis., Dec. 28.—The Convention of School Teachers and Superintendents, which has been the largest and most profitable winter educational State meeting ever held here, adjourned to-day. In addition to the discussions reported yesterday, others of much interest took place last evening and this morning, which may be thus summed up:

A resolution was offered, discussed, and finally referred to a Committee for future report, in favor of treating diplomas from Normal Schools of other States the same as diplomas from our own Normal School, upon the approval and signature of the State Superintendent.

Mr. Salisbury, from a Committee, reported against the legal compulsion of attendance of teachers at County Institutes, and offered the following, which, after protracted discussion, was lost, and the matter left without action:

Resolved, That teachers who wilfully or through neglect absent themselves from Teachers' Institutes held in their county, thereby refusing to accept the advantages offered them by the State and county, should meet with the universal censure of all true teachers, and, as fast as practicable, should be eliminated from the teaching force.

There was quite a sharp discussion on the relations of the State University to graded schools, in which the old jealousy of common school teachers of higher institutions of learning cropped out. Objections were made to the present law admitting graduates of graded schools on certain conditions to free tuition. It was claimed that the students of the University come from the rural schools, and not from the graded schools, the effect of which is, that the common schools are diverting their attention from their proper work to fit students for the University, and the time that should be given to the little ones was devoted to preparing students for the University and teaching Latin and Greek. The work of the University, and the progress it had made, was well set forth by President Twombly, Superintendent Fellows, and Professor Carpenter, who urged that the whole school system of the State should be so arranged and graduated as to culminate in the University, giving free tuition as far as possible. In regard to teaching natural sciences, the following was adopted:

Resolved, That this Convention fully believes in the importance of a knowledge of the elements of natural sciences, to entitle a candidate to receive a certificate of any grade, and urge that the measure be enacted into a law as soon as practicable.

Mr. Wright presented a paper upon the question: Shall the State of Wisconsin adopt a uniformity of text books? The paper proposed that the State should adopt a series of books for a long term of years; that the books should be selected by a competent commission; that arrangements should be made to procure the books at the lowest wholesale rates. Referred to a committee to report at another meeting.

A resolution was adopted proposing that first grade certificates run three years, the second grade two years, and the third grade one year.

A report was adopted in favor of electing County Superintendents in the spring.

The State Superintendent was requested to take steps toward representing the educational interests of Wisconsin at the Vienna Exposition.

Reports were presented from the State Normal School, showing the following facts: At Oshkosh last year the total registration was 158; average membership 82; average attendance 78; number in attendance during the whole year 17; over six and less than ten months 52; over three and less than six months 60; less than three months 29. This term there were enrolled and present 150, besides in preparatory classes 358. There were 112 applicants and 88 admitted. Twenty-eight counties are represented in the school. There are 70 out teaching and 69 of these are in the mixed schools; one in graded.

The Platteville School has graduated four classes. In 1869, 8; in 1870, 15; in 1861, 12; in 1872, 8; total, 43. Of these, three-fourths are teaching in the State. The present senior class numbers 27. The whole number admitted into the normal department since its establishment in 1866 is 434. Present number in the various departments: Normal, 135; academic, 110; model, 50. Total, 295.

Superintendent Beardslee, of this Division, announces that regular trains will commence running over the Chicago & Northwestern and West Wisconsin Railroads, through this city, between Chicago and St. Paul, Jan. 5, to be equipped in the best possible manner.

THE WEATHER.

War Department Prognostications—Reports from Various Points.

WAR DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER, DIVISION OF TELEGRAMS AND REPORTS FOR THE BENEFIT OF COMMERCE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 28.—Probabilities—For New England and the middle States, southwesterly winds and rising temperature, with increasing cloudiness over the former, but cloudy weather over the latter, with light snow over the northern portion. For the South Atlantic States light winds and generally clear weather. For the Gulf States light winds, mostly southerly, and partly cloudy weather. From Tennessee to Lake Erie and the upper lakes, southeasterly to southwesterly winds, cloudy weather, rising temperature, with probably light rain over Tennessee and Kentucky, but snow north of the latter. For the Northwest, southerly to westerly winds, cloudy weather, and snow, with probably rain over Southern Missouri.

CAIRO, Ill., Dec. 28.—Light snow fell this morning. The weather is cloudy and cold.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 28.—The weather is clear, with the mercury at 20 degrees above zero.

DUBUQUE, Dec. 28.—The weather has moderated considerably, and is now quite pleasant.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The various street car lines are gradually beginning to resume running, but with double teams. The railroad trains are still more or less delayed. The mails, with few exceptions, have arrived through, much overdue. Two north mails on the Erie and some extreme Western mails are still to be heard from.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 28.—Most of the street cars resumed running to-day, and trains are now arriving but with little detention.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—The thermometer in various parts of New England ranges from 5 to 12 degrees below zero.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The New York mails were four hours late this morning. The first mail from Richmond for the past two days, arrived this morning.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 28.—The weather has been much milder to-day, with a slight thaw. The river has risen about one foot, and the ice-gorge opposite the city has cracked some, but traffic across it continues unimpaired, and is immense. Should the weather continue mild for a few days, and especially should rain fall, there will be a speedy break-up, and a resumption of navigation.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 28.—Weather cold and cloudy.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 28.—The weather is milder and cloudy.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—The Signal Service gives the following thermometer reports at 6:53 o'clock this morning:

San Farncisco	55 ab	Buffalo	22 ab
Cheyenne	25 ab	Kingston, Canada	9 be
Omaha	10 ab	Montreal	8 be
Duluth	3 be	Quebec	12 be
St. Paul	1[illegible] be	[illegible]land, Me	3 be
Mar[illegible]	8 ab	Burlington, Vt	20 be
Chicago	8 ab	New York	16 ab
St. Louis	12 ab	Philadelphia	12 ab
Louisville	12 ab	Washington	19 ab
Nashville	17 ab	Charleston	25 ab
Memphis	22 ab	Jacksonville, Fla	27 ab
New Orleans	29 ab	Key West	57 ab
Detroit	9 ab		

Railroad News.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Dec. 28.—Arrangements have been made by the Chicago, Dubuque & Minnesota Railroad with the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, by which they to-night commence the running of trains into La Crosse over the latter Company's track and the winter bridge.

PARSONS, Kan., Dec. 28.—Advices from Dennison, Texas, state that the difficulties that existed among the graders along the Kansas Central Railroad have been adjusted. It appears that the men had not been paid for several months, and insisted that no track should be laid until they received their pay. Arrangements have now been made to pay them, and the work of completing the line will be prosecuted with renewed vigor. The Central will be completed to Dennison, in a short time. The M., K. & L., having reached this point, will soon advance their lines to Corsargo and Galveston.

MEMPHIS.

The River Still Rising—More Dangers Threatened to the Steamers at the Landing—Clearing the Wrecks.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 28.—The *Chronicle's* Memphis despatch, this morning, says that the river has risen eighteen inches since dark last night, and is now rising rapidly, but is almost choked with floating ice, which is heavier than that which passed yesterday, and has cut its way to within a few feet of the boats lying at the foot of Jefferson street. Two barges of coal, one owned by the Gas Company, were sunk by a wave from the gorge at Randolph Landing, this morning. Should the gorge above break away soon, as is now anticipated, the West Wind, the Belle of Pike, and the R. P. Walt will go down in 60 or 70 feet of water, and it will be impossible to save the dry-docks, the ferry-boat Excelsior, the wharf-boat belonging to Captain Patterson, and the steamer Helen Brooks.

The steamer Celeste was sunk on the 25th, at Island No. 26, with her cargo, valued at $50,000, and is a total loss. Her crew barely escaped with their lives, and walked overland sixty miles, arriving at Memphis last night.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 28.—The situation at the levee is unchanged, since last night's reports, except that the Belle of Pike has settled nearly to her boiler-deck. Captain Dugan, of the wrecking-boat Eckert, is superintending the removal of cotton from her, which consisted of 756 bales, over one-half of which has been saved. Should the boat hold up during the day the remainder will be saved. All her cabin furniture and stateroom doors have been saved. She was valued at $30,000; insured in Pittsburgh for $20,000. The R. P. Walt was insured for $24,000 in Pittsburgh and Wheeling offices, instead of New Albany, as reported last night. The work of wrecking her still progresses. Everything will be saved except the hull.

Taylor Wells, pilot of the Andy Baum, injured yesterday, is doing well.

The ice is still running, with very heavy weather and cloudy, and indications of snow.

The Legal Tender and Mary Boyd are laid up at Commerce, and the John B. Maude at the mouth of White River.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 28.—The river is still rising. Up to the present writing, 9:30 p. m., it has risen three feet. Since 6 p. m. yesterday the rise has broken the heavy mass of ice in the eddy from the mouth of Wolf River to Jefferson street loose from the shore. It is now feared if the rise continues, that this immense field of ice with the dry docks, several steamers, and a large number of barges, will be swept down against the boats at the levee with irresistible force. The steamer A. J. White succeeded in getting out this evening, and crossed over to the bar, when the Yager and Arlington dropped into the vacancy caused by her departure. The James Howard, and City of Augusta have worked in nearer shore. All the boats that have fuel have steam up. There is no ground for believing that there is any gorge above as telegraphed to the Cincinnati *Times and Chronicle* from here. Great danger is apprehended from the field ice referred to above. The ice is still running heavy.

The Gas Company has made arrangements for five car-loads of coal daily, which, with their supply, will enable them to supply the demand. The price of coal has advanced to $2.50 a barrel. The supply is very light. Steps are being taken to prevent suffering among the poor.

OCEAN STORMS.

Severe Hurricane on the Atlantic Ocean—Many Vessels Overdue.

Special Despatch to the Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The fact that several ocean steamers are overdue at this port has caused some uneasiness, and the late terrible storm serves in a great measure to increase the fears for their safety. The steamer Thuringia, due here on Tuesday last, arrived at 3 o'clock this morning, having experienced a terrible hurricane and high seas during almost their entire passage. Captain Meyer, who has been crossing the Atlantic for twenty years, says he never before encountered such boisterous weather as on the present voyage.

The steamer Oceanic, which left Liverpool Dec. 13, also arrived this morning, four days behind time.

Steamer City of New York left Liverpool in company with the Oceanic, but has not yet arrived.

Steamer Adriatic sailed for Liverpool to-day. On her last passage from Queenstown to this port the vessel lost two and one-third blades of her screw propeller; but made the voyage in tolerably good time, reaching Sandy Hook nearly two days ahead of the steamer Canada, which left Liverpool on the same day. An effort was made to secure a large dry dock at the Erie Basin for repairing the damage, but the dock had been previously engaged, and the Adriatic was sent on her present voyage with a disabled screw.

The steamer Greece left Liverpool on Dec. 11, but has not yet reached this port.

The steamer Erin, which left Havre Dec. 10, has not yet arrived.

A despatch from Halifax announces that the steamers Cuba and Siberia reached that port to-day, both short of coal. The Cuba left Liverpool Dec. 14, and was due here on Thursday last.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The steamship Thuringia reports tremendous seas during the last ten days.

The agent of the White Star Line denies the statement that the Adriatic is unseaworthy. She has two blades of her screw-propeller entirely unimpaired, and one-half the third and one-third of the fourth blades remain. She is expected to make the voyage in nearly the usual time.

The steamship St. Lawrence delayed sailing until to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock, on account of the weather.

Two or three ocean steamers are still overdue, owing, as is supposed, to the late storm.

HALIFAX, Dec. 28.—The steamers Siberia and Cuba, from Liverpool, put in here to-day. They experienced terrific weather.

Wife Murder.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 28.—Theodore Brown, a farmer of Hendricks County living about thirty miles southeast of this city, killed his wife, the day before yesterday, by striking her on the head with a chair. Brown has for some years been given to drink, and is said to be of a coarse, brutal disposition when sober. The woman he killed was his third wife. Report has it that he was exceedingly cruel to both the others, and that he openly rejoiced when the second one died. The authorities, whom thus far he has eluded, are in search of him. This is the third wife-murder in Central Indiana within a year past.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 28.—Theodore Jones, living about four miles from the city, last night got into an altercation with his wife and dealt her a blow with his fist, killing her instantly. He was arrested this morning.

Sale of the Pittsburgh "Commercial."

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 28.—State Treasurer Mackey bought a controlling interest in the Pittsburgh *Commercial* of E. D. Brigham, yesterday, paying therefor $100,000. It is understood that the Hon. Russell Errett, of Philadelphia, will assume the position of managing editor, Mr. Brigham severing absolutely his connection with the paper. It is stated that Mr. Brigham severs his connection with the paper on account of the condition of his wife's health, which is too precarious to bear the severity of the climate. Mr. Brigham will leave soon for Florida, where he will join his family.

Obituary.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—Very Rev. Edward Bannerman Ramsey, Dean of St. John's Cathedral, Edinburgh, is dead.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—D. O. C. Townley, business manager of the Grand Opera House, and well known as a journalist, died this morning.

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 28.—W. C. Robinson, a prominent manufacturer of this city, member of the firm of Robinson, Rea & Co., engine builders and founders, died at the Monongahela House this morning.

The Hibler Wife-Murder Trial.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Dec. 28.—The Criminal Court opened this morning on the Hibler murder case, and the examination of witnesses was commenced. The prosecution introduced Dr. Virgil, whose evidence went to show that the death of Mrs. Hibler was caused by the shock occasioned by the shooting at the hands of her husband. Dr. Virgil's evidence consumed the time of the Court up till adjournment. Mrs. Sullivan, who was present at the shooting, will be examined on Monday. The court-room was crowded with interested spectators.

Death of A Desperado.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—A letter from Wilmington, N. C., Dec. 27, states that Andrew Strong, one of the notorious outlaws of Scuffletown, was shot dead by a young man named Wilson, whom Strong had warned to leave the place. His body was delivered by Wilson to the Sheriff, who immediately paid him $1,000 for it, which is the standing reward by the county for any of the Lowry gang, dead or alive. Wilson is also entitled to $5,000 reward from the State. The only villain of the gang now alive is Steve Lowry.

A PLEASANT REUNION.

Celebration of the Christmas Festival at the Church of the Epiphany—Presentations to the Rector, Rev. C. H. W. Stocking.

Last evening the Church of the Epiphany was filled to overflowing with the Sunday School scholars, their parents, and friends, in honor of the celebration of the Christmas festival of the Church. The beautiful edifice was decorated with box-ivy and other evergreens, presenting a very pleasing contrast to the bright dresses and happy faces of those present.

The Christmas tree, 18 feet in height, lit by tapers, presented a beautiful appearance, and was crowded with the presents for the children, consisting of books or toys, each marked and chosen to suit the age of the recipient. Then there was for every child a bag of candy,—made in the shape of a stocking,—probably a pun on the name of the Rector,—and like him, each bag was bright, and very pleasant to know intimately.

After the giving of the children's presents, which had been interspersed with the singing of some very beautiful carols, the programme arranged by the Rector, the Rev. C. H. W. Stocking, was somewhat broken in upon by the Junior Warden, Mr. George Gardner, who read a series of resolutions adopted by the Vestry, expressive of the strong sentiments of respect and regard entertained for Mr. Stocking by the parish. The Rector replied feelingly at considerable length.

The Treasurer of the Church, Mr. Jacob C. Magill, then presented Mr. Stocking with an elegant pocket-book containing $350, asking him to accept it from his parishioners as a testimonial of their respect for him as their pastor, and warm personal regard for him as a friend, adding that the congregation felt that he had seriously impaired his health by close application to the duties of his position, and suggested that, with a part of the amount given him, he allow himself a trip South, where a change of air and much-needed rest would give him an opportunity to recover his lost health.

Before Mr. Stocking could recover from his astonishment, Mr. Page, the Senior Warden, presented him with a complete set of Appleton's Cyclopedia, with annuals, each marked with the name of the recipient, these also being a present from the congregation. The surprise was so great as completely to deprive Mr. Stocking of his usual command of language. He could scarcely control himself to thank the donors for the presents and the kind spirit shown.

After some excellent singing, and a brief but fervent address by Mr. Gardner, the children and their friends were dismissed. All present will remember the occasion with pleasure.

Telegraphic Brevities.

John A. Simms, about 14 years of age, employed as a mule-driver in the Kentucky Coal Mine, in LaSalle, Ill., got caught between one of the mining cars and the wall of an entry in the mine, yesterday afternoon, and had both bones of his right leg below the knee broken, besides experiencing a number of rather serious bruises.

An Indianapolis despatch says that the store of Isaac Davis & Co., dealers in hats and furs, was robbed on Friday night of about $4,000 in goods. The store was entered through a back window, the shutters being opened with a jimmy.

To Be Hanged.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 28.—Governor Baker stated, to-day, that in no case will he interfere to prevent the execution of Cluck, the wife-murderer, next Friday.

The Horse Disease.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 28.—A despatch from Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, says that the epizootic has appeared there, and nearly all the Government animals have got it.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York Financial News.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Gold sold at 112, 111⅞, 122⅜, and closed at 112@112⅛. Loans were at 4 per cent to 1-16 for carrying. The daily clearings were $49,000,000. The export of specie for the week amounted to $1,980,324.

Governments were strong and steady.

State bonds ruled quiet.

The money market was very stringent. Call loans advanced to 5-16 *per diem*. Most of the business during the day was at 3-16, and closing loans at 1-16 per cent. The bank statement shows a heavy loss in legal tenders, but a large gain in specie. The banks made a net gain of $1,172,575 in the legal reserve, and the excess over the legal limit is $1,835,750.

Stocks were strong at the opening, but did not hold through the first call. The leading features were Pacific Mail, Erie, and New York Central. A fair business was also done in Western Union, Rock Island, and Lake Shore. The general market closed at a decline of ¼ to ⅜ per cent.

Sterling, 109⅛.

GOVERNMENT BONDS.

Coupons, '81	117⅛	Coupons, '67	117⅜
5-20s of '62	112⅜	Coupons, '68	117
Coupons, '64	112⅛	10-40s	109⅝
Coupons, '65	112⅞	New 5s	112
Coupons, '65 (new)	116⅛	Currency 6s	113⅜

STATE BONDS.

Missouris	96	Virginias, old	45
Tennessees, old	78⅛	North Carolinas, old	33
Tennessees, new	79	North Carolinas, new	18
Virginias, new	50		

STOCKS.

Canton	101	St. Paul pfd	77⅜
W. U. Tel	80⅛	Wabash	74⅜
Quicksilver	46⅛	Wabash pfd	85
Adams Express	92	Fort Wayne	93
Wells Fargo	85⅛	Terre Haute	14
American Express	67⅛	Terre Haute pfd	40
United States Ex	79⅛	Chicago & Alton	112
Pacific Mail	74⅛	C. & A. pfd	115
New York Central	98⅛	O. & M.	43⅜
Erie	62⅛	C., C. & C.	92⅜
Erie pfd	76⅝	C., B. & Q.	136
Harlem	114⅛	Lake Shore	95⅜
Harlem pfd	120	Indiana Central	36⅜
Michigan Central	116	Illinois Central	122⅜
Pittsburgh	88⅜	Union Pacific stocks	37⅜
Northwestern	80⅜	U. P. bonds	90⅝
Northwestern pfd	88	Central Pacific bonds	102⅜
Rock Island	111⅛	Del., Lack. & W.	9[illegible]
N. J. Central	103⅛	B., H. & Erie	9
St. Paul	53⅛		

Foreign Markets.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 28—11 a. m.—FLOUR, 30s. Wheat—Winter, 11s 8d@11s 10d; spring, 11s 3d@12s; white, 12s 4d@12s 6d; Club, 12s 9d@13s. Corn, 28s 9d. Pork, 65s. Lard, 37s 9d.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 28—1:30 p. m.—Market unchanged.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 28—2:30 p. m.—Breadstuffs firm; winters, 11s 10d@11s; spring, 11s 4d@12s 2d; average white, 12s 6d@12s 8d; club, 12s 10d@13s. Corn, 29s. Pork, 64s. Beef unchanged.

LONDON, Dec. 28—5 p. m.—Consols—Money, 91⅞@91⅞; account, 91⅞. 5-20s, '65s, 92⅛; '67s, 92⅜; 10-40s, 88⅛; new 5s, 89⅛. Erie, 50⅛.

The rate of money at the Stock Exchange on Government securities is lower than the bank rate by ⅛ per cent.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 28.—Cotton firm; middling uplands, 10⅛d; Orleans, 10⅛@10⅛d. Sales 12,000 bales; for speculation and export, 3,000 bales.

Breadstuffs—California white wheat, average quality, 12s 6d@12s 8d; club, 12s 10d@13s; red spring, 11s 4d@12s 2d; red winter, 11s 10d@12s. Flour, 30s. Corn, 28s.

Pork, 64s. Cheese, 64s. Cumberland middles, 36s. Short ribs, 37s.

New York Dry Goods Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The trade movement was very slow to-day, but the arrival of several overdue snow-bound mails brought an accession of orders from the interior. Brown, bleached, and colored cotton goods of the most descriptions are well sold up by the agents, and current quotations are firmly maintained. Denims and cottonades are in rather better demand, and rule firm. Woollens are very quiet. Imported goods are dull in all branches. The importations of dry goods for the week were under $1,000,000.

The New York Produce Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—COTTON—Firm; middling uplands, 20⅛c.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour quiet and firm; receipts, 5,000 brls; prices unchanged. Rye flour quiet at $4.70@6.55. Wheat firmer; receipts, 9,000 bu; No. 1 Milwaukee, $1.65; afloat, $1.67; No. 2 do, in store and afloat, $1.58⅛@1.61; No 2 Northwestern, afloat, $1.57⅛. Rye unchanged. Barley steady. Malt more active; Western, $1.25. Corn quiet and easier; receipts, 78,000 bu; sail, mixed Western, afloat, 66c; new mixed, 55@66c; yellow do, 67@67⅛c. Oats in moderate demand; receipts, 9,000 bu; new Western mixed, 48@48⅛c; new black Western, 45@49c; new white, 50@52c.

EGGS—Unchanged.

HAY—Unchanged.

HOPS—Firm at 45@50c for crop of 1872.

LEATHER—Quiet at 28@31c; Orinoco, 27@28⅛c.

WOOL—Quiet, and very firm.

GROCERIES—Coffee quiet, and unchanged. Sugar quiet; fair to good refining, 9@9⅛c; Cuba, 9[illegible]⅛c. Molasses quiet, and steady; New Orleans, 6[illegible]@70c. Rice nominal.

PETROLEUM—Crude, 11⅛c; refined, 27⅛c.

PROVISIONS—Pork firm; new mess, $13.50@13.75; prime mess, $11.50. Beef unchanged. Cut meats—hams in pickle, 8@10c; middles scarce, and firmer; short clear, 8c; long clear for next week's delivery, 6⅞c; long and short clear for February and March, 6⅞c. Lard steady; No. 1 to prime steam, 7⅛@7⅞c; kettle, 8@8⅛c.

BUTTER AND CHEESE—Unchanged.

WHISKEY—Dull at 97c.

PERIODICAL LITERATU[RE]

English Magazines—C[orn]hill and Fraser's.

"Some Peculiarities of Soc[iety] in America."

Need of an Imperial Spirit Thr[ough]out the British Empire.

The "Irish Brigade" in the [Ser]vice of France.

Cornhill.

To American readers, no article in the [octo]ber English magazines will be more [interesting] than the *Cornhill's* paper on "SOME PECULIARITIES OF SOCIETY IN AM[ERICA]." Eyebrows are always raised, and an in[terroga]tion point shaped between the lips, w[hen one] hears that another Briton has written [an] article on us, and we draw around us th[e im]penetrable covering of our conceit, so as [not to be] wounded by the arrows of malice and m[isinter]pretation. But this writer begins b[y the] usual remark that he does not know [why his] paper should be entitled by him, or the [...] *Cornhill*, as being about the *peculi[arities of]* society in America. The phrase, he say[s, seems] to imply that there is something odd a[nd pecu]liar in American customs,—

[...]

...he notorious outlaws of Scuffletown, was ...d by a young man named Wilson, whom ...ad warned to leave the place. His body ...vered by Wilson to the Sheriff, who im...y paid him $1,000 for it, which is the ... reward by the county for any of the ...ang, dead or alive. Wilson is also en... $5,000 reward from the State. The ...ain of the gang now alive is Steve

A PLEASANT REUNION.

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...evening the Church of the Epiphany was ...o overflowing with the Sunday School ..., their parents, and friends, in honor of ...bration of the Christmas festival of the ... The beautiful edifice was decorated ...ox-ivy and other evergreens, presenting a ...easing contrast to the bright dresses and ...faces of those present.

...Christmas tree, 18 feet in height, lit by ... presented a beautiful appearance, and ...owded with the presents for the children, ...ing of books or toys, each marked and ... to suit the age of the recipient. Then ...as for every child a bag of candy,—made ...shape of a stocking,—probably a pun on ...me of the Rector,—and like him, each bag ...right, and very pleasant to know inti...

...r the giving of the children's presents, ...had been interspersed with the singing of ...very beautiful carols, the programme ... by the Rector, the Rev. C. H. W. Sto... ...somewhat broken in upon by the Junior ..., Mr. George Gardner, who read ... of resolutions adopted by the Vestry, ...sive of the strong sentiments of respect ...gard entertained for Mr. Stocking by the ... The Rector replied feelingly at consid... length.

... Treasurer of the Church, Mr. Jacob C. ... then presented Mr. Stocking with an ...t pocket-book containing $350, asking ...accept it from his parishioners as a testi...l of their respect for him as their pastor, ...warm personal regard for him as a friend, ... that the congregation felt that he had ...sly impaired his health by close applica...o the duties of his position, and suggested ...with a part of the amount given him, he ...himself a trip South, where a change of ...d much-needed rest would give him an op...nity to recover his lost health.

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MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

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...ams Express	92	Fort Wayne	93
...lls Fargo	85⅛	Terre Haute	14
...merican Express	67⅛	Terre Haute pfd	40
...ited States Ex	79⅛	Chicago & Alton	112
...cific Mail	74⅛	C. & A. pfd	115
...w York Central	98⅛	O. & M	48⅛
...ie	62⅛	C., C. & C	92⅛
...ie pfd	76⅛	C., B. & Q	136
...rlem	114⅛	Lake Shore	95⅛
...rlem pfd	120	Indiana Central	34⅛
...chigan Central	116	Illinois Central	121
...ttsburgh	88⅛	Union Pacific stocks	37⅛
...rthwestern	80⅛	U. P. bonds	90⅛
...rthwestern pfd	88	Central Pacific bonds	102⅛
...ck Island	111⅛	Del., Lack. & W	92
...J. Central	103⅛	B., H. & Erie	9
...Paul	58⅛		

Foreign Markets.

...IVERPOOL, Dec. 28—11 a. m.—Flour, 30s. Wheat ...winter, 11s 8d@11s 10d; spring, 11s 3d@12s; ...ite, 12s 4d@12s 6d; Club, 12s 9d@13s. Corn, 28s 9d. ...k, 65s. Lard, 37s 9d.

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The rate of money at the Stock Exchange on Government securities is lower than the bank rate by ¼ ...cent.

...IVERPOOL, Dec. 28.—Cotton firm; middling uplands, 10⅛d; Orleans, 10⅜@10½d. Sales 12,000 bales; speculation and export, 3,000 bales.

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...—Unchanged.

...—Unchanged.

...—Firm at 45@50c for crop of 1872.

...THER—Quiet at 23@31c; Orinoco, 27@28½c.

...OL—Quiet, and very firm.

...OCERIES—Coffee quiet, and unchanged. Sugar ...; fair to good refining, 9@9⅜c; Cuba, 9... Molasses quiet, and steady; New Orleans, 61@... Rice nominal.

...ROLEUM—Crude, 11½c; refined, 27½c.

...VISIONS—Pork firm; new mess, $13.50@13.75; ... mess, $11.50. Beef unchanged. Cut meats—... in pickle, 8@10c; middles scarce, and firmer; ... clear, 8c; long clear for next week's delivery, ... long and short clear for February and March, ... Lard steady; No. 1 to prime steam, 7½@7¾c; ... 8⅜c.

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...SKEY—Dull at 97c.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

English Magazines---Cornhill and Fraser's.

"Some Peculiarities of Society in America."

Need of an Imperial Spirit Throughout the British Empire.

The "Irish Brigade" in the Service of France.

Cornhill.

To American readers, no article in the December English magazines will be more attractive than the *Cornhill's* paper on

"SOME PECULIARITIES OF SOCIETY IN AMERICA."

Eyebrows are always raised, and an interrogation point shaped between the lips, when one hears that another Briton has written a book or article on us, and we draw around us the impenetrable covering of our conceit, so as not to be wounded by the arrows of malice and misinterpretation. But this writer begins by the unusual remark that he does not know why this paper should be entitled by him, or the editor of *Cornhill*, as being about the *peculiarities* of society in America. The phrase, he says, seems to imply that there is something odd and singular in American customs,—

> whereas the fact is merely that these customs differ from our own, which, in their turn, appear to other civilized nations just as odd and unreasonable. Pindar has said, "Custom is king over all;" and Herodotus, by way of illustrating the remark, which was perhaps less of a commonplace then than now, tells a story of a certain tribe of Indians who, when they heard from a Greek traveller that in his country people used to burn the bodies of their deceased relatives, cried out with horror,—their own practice being to kill and eat an aged parent. In a manner slightly less marked we do much the same as these Indians; we unconsciously assume our notions of propriety to be the natural ones, and require some defence or apology to be offered for any deviations from them.

Such uncommon cosmopolitanism on the part of the writer makes us feel safer in his hands than in those of most of his countrymen travellers, and he certainly gives a fair picture of our society, allowance being made for the point of view and the nature of the observer.

> The first point in which the difference from England strikes a stranger is the liberty allowed to girls and young men of going about together. They walk out in the country, or in the streets of a town, not merely in groups, but a couple, all alone, unaccompanied by aunts or brothers, without asking any permission, and without attracting any notice. A girl may do this with some particular friend as often as she pleases. I knew a young gentleman of Providence, R. I., and an extremely nice fellow he was, who, for a year or more, strolled out for two hours one afternoon in every week with one young lady whose company pleased him, and nobody censured either of them. Both belonged to the best society.

One or two of his observations lead one to suspect that he has not gained entrance to the really best society. This is often the cause of the misrepresentations concerning our manners and ways. Englishmen who have all their lives studied with reverential fidelity the manners and customs of their lords and ladies, coming to America, and getting access to only second or third rate circles, insist on contrasting these as the American best with the English best. The writer says that young ladies often invite young men to accompany them to evening parties to which the latter have not been invited:

> He takes her there accordingly, is presented as her guest to the lady of the house, leaves her to her own desires, and takes her home again in the small hours. Such an escort is called a walking-stick, and the only drawback to employing him is his tendency to hang around his owner at the dance, where, perhaps, he knows scarcely any one, and bother her by asking for dances and introductions!

It would be difficult to find a first-class house where any such escort was not treated better than that. So far as being left to themselves, good usage dictates that they be at once placed on the same footing as the other guests, and the hostess, if she is well-bred, takes at least as much pains to insure them a pleasant evening as she does in the care of those who may be supposed better able to take care of themselves.

> In the same way, if a young lady wishes to go to the theatre or opera, she may ask a gentleman to take her there. He can't well refuse the honor, though it is an expensive one, for carriage-hire in New York is about five times as high as in London; so he provides a carriage (if he has none of his own), calls for her, takes her to the play, and gives her, very likely, a supper at Delmonico's afterwards. This is obviously a rather stronger deviation from English ways than the mere absence of chaperons at parties (in which respect the usage of London does not govern all our cities), and there are families where it might be thought to savor of fastness. But there seems to be no doubt that unimpeachable people do it and permit it, and that a girl is not compromised by it.

Here, too, there is a little misapprehension on the part of our English friend. Young ladies do offer such invitations in New York, but no proper young woman allows her guest to provide the carriage. In such cases, the carriage is always sent by her to his door; and, as for the supper at Delmonico's, it is altogether optional, and, if offered, it is generally thought a tone or two under fine breeding for a lady to accept anything beyond slight refreshment.

> It is by no means a matter of course that a girl's friends should be also her parents' friends. Just as here the acquaintances of a young man who lives at home are generally known to the rest of his family, so there a young lady's will be. But not necessarily so. You meet her at a party and dance with her, or inquire about the Spanish song she has sung so prettily; she asks you to call and see her, adding, perhaps, that she will sing Spanish songs to you all the afternoon. You go to the house and ask for her; she comes down and receives you alone, or with her sister. Her mother may or may not appear, probably does not; and you may perhaps keep up the acquaintance for long enough, fall in love with her if you like, without ever being presented to her parents, without so much as knowing them by sight. It is well understood that she is both able and entitled to look after herself and choose her own friends. Sometimes it will happen that two sisters move in different sets, as brothers among ourselves, and know very little of one another's companions.
>
> The same idea that a girl does not need the sort of protection which custom insists on putting her under in Europe, makes it possible for her to move about more freely than she can well do here. She may travel alone on the railroads, perhaps all the way from Philadelphia to St. Louis or Chicago without attracting notice, stopping at hotels on the way. She may go on foot or in the horse-cars through the streets of a city without being exposed to remark, much less to impertinence. Except perhaps in the business quarter of New York City, there is scarcely a spot in the Union where it would surprise one to find a young lady walking alone. All this is of course much facilitated by the arrangements so carefully made for the comfort of ladies, for whom there is reserved a separate car on the railroads, usually the last in the train, and who find in every hotel of pretension a spacious ladies' drawing-room, often the only and always the best public room in the house, to which none but they and the gentlemen in their train are admitted. Nevertheless, it is greatly to the credit of the people that it should be so easy for ladies to go alone everywhere unmolested; and there are few points in which Transatlantic ways come out more clearly superior to our own. To be an isolated woman is a much less formidable thing there than in the old countries.
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> It is most clearly in the Western States that the freedom and destructive swing of American society is most prominent. But every where over the Union one can't help feeling how considerable the difference from England is—I say "England," because any one who knows Ireland will think the social contrast to that country far less marked. Society in America is altogether easier than ours, simpler, more elastic, more variable, more gay and sparkling, more tolerant (spite of De Tocqueville's reflections on democratic uniformity) of individual divergences from the common type. Women hold it in a very conspicuous and influential place. They have more control over their property than in England, and are in all respects on a much more complete equality with their husbands in the eye of the law. They have made their way into most or all of the learned professions. They are not thought of as necessarily dependent on man, and are not expected—no, not even by respectable, old-fashioned people—to be a mere reflection of his wishes and opinions. They are not talked down to in America; you never hear there, as you so often do here, a trivial young whipper-snapper condescending to a lady intellectually as well as morally his superior, but who would think it unbecoming to let her superiority appear. On political, social, literary questions, a woman is expected to have her opinion like a man; she is as free to give it; she is listened to with more external deference and as much substantial respect. She is not in the least afraid of being thought blue; and though I do not believe that women of high and wide culture are any commoner in America than in England, if so common, women sunk in ignorance or prejudice, and wholly devoid of literary interests, are certainly more rare.
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> It is difficult to express the precise nature of the difference between American and English ladies. You are sensible of a sort of charm [susceptible Boston I] which is wanting here.
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> American girls are certainly more independent than ours are; more accustomed to take care of themselves, think for themselves, decide for themselves; no less really domestic in their hearts, but less tied to their mother's apron-strings; franker in their speech, and more ready to tell you about themselves, their circumstances, their families. There is a kind of French verve and force about them, but there is also a Teutonic truthfulness. Then there is a plainness and equability of mind, as well as a self-possession of manner, which puts a stranger at his ease from the first. Where an English girl throws the weight of the conversation on her partner, an American girl takes it up, draws him out, perhaps chaffs him in a genial fashion, and expresses her opinion freely on all the topics that turn up. English ladies of the old school would be apt to disapprove of her on slight acquaintance. But, when they come to know her better, they would perceive that she is, in essential matters, decorous as well as refined. American ladies who have mixed in fashionable society in London may often be heard to say that they are astonished at the quantity of scandal they hear talked there; and it is certainly true that one hears very little in America. In such places as New York and Chicago there are, of course, fast sets, just as there are in London and Liverpool. But in point of purity and real moral elevation, the best society in America is possibly superior, and at any rate equal, to that of our own upper classes; while the American middle class is certainly more cultivated, more interested in the "things of the mind," than the commercial class in England.

There are several merits which this Englishman, who seems to find an uncommon attraction in the freedom of American ways, attributes to our system. It certainly promotes pleasure, and leads to early and happy marriages, in which individual, as well as public welfare, find the firmest basis. Concerning the first, he says:

> Youths and maidens in America certainly have, in their own emphatic language, "a good time." They can see as much of one another as they please; they can do so without the sense of being watched and criticised; and, what is more than all, they can be friendly and mutually interested without fearing to be misunderstood. When two young people take a liking for one another's society, they may talk together of an evening for an hour or more, may walk or drive together, may perhaps correspond, and yet nobody will have a right to suppose there is anything but friendship in the case. They are not driven, as they would be in proper England, either into repressing or concealing their feeling, or else into carrying it hastily into something else, and pledging themselves forever to one another by a formal engagement. Friends may laugh and chaff, and tell Charlie or Jane that they seem to be fond of being together, but Charlie and Jane can take it coolly and go on their way unmoved, for each of them knows that so long as nothing is done but what custom and etiquette allow, neither has any right to suppose, and is not likely to suppose, the existence of any tender feelings on the part of the other. To be sure, there may spring up an affection, and why should there not? The same thing happens here, where people see one another less intimately, the chief difference being that there it is more likely to be reciprocated, and it is based on a far better knowledge of character and habits. * * *
>
> Scandals are certainly quite as rare there as here; probably rarer. The standard of propriety is extremely rigid; and though a girl may do much which she could not well do here, if she once compromised herself society would be quite as stern and unforgiving in Boston or Chicago as in London. As to fastness, there are, of course, as there must be, differences of manner and etiquette, but if one looks at essentials, a discerning Englishman who goes below the surface will find as much true delicacy and purity among ladies over yonder as among his own countrywomen. Cases of blighted affection occur from time to time under this open-air system, as they do under our band-box system; nothing short of the absolute separation carried out in France will prevent them, if even that. But they are, if one may trust the evidence given, less common and less crushing in America than here; and the reason why may easily be seen. Girls, having seen a great deal more of young men than they would here, are not so easily attracted by mere externals, and become altogether less susceptible. They know more about the character and reputation of their companions, and are less likely to be beguiled by a mere flirt. Intimacy, being common and legitimate, ceases to have anything dangerously romantic about it.

As to the matrimonial advantages of the plan:

> There is another merit of the American plan which may gain favor for it from persons of even the strictest views,—its tendency to produce happy marriages. That marriages are more frequent there than here, and are contracted earlier, may be ascribed to the circumstances of the country, where it is comparatively easy to make a living, and where, luxurious as certain sets of rich people are, it is a great deal more easy for a young couple to start in a simple way. Still the opportunities for acquaintance given must have something to do with it; and they have even more to do with a good assortment of the couples. In England, especially in London, a man often knows next to nothing of the girl he is engaged to. He has met her at parties, has taken her down to dinner, and danced with her, has called on foggy afternoons, and had tea gracefully handed to him; but he has learnt very little about her true character, her temper, her principles her capacity for affection, for defects in these respects must be very marked indeed to show beneath the decorous self-restraint of company manners. The girl, on her part, is still worse off, since she has even fewer opportunities of judging what a young man is worth. For he, after all, sees her in her own house, and among her family; he can notice how she gets on with them, and can often, if he is sharp, interpret her by them, for good or for evil. But he is probably quite isolated in the town; she sees nothing and knows nothing of his relations; he is merely a presentable young person of sufficiently pleasant manners and adequate income whom she meets in respectable company. She does not guess what the sisters whom he neglected, or the schoolfellows whom he cheated, or the clerks whom he bullies, could tell about him, and has to learn for herself, when it is too late, that he is mean, hard, and selfish. In smaller towns and country places people have better chances, but in London and our other great cities, it is hard to see how things are ever to be better while the present restrictions exist. In the States, on the other hand, it is generally a man's or a girl's own fault if he or she does not succeed in making out pretty well what the other is good for. Meeting oftener, and in a less formal way, able to carry on even a somewhat exclusive and engrossing acquaintance without being necessarily supposed to have "intentions," an American youth has the amplest means of finding out what are the tastes, and notions, and habits of the girl whom he thinks of making his wife, and can use those means without exciting any suspicion. Nor can he himself keep a mask always on in her presence; even if he tries it, she is probably intimate with other young men of the same set, and can make out from them what is thought of him by persons of his own sex—in all cases the best guide and clue to the truth. The result is, that people do, as a rule know much more of one another before they marry than they do in England, and that unhappy marriages are more rare.

Fraser's.

There are two articles in *Fraser's Magazine* which bear upon the controversies in which its editor, Mr. Froude, is engaged. The first,

"EMPIRE OR NO EMPIRE,"

thinks that it is more than ever necessary that British subjects, the world round, should cultivate a comprehensive Imperial spirit.

> We must learn to take an equal interest in all our fellow-subjects, no matter whether they dwell on the banks of the Thames or the Hoogly, the St. Lawrence or the Yarra-Yarra. We must be ready to resent an insult to the national flag whenever it is offered. We must admit no prior claim to our regard on the part of Englishmen, Irishmen, or Scotchmen, Canadians or Australians, Cape Colonists or East and West Indians.
>
> Still, English institutions could not have been more cunningly devised had they been especially intended to foster a spirit of provincial narrowness and self-seeking. It is time the important internal affairs of Great Britain and Ireland commanded the entire attention of a local Executive and a local Legislature, Imperial matters must be withdrawn from the control of the English Parliament.
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> Recent events in connection with the Canadian Dominion cannot fail to force on colonists and the people of the mother country alike, the necessity for some alteration in the relations existing between them. The former have been told over and over again, that if they are deprived of any participation in the Imperial Government, they contributed nothing towards it, while England stood committed to defend her offshoots "to her last man and her last shilling." I believe it was Lord Kimberley or Earl Granville who recently gave this comforting assurance, which was endorsed by Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, the Under-Secretary. No doubt the declaration sounds well and the sentiment thereof is everything that could be desired. It has a fine hearty ring about it, which, in these cold calculating times, is peculiarly refreshing. I cannot truly say that we colonists received it with anything like the unquestioned belief we should have done at one time. However, after a while we came to look on it as a tolerably sincere recantation of an incipient heresy in favor of separation, with which many members of Mr. Gladstone's Government were said to be affected. But, looking at the way in which Canada's just claims have been sacrificed by the Treaty of Washington, what can we think? Her territory had been violated by an armed band deliberately organized within the jurisdiction of the United States Government, her valuable fishing grounds encroached on in defiance of treaties, and her right for compensation denied, contrary to every principle of justice. Here was a case, one would think, if ever a case could arise, where the assurance about the "last man and last shilling" would have been called to mind and acted on. Short of permanent occupation, it is difficult to know what further insults a professedly friendly power could have heaped on the Canadian Dominion. Then or never was the time for the English Government to show the sincerity of its declarations by insisting on both an ample apology and immediate redress. Not only, however, were the offences of the United States Government condoned without any reparation being made, but Canada was forced against her will to surrender some valuable fishing grounds which had been secured to her by treaty in 1818. So averse to the arrangement are the Canadians, that a member of their Government assured Lord Kimberley that had it been known that it was in contemplation, no representatives would have been sent to Washington.

Annexation to this country, the writer thinks, would be an extremely profitable transaction for Canada, as a pecuniary matter. Besides raising the value of property 15 or 20 per cent by the better markets it would give them,—

> it would relieve the Dominion of the endless care and expense connected with the defence of its frontier. If anyone wishes to know how much Canada would gain pecuniarily by throwing in her fortunes with those of the United States, let him consult Lord Elgin's letter during the time he was Governor General of that province. Not only is she put to expense [illegible] consequence of her proximity to a country [illegible] swarming with men who execrate the very name [illegible] England, but her social affairs are disarranged [illegible] also. She has had, before now, to embody her [illegible] and suspend the *Habeas Corpus* act, owing to [illegible] the Fenian incursions. The method which England has adopted for her defence is certainly very sing[ular]. She has left her to repel invasion at her own cost, then waived her right to compensation, and by way of rewarding her injurer, and encouraging him to further encroachments, has given away her fisheries for an old song. I wonder if this is the way that the Gladstone Government would defend any "part of the United Kingdom!"

Annexation is not the remedy the writer favors. His scheme is the establishment of an Imperial Government, which shall leave to each colony and province the right of Liberal self-Government, giving the Central Government a Federal supervision:

> No time, then, should be lost in placing all her Majesty's subjects on one level, for until this is done they will never have sympathies in common, nor feel and acknowledge that brotherhood and community of interests which can alone give force and vitality to this vast but scattered empire. Every day which goes by without finding something done which might have been done towards the attainment of this consummation is an irreparable loss. A strong centrifugal force is at work upon the atoms which compose the Queen's dominions, and there is next to nothing to oppose its influence. For want of some body, whose delegates from the extremities and centre alike might meet and confer together on what is best adapted to secure the true interests of the whole, each correcting and modifying his ideas in accordance with the representations of others, and in his turn influencing their minds in favor of his own views, the public men of the various colonies are left to follow any course which may seem good in their own eyes or likely to secure them a lengthened term of office, without any consideration as to what may be the effect of their schemes on the welfare of their neighbors, or how far they are compatible with Imperial unity.
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> Although the prospect of achieving this great work of confederation does not seem very encouraging at present, I nevertheless look forward to the time when this day-dream of so many will resolve itself into a substantial reality. Of our present rulers I have but little hope, but I cannot bring myself to think that the nation at large will remain much longer indifferent to the glorious future which might be the heritage of our race, if we only had the energy to "take occasion by the hand," instead of wasting our mighty opportunities through ignorance or sloth.
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> A Consolidated British Empire is still possible; but will not be possible much longer.

IRISH SOLDIERS IN FRENCH SERVICE.

A very striking fact, though one not generally known, is that, for nearly a century, there was in the service of France a brigade of soldiers recruited exclusively from among the British subjects who inhabit Ireland.

As early as the year 1671, Charles II. had permitted the Comte de Hamilton to levy a body of over 1,500 men in Ireland for the service of the King of France. Later, when James was hard pressed in his struggle for the English Throne, he implored his French ally, Louis XIV, to send him troops, which he did on condition of recieving Irish soldiers for his own wars on the Continent. These were swelled by the migration, after the Treaty of Limerick, of large numbers of Irishmen to France. These were formed into a brigade in 1692, the first service performed by which was an expedition against England:

> This proposed invasion was planned in the interest both of James and Louis; the former aimed at recovering his lost throne, the latter at delivering a home-thrust at the able and intrepid chief of the League of Augsburg. But England was saved from invasion in 1692, as she had been in 1588, and as she was so often afterwards, by the intervention of the elements. Contrary winds prevented the French from embarking their troops on board the transports, while they enabled the Dutch squadron of Van Allemonde to effect a junction with the British fleet under Admiral Russell. The consequent naval engagement off Cape La Hogue between the allied fleets and the French, under the gallant Admiral de Tourville, and the brilliant and decisive victory of the English and Dutch, entirely destroyed the French navy, and effectually put a stop to any attempts at an invasion of England for some time afterwards.
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> During the campaigns of 1692 and 1693 the Irish had abundant opportunities of wreaking their vengeance upon the English King and his armies, and were especially conspicuous by their bravery at the bloody battle of Neerwinden, where William was completely defeated, and compelled to retire before the superior force of his great military rival, the Marshal Duke of Luxemburg. Throughout the war, indeed, the Irish Brigade was present at almost every battle or skirmish of importance, and won for itself a reputation without which it would have hardly survived the peace of Ryswick.

They were subsequently engaged, still in the service of France, in the wars of the Spanish Succession, and distinguished themselves at Blenheim. They took part in all the struggles which devastated Europe in the eighteenth century, and always with honor. In fact, says the writer, who is plainly no other than Mr. Froude himself:

> Out of Ireland the Irish have always proved themselves admirable soldiers, and the peculiar circumstances of the formation and position of the brigade in France rendered its services especially valuable to that country. A large proportion of its members, as we have already shown, must have been of a superior class to that from which the ordinary soldier is usually drawn, and the honorable rivalry which existed between them and the French troops, combined with their intense national hatred of the English, to whom they were so often opposed, to render the Irish daring and resolute soldiers.
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> The greatest and noblest houses of Ireland had their representatives in the brigade; the Butlers, the Burkes or Burghs, the Fitzgeralds, the O'Neills, the O'Briens, the Talbots, the Nugents, the Plunketts, and the Dillons sent many a stout heart and strong arm to do the bidding of French commanders, and to fight against their countrymen and their allegiance on the blood-stained fields of Flanders and Castille. The last service in which the Irish Brigade was engaged on the side of France, was the expedition against the British West India Islands in 1779 and 1780.

The Irish Brigade was finally broken up by a decree of the National Assembly, in 1791, and the last remnant of the brigade was taken into the service of England, from whose territory the Brigade had been originally raised and constantly recruited, and against whose armies it had fought for a hundred years. England received back again into her allegiance these erring subjects, who had been for three generations among the bravest, the most constant, and the most implacable of her foes.

M. D. Conway continues his curious researches into the origin of the supernatural "Monsters and Demons," which were created by the darkened fancies of primitive men.

General Cluseret, who was fortunate enough to save himself from the bullets of Satory, gives us a glimpse, "Behind the Scenes, at the Commune."

Other articles are: "Without a Guide;" "Six Weeks in North and South Tyrol," (with a map)—by William Longman, F. G. S.; "Brambleberries;" "The True School for Architects;" "Possibilities of Free Religious Thought in Scotland;" "Concerning the Disadvantages of Living in a Small Community," by A. K. H. B.; "Domestic Sanitary Arrangements," by Robert Rawlinson, C. E. C. B."

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

The New Year's party of "Our Club" takes place on Tuesday evening next, at Snow's Dancing Academy.

The Mulligan Zouaves are to hold a meeting to-morrow evening, at their hall, corner of Adams and Halsted streets.

The "Blue Danube Club" give a New Year's party on Tuesday evening, at Bournique's West Side Hall. The officers of the Club are A. D. Turner, M. E. Morrison, and H. B. Brooks.

The Coroner inquested the remains of Elizabeth Guenasse, who died at No. 225 Van Buren street on Friday. The cause of her death was found to be congestive chills.

Officers and members of the Cosmopolitan Club are requested to meet at Dr. John D. M. Carr's office, No. 327 West Madison street, on New Year's Day, at 3 p. m.

The Chicago Christian Union will keep open house on New Year's Day, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., at the West Side rooms, No. 205 West Madison street, and furnish coffee and cakes to newsboys, bootblacks, and all who are needy.

Mayor Medill yesterday revoked the license of one Wiggins, proprietor of an auction shop No. 22 West Madison street, for carrying on his business contrary to law, or in other words, for defrauding a greenhorn.

The gambling den of William Mack, corner of State and Thirty-first streets, was pulled by Sergeant Parrett last evening. Five inmates were captured and taken to the Armory, where they got bail and were released.

The following books have been donated to the Chicago Public Library within a day or two past by the citizens of Chicago: Mrs. O. A. Hoge, 2 volumes; C. F. Jilson, Esq., 3 volumes; Geo. Howland, Esq., 7 volumes; Hon. Julius Rosenthal, 5 volumes.

"Death from exposure" was the verdict of the Coroner's jury on the body of John Jameson, who was found on the corner of Egan and Ashland avenues, frozen to death. He was employed as agent for a dealer in chromos at No. 73 Blue Island avenue, and had been missing a week before found. The last time he was seen he was suffering from *delirium tremens*.

"Shall the Sunday Liquor Law Be Repealed?" and "What are the Liberty League Men Doing for the City?" are the questions to be discussed at a temperance meeting to be held next Thursday evening in the church corner of Clinton and Wilson streets. General O. L. Mann and others will speak.

One of the most charming affairs of the season was the entertainment given on Friday evening last by the Cricket Literary Society at the residence of E. B. Phillips, Esq., No. 100 Calumet avenue. Peculiar features of the occasion were the cards of invitation and the dancing programmes, the latter being marvels of richness, elegance, and taste.

The series of concerts so long in course of preparation by the Chicago Oratorio Society, and which have been looked forward to with peculiar interest by our music-lovers, will commence on the 16th of January. These unique entertainments are to combine both literary and musical features of notable excellence. Rev. Laird Collier will deliver the first lecture at the inauguratory concert. The Oratorio Society's next rehearsal will occur on Thursday evening next at the First Congregational Church.

Among the many brilliant social parties flashing like a shower of meteors athwart the holiday horizon, one of the most notably brilliant was that given on Friday evening last by Hon. J. B. Waller, at his residence in Lake View, where were assembled a large number of well-known divines, lawyers, physicians, &c., of Chicago, with a corresponding proportion of beautiful women beautifully dressed. The refreshments were of the choicest and most elaborate character, and the entire affair was an eminent success.

An astronomical gentleman rushed breathlessly into the city department of THE TRIBUNE yesterday morning, smoking a cigar of questionable merit, and wished it to be stated in the columns of this paper that to cure chilled feet, soak them in alum and water. He adds that the alum might be omitted, and alcohol substituted, with sugar, and that the mixture thus formed should be taken internally. Everybody knows who he is now.

At 9:30 o'clock last evening, the two-story brick building, No. 14 Union street, took fire, and an alarm was sounded from Box 275. The building is owned by the city and occupied as a lodging-house for the destitute and benighted. The Superintendent happened to be out, and the inmates, anxious to be warm, heated the furnace until it ignited the building. The loss was about $200. At 11 o'clock another alarm was given, the fire having again broken out. It was soon subdued, however.

The People's Omnibus and Baggage Company, in other words the "Z. I. P. Co." have put up a notice in their busses requesting the holders of their red tickets to return and exchange them for their new issue at their office, corner of Wabash avenue and Twenty-first street. The old red tickets have been counterfeited, and were coming in at the rate of a dozen or two a day. As the drivers could not distinguish the genuine from the bogus tickets when in the box, the Company are obliged to adopt this course to protect themselves from a very small though contemptible swindle.

A correspondent inquires what has become of the Newsboys' Home which we had before the fire, and also what is being done with the $12,000 given to the Home by the Relief and Aid Society. He mentions a rendezvous for abandoned characters on Adams street, near the bridge, and it is evident that he does not allude to the *Times* office, for he says that two-thirds of the inmates are newsboys, bootblacks, street peddlers, and the like. Prevention is better than cure, he maintains; and if we expect to prevent the rising generation of boys from becoming thieves, some place must be provided where they can eat and sleep without being brought in contact with the scum of humanity; in other words, the Newsboys' and Bootblacks' Home should be re-established.

The Huchberger insurance case, which has dragged its slow length along in the Chicago Courts for several years, has at last come to an end. One by one the recalcitrant companies were forced to pay the policies after the law had wrung the money from them. The litigation had its origin in a fire which occurred in the spring of 1867, when the store of Mr. Huchberger, on Lake street, was destroyed. He held policies in Eastern and Western companies, but it so chanced that an insurance agent got into the burning store before the proprietor arrived, and secured the books, so that the concerted refusal to pay the losses, amounting to over $50,000, was greatly assisted. Suit was brought in the United States and State Courts, to compel the payment of Mr. Huchberger's rightful claims, and he was successful in every case, though the delay and expense attending the proceedings were something fearful. The Home, of New York, being beaten in the Federal Court in Chicago, carried the case to the Supreme Court in Washington. The latter tribunal, through Chief Justice Chase, has just affirmed the decision of the Court below, awarding 6 per cent interest and 10 per cent damages on the amount of the policy, $5,000, which has now reached the sum of $8,000.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

A Citizen of Chicago Accused of Robbing an Eastern Lady of $25,000 Worth of Bonds.

The Alleged Thief Arrested and Put Under Bail of $75,000---A Mysterious Case.

Justice Banyon yesterday disposed of a case of greater importance than he has the good fortune to decide upon every day in the year,—one which bears upon more than mere local interests. The prisoner who appeared before him was a man whose name was given as Edward A. Everett, residing at No. 110 Twenty-second street, in this city. The prisoner was charged with robbery, and the details of the affair as they were given in the testimony before Justice Banyon render the case an unusually interesting one.

The complaining witness is a Miss Shortwell, a lady of extremely prepossessing appearance, with black hair and eyes, and an air of self-possession as rare as it is interesting in these days of women's rights. She is said to be well known in Washington, and regarded as a lady of excellent business qualifications. She claims she was commissioned some time ago to deliver to General P. D. Roddy, of Alabama, bonds of the Selma & Gulf Railroad amounting to $100,000, worth about 25 per cent of their face. While stopping at the Grand Central Hotel, in New York, she was introduced by the chief clerk of the hotel, J. Styles Armour by name, to the prisoner, and to him she stated the object of her journey. Everett told her that if she would go by way of Chicago, he would obtain passes for her over the road, giving as a reason for his being able to do so, his influence in railroad circles here.

She agreed to his proposition, and consented to travel with him as far as Chicago, not thinking for a moment that any one as well-recommended as the prisoner was would take advantage of her. Everett, she asserts, advised her to be very careful as to what was done with her papers, and recommended her to place them in her satchel for safe-keeping. Miss Shortwell thought otherwise, and put them into her trunk, on the top of her clothing. She locked the trunk herself, and a porter strapped it in her presence. It was placed on a carriage provided by Everett to convey them from the hotel to the depot. There was another gentleman in the carriage. On arriving at the depot, Everett volunteered to have Miss. Short[well's] trunk checked to Chicago, and, on receiving her permission, did so handing her a check which it was subsequently found did not correspond with that on the trunk. During the journey the prisoner was very attentive to her. The next thing seen by Miss Shortwell of her trunk was at the Tremont House, Chicago. While on the train the conductor, Mr. Dunn, warned her that Everett had been making remarks about her to him, the nature of which he modestly declined to communicate. She asked him if she was riding on a pass. The conductor replied that she was not. Her ticket was regular in every way, and had been purchased by the prisoner. Her confidence in the man was not shaken, however, by this information, for, shortly after breakfast on the day after her arrival, Everett came to the hotel in a carriage with his wife and family, and pressed her to take a drive through the city. She was reluctant to do so, but Everett was so urgent that she consented. On her return she ordered her trunk taken to her room, and found the lock broken and her papers gone. Besides the bonds were some papers of value to her, but to nobody else. On Thursday morning she used every effort to find Everett, but failing, applied to a detective, who succeeded in arresting him. After he was arrested, it is alleged, he told the detective that he knew the parties in New York who had the bonds, but denied any complicity in the robbery.

Justice Banyon, having heard the testimony, held the prisoner in bail of $75,000 for trial in the Criminal Court.

The Following Will Interest the Ladies.

CHICAGO, Dec. 11, 1872.—I bought a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine *fifteen years* ago, have used it every day (save Sundays) *on all kinds of work*, both heavy and light, from the finest Swiss muslin to the heaviest broadcloth. The identical needle with which the first stitch was taken is still in the machine and does good service. I consider the Wheeler & Wilson the best sewing machine in use.

MRS. R. A. HUGHES,
No. 153 South Desplaines street.

Main office and salesroom of the New Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, No. 338 West Madison street; branch, No. 960 Wabash avenue. Burnham & Flanner, City Agents.

Delays are Dangerous.

Those who have delayed purchasing their presents... gifts should not fail to inspect the beautiful and largely-assorted stock of diamonds, jewelry, gold watches and chains, at McElwains, corner of State and Randolph streets, selected with a special view for the holidays. Wedding and visiting-card engraving executed in the finest style. Reasonable prices and courtesy to buyers are the characteristics of this establishment.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

A Visit to the Home of the Virginia Statesman.

His Home Reputation---Comparison With Public Life Nowadays.

Patrick Henry---Plain Sketches of Past Times---Better Days on Roanoke.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24, 1872.

THE HOME OF JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Passing recently from Richmond, Va., to the Gulf, over the Danville Railroad, I entered a country new to me. Eight old counties of the Old Dominion were threaded by this road, and it was one of the great inner lines of communication of the late Confederacy, occupying the same relation to it on the east of the Alleghenies that the East Virginia & Tennessee Road did on the west. By the Danville Road, Davis and the Confederate Government fled, barely escaping by four hours Stoneman's raiders from over the mountains. I passed Amelia Court House, where Lee's army rendezvoused, and were detained to forage for supplies, while Sheridan and Meade cut them off ahead at Jetersville, and, near by, Ewell's corps surrendered.

The country was very beautiful in the late fall, with the trees nearly leafless, so that the landscapes were exposed; and, where we entered the valleys of the Staunton and the Dan, I saw a richer country than upon the clay hillsides of tidal Virginia,—long bottoms, funnel-shaped, widening around the woody hills, and a juicy look, as of marsh-fowl and rank vegetation, in the strong soil-like air. The houses sat upon lofty capes and points of hills, sometimes old brick mansions surrounded by negro quarters, and again merely large log structures, and all in more or less decay. The woods would have seemed dense at any other time of the year, but in the plains were some cattle and wild pigs, and tobacco-houses were set up in close proximity, giving a look of populousness to the region to which it was not entitled. This is the great tobacco-land of the seaboard still, for a hundred miles along the second terrace of Virginia and the Carolinas.

NEIGHBORHOOD TALK ABOUT RANDOLPH.

"Yonder is the house of John Randolph, of Roanoke," said an engineer of the railroad, who sat at my side. "Wood Bouldin, of the Virginia Court of Appeals, lives there now. He is no kin to Randolph that I know of. Bouldin's father Tom succeeded Randolph in Congress, and died of paralysis in his seat, as he rose to announce Randolph's death, in 1834. Yes, sir, this is Randolph's country, and Patrick Henry died here also. The land is worth about $15 an acre."

I looked up and saw on a high hill-top, amongst large forest-trees, and backed by dense and extensive woods, the hermit-like home of this celebrated oddity and human riddle. The place had been altered by its later proprietors, but there still remained the small clump of negro quarters, and the two wooden houses separated from each other,—one of logs, the other clapboarded,—where, in a sort of savage lawn, the great slaveholder had passed so many years. It was hardly more than Indian comfort as it seemed,—low buildings, only one-story and a garret high, with few and small windows, and on one a low log porch. How different are the ideas of comfort in different ages! What American statesman now would live like Randolph for his land? And yet he merited the respect of widely different types of men. The Quaker poet of New England sang of him with mistaken ideas of the geography:

> There, where with living ear and eye
> He heard Potomac's flowing,
> And through his tall, ancestral trees
> Saw Autumn's sunset glowing,
> He sleeps, still looking to the West,
> Beneath the dark wood shadow,
> As if he still would see the sun
> Sink down on wave and meadow.

The second line ought to be: "He heard the Staunton's flowing," if it is meant to denote his resting-place; for Randolph's ashes still rest here, in the midst of the forest near his log cabins, a tree by the grave, and formerly also an unmarked stone. He was the last of his race.

THE MAN REVIVED.

As I looked upon this lonesome autumn Virginia scene, and the deliberate and warning poem of Whittier came to my mind, with its too truthful ending,

> O, more than all thy dead renown,
> Were now one hero living,

I endeavored to believe what manner of man might this have been who in our day would be an impossibility in public life. For nearly thirty years he was in Congress. Like Thaddeus Stevens, who possessed some of his power of scorn, he was a bachelor; for years he was Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and Jefferson habitually consulted him. Benton—a cold, dignified critic—says that for thirty years he was the political meteor of Congress, and often the planetary plague, and, as the scourger of pretension, meanness, vice, and demagogery, the benefactor of the House.

And on that hill-top he lies, like the Indians of whose blood he boasted, amongst the naked trees,—a man without a monument, as he never created any institution or public measure. Might he arise and look around his country now, it would seem to deserve less of his terrible excoriation forty years ago: "Poverty stalking through the land, while we are engaged in political metaphysics, and, amidst our filth and vermin, like the Spanish and Portuguese, look down with contempt on other nations. We hug our lousy cloaks around us, take another *chaw of tubbacker*, float the room with nastiness, or ruin the grate and fire-irons, where they happen not to be nasty, and try conclusions upon constitutional points. Poor old Virginia! Poor old Virginia!"

RANDOLPH'S NEIGHBOR, HENRY.

"How is this called Roanoke," said I to the affable engineer, "being on the Staunton?"

"Well, there is a little creek, I believe, called Roanoke, winding through Randolph's old estate. At any rate, this is in the general Valley of the Roanoke, and Roanoke is the name of the railroad station, two miles from the old fellow's abode. He was born at Cawsons, an estate near City Point, just before the Revolutionary War. His youth was spent at Matoax, another estate, this side of Petersburg, and he also lived at Bizarre, a third estate,—all of which were destroyed by fire. He often came here to shoot and stop a while, but he moved here after 1810, when Bizarre burned up. He never built any thing extensive down here."

"Was he rich?"

"Oh, yes! one of the largest slaveholders in Virginia. He left 318 slaves and 180 horses, and he had some of the best racing stock in this country."

"Have any more recent great men come from about here?"

"Yes, sir. Tom Bocock and General Joe Johnston."

"Are you much acquainted around here?"

"Putty tol'bul well!"

"What do the people at this day think of Randolph?"

"The old people remember him as haughty, honest, and, although never mixing much with the voters, sure to get their support. They never understood him; nobody did; but he had two or three acquaintances, and one of them was the [tav]ern-keeper at Charlotte Court-House, who knew [illegible] contact that he was a great man. He was a brave [illegible] and a good hunter part of his life. One [illegible] he got in love, and was afraid to marry on good [illegible], and that it soured him all his life. But his memory is getting very indistinct, and is kept up [al]most altogether by anecdotes."

"Whereabouts in this county did Patrick Henry live?"

"He lived at Red Hill, 30 miles from here, and his descendants, I think, occupy the place yet. That was said to be little better for comfort than Randolph's place, though Henry had some mountain views from his yard. They were competitors, sir. Henry only lived in this county five years, and he died in '99, making his last speech just as Randolph made his first, at our old Court-House town. Neither has got any mark set up on his grave!"

OUR DEMOSTHENES AND OUR CATO.

To each other we are marvels after the lapse of time. Who can think of those old farms in townless counties as the proper abodes of men of fame, who fought at the building of our institutions? That old Scotch-descended chap, Henry, who used to whittle in the yard of his log hut, drinking out of a bucket, who gouged his clients, and was vain of his money, and finally left his fame a medley of havoc, which Wirt utterly failed to unravel, was still the wearer of a diamond ring, and lives in the verse of Byron as "the forest Demosthenes." But then, how did Demosthenes live? Jefferson remembered Patrick Henry as serving liquor at a bar, coarse and fiddle-playing, and still the greatest of all orators. He was named a demagogue by thousands after he contended against the adoption of the Constitution, and then supported the Alien and Sedition laws.

THE SAME OLD COON.

Are we not dragging to light in our newspapers what has always been, and which has not hitherto been hideous, because there was no press to show it? Patrick Henry's personal biography hints of the modern politician practising his clarion oratory upon an unsuspecting time. Or may one's convictions and positions change, both from growth of experience and pecuniary temptation, about at the same fortuitous moment?

THE PERISHED TYPE OF PUBLIC MAN.

The growth of personal vanity and individualism, which was due both to irresponsible mastership and to country life, may account for the peculiar vice of Virginia public men, who live in our memory as patriots, but in our judgment hardly hold their rank. Yonder is the lesson, in those old log or clapboarded houses, low and half-warmed, where the public man who had come back from the affectation of scorning all Congress indulged in the real scorn of his constituency, his slaves, and his own mode of life. It was reserved for Randolph only—and in that he is of use to posterity—to be unable to keep the delusion to himself, and his letters are brimful of the accusation that Virginia had already passed her prime. Much land, much negro, slatternly management, and the vices of the country-gentry, had ruined the State, well nigh, before the Revolutionary War. The change in the 1872 is, if anything, for the better, as any one can read from Randolph's letters: As to State politics, he does not wish to speak of them; the country was ruined, past redemption, in the spirit and character of the people, as long ago as 1829. The same year, he wrote that the whole impression south of the Patapsco was the lingering agony of an exhausted country. Virginia was all jobbery, as he said; and, with all his slaves, he wanted money on mortgage. What hotel in Virginia is now any worse than this in the best country, where he stopped 42 years ago? "Walls black and filthy, bed and furniture sordid, furniture scanty and mean, generally broken,—in short, dirt and discomfort universally prevail; and, in most private houses, the matter is not mended. No milk, biscuit half-cooked, everything animal and vegetable smeared with melted butter or lard." To read, also of all that State-coach riding from the great estate to Congress, over "deluged roads that ran like rivers and drowned the over stimulation" of the servants, over jolting fence-rails, "sponging" upon other gentry for entertainment, and hardly distinguishing the road from the country-side. Even as long ago as 1814, Randolph wrote: "What a spectacle does our lower country present? Deserted and dismantled country-houses, temples of the Most High ruinous and desolate, the very mansions of the dead violated, and armorial bearings and epitaph-stones shattered to fragments."

THE CURSE OF BROAD ACRES.

If this was the condition of much of Virginia nearly sixty years ago, we may well conclude that the Yankees' inroad, as it was called, took nothing else away except that which had made all so poor: Slavery. The country, indeed, from Alexandria to Charlotte, North Carolina,—a distance of above 400 miles,—is, if anything, improved; tobacco is raised in smaller patches, and with more thrift. What is needed is for some potent spell, like a cruel law, to tax the broad estates, and break them to fragments, like the armorial tombstones, which were useless to the dead and made a leaner posterity presuming. Randolph's mother gave the bad example all the seductiveness of her young face and maternal smile when she said to him as he rode in boyhood over the acres of [Roa]noke: "When you get to be a man, Johnny, you must not sell your land; it is the first step to ruin for a boy to part with his father's home. Keep your land, and it will keep you!"

He did keep it, selling his negroes instead. It kept him, but without roads, towns, inns, schools, neighbors, or improvements,—a lonely bachelor, seeking, in books, introspection, loneliness, and the morbid vanity of a life lived here, but acted before the public, to harmonize the condition of a high intellect and a mock aristocrat and mock Democrat.

THE LONG FRAUD.

No life can reveal itself at the highest which is false in all its conditions, nor be intelligible which strives to keep several inharmonious things equally developing. Here was a person in poor health from childhood, trying to play the heir of Pocahontas, and be a Yorkshire Baronet; a fearless investigator and disdainer of shams, and yet a denouncer of free instincts and sympathies; a race-horse man and a recluse; an aristocrat and a Democrat; a lover of his native soil, and yet the complacent toady of foreign sovereigns. Utterly provincial in his bringing up, boundless in his self-love, with faculties wide by nature and acute by disease, John Randolph's biography hints of good desires seldom or never carried out; affections fierce and instable; prejudices which gave way like a child's with travel, and were yet asserted with all the satisfaction of science; and a capacity for public life which possessed none of the patience of the builder, nor the modesty of the citizen.

In many respects, he deserved Whittier's stanza:

> O, never bore his ancient State
> A truer son or braver!
> None trampling with a calmer scorn
> On foreign hate or favor.
> He knew her faults, yet never stooped
> His proud and manly feeling
> To poor excuses of the wrong,
> Or meanness of concealing.

THE HERO IS WORST.

Still, we would not apologize for a public man nowadays who rose in his stirrups, in the height of his fame, on a Long Island race-course, after having betted all his money, to shout thus vulgarly: "I'll bet a crop of niggers on Sir Henry!" We should not associate Southern hospitality with a public man who replied to a constituent's pleasant address: "Mr Randolph, I passed your house to-day," "Please *continue* to do so, sir!" We should still consider him a very mean Congressman who accused a door-keeper falsely of listening at a key-hole to a secret session, in order to have him turned off, and then breuffed the man without explanation, as John Randolph did Vanzandt, merely because he was an enemy's *protege*. And we read of his causeless chastisement of his negroes and wounding their feelings with no more repugnance than of his sending his books to England to be bound because his Northern countrymen might otherwise get the job. He showed, in this last respect, equal want of nationality and sagacity, because to spite the Yankee by incurring a greater cost was only to increase the relative poverty of the South in the job's ratio. He did manumit his slaves, but the feeling he had previously made on the subject helped to envelop the manumission with litigation, and probably the best act in its consequences he ever did was to refuse Indiana Territory some of the "blessings of Slavery" for which he petitioned as a "temporary dispensation," in 1803.

There were magnanimous times about the man, and he did recognize a low and little nature, and pierce it through and through; but he would also turn like an Algerine upon a great associate, to gratify a moment's pique or conceit. Certainly not less creditable than his fitful generosity was the long and uniform allowance of his contemporaries and his country for his admitted genius and disease.

UNDERNEATH ALL.

Nature appears to have gifted him with the melancholy talent of perceiving the wrong that he himself did, and of generalizing the tortures which he felt upon his fellow-sinners. "I am the victim," he wrote, "of my own uncontrolled and uncontrollable sensations."

He was the inheritor of a decimated and artificial gentility, which had run along in Tidewater Virginia, like the friable soil, steadily toward barrenness, for nearly two centuries; and he could not distinguish between the affectations of this social inheritance and the simple sympathies of the new Republic. Without a slave to own, he might have risen to the radicalism of a fanatic, and been the monster of that conservative age, instead of its curiosity; for the few mean things that he did were not the emanations of a mean nature, but the fruit of provincialism and fury. With all his toadying for Old England, the Throne, etc., he could write, when the prints burlesqued his mission to Russia: "The yearnings of my heart after home have been [illegible] by the monstrous and malignant calumnies which have been heaped upon my unoffending head." Thus it is with the archer, when an arrow which might fit his quiver strikes himself, as we saw [illegible] yesterday with another great figure in public [illegible]. Randolph's private and public life vulgarized and heightened each other, and the meanness [illegible] anecdote often reduces his public stature, while the man embalms the anecdote, mean as it may [be].

TIME MAKES ALL THINGS UNEV[EN].

Much of human differences is to be banished by chronology. Seven lusty generations of English planters in America were behind Randolph, and he was the product of all that man-holding license, leisure, and refining. Behind his more stalwart predecessor, Patrick Henry, was one generation of Scottish fatherhood, the beginning of a line. From Randolph's time to ours is a short space, and living man remember him; but behind him goes Genesis; he was the last of the line. The daily life of Virginia in his day was wholly domestic, and he had not even the delights of that, for he wrote: "The necessity of loving and of being beloved was never felt by the imaginary beings of Rousseau and Byron's creation more imperiously than by myself. . . . I have become an object of utter indifference. My apathy is not natural, but superinduced. There was a volcano, but it is burnt out, and a face of desolation has come on, not to be rectified in ages, could my life be prolonged to a patriarchal longevity." This, and all the mental vigor of man, and vanity, mightiest of all, shut aside from healthy ways Randolph to Roanoke.

HIS SOLITUDE.

None can imagine the solitude of the life who has not seen the country where he lived as it must then have been, full of trackless woods and rushing, turgid rivers, without a railroad in contemplation; and so crude was Randolph on the subject of transportation that he says, in one of his letters: No steamboat can, I am persuaded, approach within 30 miles of this place" (Washington City).

HIS RANK.

The events of his life were a couple of duels; one defeat for the House by Jeffersonian influence, and non-re-election to the Senate; college days at Princeton, Williamsburg, and New York, and visits to the Bermudas, the Carolinas, and the North, and thrice, for short spells, to Europe. His political life began with following Jefferson; next, in following anybody else; next, by opposing Clay; and, after Jackson moved with force against the Nullifiers, in calling clamorously upon Clay as "the only man who can save this Union." His last homage, as some of his earliest scorn, was paid to Henry Clay.

The extreme State Rights people claim that his political work was to revive and defend the doctrines of George Mason; but this is not to say the whole, for George Mason proposed and suggested, as well as deplored and denounced, and, amongst other things, he demanded the slave trade to be stopped before 1808; he demanded a Congress by popular election, one term for the President, of seven years, with ineligibility afterward, and no property qualifications. And he said a vast truth with more breadth of utterance than Randolph ever did: "Slavery discourages the arts and manufactures. The slaves produce the most pernicious effects on manners. Every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of Heaven upon a country. As nations cannot be remanded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities."

THE NEXT LOOKOUT.

With all the force of the words of God walking in the garden do these long testimonies roll down the wasted fields and woodlands of Virginia. But not ours the self-righteous satisfaction that only our neighbor merits the blame. Every national instinct rallied about the ruin of that institution for seventy years after Mason spoke, as it is now rallying around the source of some future calamity, which Patrick Henry, standing by the installation of the new Constitution, predicted.

"The President of the United States," said Henry, "will always come in at the head of a party. You do not now think much of the patronage of the President; but the day is coming when it will be tremendous; and from this power the country may sooner or later fall."

GATH.

Ocean Steamship News.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Arrived—The Thuringia, from Hamburg, and Oceanic from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 28.—The steamship Scandinavian has arrived.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—The steamships Moselle and Calabria have arrived out.

MARRIED.

SMITH—SMITH—In Chicago, on the 26th of December, 1872, at the residence of Edward Goodman, Esq., ... Harmon-court, by the Rev. J. A. Smith, D. D., Mr. Franklin S. Smith, of Dixon, Ill., and Miss Ella M. Smith, daughter of the officiating minister.

ROGERS—STAHL—On the 26th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Henry H. Rogers, of New York, and Miss Clara E. Stahl, only daughter of Mr. H. L. Stahl, of Chicago.

☞ New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia papers please copy.

MOSLEY—AVERELL—At the residence of the bride, Dec. 26, 1872, Edward D. Mosley and Miss Elizabeth H. Averell, both of this city.

☞ Michigan papers please copy.

SEWELL—BROOKINGS—In this city, at the residence of the bride's mother, No. 229 West Washington-st., Dec. 25, 1872, by the Rev. W. L. Noyes, Mr. Barton Sewell and Miss Julia T. Brookings.

☞ Boston papers please copy.

HENDERSON—STROUD—At Windsor, Ontario, Dec. 25, 1872, by Rev. Dr. Hurst, Rector of All Saints' Church, Windsor, Samuel M. Henderson, of Chicago, to Miss Esther Stroud, of Windsor. No cards.

PRATT—FLAGG—At the residence of the bride's mother, 329 West Randolph-st., on Wednesday evening, Dec. 25, by the Rev. Abbott E. Kittredge, Charles A. Pratt, Esq., to Annie M., daughter of the late Henry L. Flagg, all of this city.

☞ Boston and Bangor papers please copy.

BULKLEY—WOODS—In this city, at the residence of the bride, by the Rev. C. H. W. Stocking, Rector of Epiphany Church, on Christmas Eve, Charles S. Bulkley to Miss Ella M. Woods.

DIED.

POMEROY—On Friday, Dec. 27, Gertie F. Pomeroy, daughter of the late S. B. Pomeroy, aged 12 years.

Funeral at 1 o'clock, Sunday, from the Methodist Church, Evanston.

WARD—Near Altona, Knox County, Ill., Dec. 15, Mrs. Eliza Ward, wife of Amos Ward, aged 68 years and ... months.

☞ Connecticut papers please copy.

CARNEY—At Harlem, Dec. 27, Joseph Carney, in the 68th year of his age.

Funeral will take place from St. Columbkill's Church, Monday, at 11 a. m., to Calvary Cemetery, by cars.

HILL—On Friday, Dec. 27, at Evanston, Mrs. Maria C. Hill, wife of Mr. J. Myers Hill, and sister of H. B. Hurd, Esq.

Funeral at 1 o'clock, Sunday, from Methodist Church.

WITHAM—George P. Witham, V. C. of St. John Lodge No. 21, K. of P..

Members of the order are requested to meet at the Castle Hall, 14 South Clark-st., this day (Sunday), the 29th inst., to attend the funeral at 10 a. m.

RUSHER—At Brooklyn, N. Y., on 24th inst., George Rusher.

SIMS—On Dec. 28, at 21 Langley-st., Jacob Sims, youngest son of John J. Sims.

ALLEN—At Riverside, Friday morning, Dec. 27, William Coryell, eldest son of William T. and Sarah C. Allen.

Funeral at house on Monday, 30th, at 11 a. m. Special car will be attached to 9:15 a. m. train.

FIELD—In Paw Paw, Mich., Dec. 21, of congestion of the lungs, Mr. Fred. N. Field, of Chicago.

His remains were removed to Detroit for interment.

CORLIES—On Thursday, Dec. 26, after a lingering illness, Alfred W. Corlies, son of the late Joseph W. Corlies, of New York.

Funeral at 11 o'clock, Monday, the 30th inst., from the residence of his brother-in-law, Edwin Maynard, No. 7... Ashland-av.

GIFT ENTERPRISE.

Grandest Scheme of the Age.

$500,000

CASH GIFTS.

$100,000 FOR ONLY $10.

Under authority of special legislative act of March 16, 1871, the Trustees now announce the **Third Grand Gift Concert, for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky**, to come off in Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky., on

Tuesday, April 8, 1873.

At this concert the best musical talent that can be procured from all parts of the country will add pleasure to the entertainment, and **Ten Thousand Cash Gifts**, aggregating a vast total of **Half a Million Dollars** currency, will be distributed by lot to the ticket-holders, as follows:

LIST OF GIFTS:

One Grand Cash Gift		$100,000
One Grand Cash Gift		50,000
One Grand Cash Gift		25,000
One Grand Cash Gift		20,000
One Grand Cash Gift		10,000
One Grand Cash Gift		5,000
24 Cash Gifts of	$1,000 each	24,000
50 Cash Gifts of	500 each	25,000
80 Cash Gifts of	400 each	32,000
100 Cash Gifts of	300 each	30,000
150 Cash Gifts of	200 each	30,000
590 Cash Gifts of	100 each	59,000
9,000 Cash Gifts of	10 each	90,000
Total, 10,000 Gifts, all Cash		$500,000

To provide means for this magnificent concert, **One Hundred Thousand Tickets Only** will be issued, a large portion of which are already sold.

PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole tickets $10, halves $5, and quarters $2.50. Nothing could be more appropriate for presents than tickets to this Banquet of Wealth or more likely to produce grander satisfactory results. The object of this Third Gift Concert is the enlargement and endowment of the Public Library of Kentucky, which, by the special act authorizing the Concert for its benefit, is to be forever free to all citizens of every State. This Concert will be conducted like the first and second heretofore given, and full particulars of the mode of drawing the gifts and paying them, and everything necessary to a thorough understanding of the scheme, from beginning to end, are now published in the form of a circular, which will be furnished free of cost to any who apply. The entire management of this undertaking has been committed by the Trustees to Hon. Thomas E. Bramlette, late Governor of Kentucky; to whom all communications pertaining to the Gift Concert should be addressed.

R. T. DURRETT, President.
W. N. HALDEMAN, Vice President.
JOHN S. CAIN, Secretary Public Library of Ky.
FARMERS & DROVERS' BANK, Treasurer.

Tickets are now ready for sale, and all orders for them, or applications for agencies, circulars, information, etc., will meet with prompt attention when addressed as below directed.

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE, Louisville, Ky.,
Agent Public Library Ky.

E. I. Dibble & Co., Branch office, 154 LaSalle-st., Chicago.

Orders will also be received by L. Manasse, optician, ... House; Emmerson & Stott, 237 West Madison-st.; Phillips & Hanna, 224 Wabash-av.; ... Brother, ... West Lake-st.; F. V. Fitzpatrick, ... st., and ... Post-Office, Chicago.

REVIEW OF AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

The unfavorable weather which prevailed during the early part of the first week of Miss Charlotte Cushman's engagement at McVicker's Theatre threatened to seriously affect the financial success of the enterprise, leaving the manager to make up a heavy deficit, but a change of temperature, and the absence of blinding storms, came to the rescue both of the public and Mr. McVicker, enabling the latter to escape without material loss, and the former to enjoy a dramatic feast such as is rarely offered. Miss Cushman gave her wonderful impersonation of *Meg Merrilies* throughout the entire week, to crowded houses on Christmas day and evening, and on Friday and Saturday nights, and with indifferent support by the company, but the deficiencies in this direction were not of much consequence, since everybody went to see Charlotte Cushman, and took but little interest in any other feature of the performance. For the ensuing week extraordinary attractions are underlined. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings "Macbeth" will be produced, with Miss Cushman in her great *role* of *Lady Macbeth*, while the part of *Macbeth* will be played by Mr. Milnes Levick, who has been engaged expressly to support Miss Cushman in the heavy tragic *roles*. The cast includes Mr. O'Neill as *Macduff*, Mr. Power as *Malcolm*, and Messrs. Lanagan, Blake and Grey as the three witches.

At the New Year's matinee, on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, Miss Cushman makes her first and only appearance in comedy. The mere novelty of the thing will be sufficient to excite the liveliest interest, and those who expect to be able to get into the theatre should look to their seats in due season. For this single occasion the brilliant comedy of "Simpson & Co." will be given, with the following remarkable cast:

Mrs. Simpson	Miss Charlotte Cushman
Mr. Simpson	Mr. McVicker
Mr. Bromley	Milnes Levick
Mrs. Bromley	Octavia Allen
Mrs. Fitzallen	Mary Myers
Madame Latrippe	Clara Stoneall

The great feature of the week, and of the engagement, promises to be the production of "King Henry VIII.," for the first time in Chicago for over fifteen years. It has been in course of preparation for a long time, and will be brought out with especial reference to historical accuracy in scenic appointments, costumes, etc. The distribution of characters will be as follows:

Katherine, Queen of England	Miss Charlotte Cushman
Cardinal Wolsey	Milnes Levick
King Henry	J. O'Neill
Cardinal Campeius	G. Roscoe
Capucius	C. W. Holmes
Duke of Buckingham	W. H. Power
Duke of Norfolk	G. M. Barron
Duke of Suffolk	L. Marten
Lord High Chamberlain	E. Barry
Earl of Surrey	M. Lanagan
Cromwell	M. J. Pendleton
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester	N. Grey
Brandon	C. Hawthorne
Sir Thomas Lovel	F. H. Ellison
Sir Henry Guilford	H. H. Wood
Lord Sands	O. W. Blake
Surveyor	J. Payne
Clerk of Court	F. Moseley
Wolsey's Pages	Misses Bray
Lady Denny	Mrs. Post
Anne Bullen	Miss McAllister
Patience	Mrs. Myers
Agatha	Miss St. Clair
Cicely	Miss Wall

"King Henry VIII." will be given on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and at the Saturday matinee.

AIKEN'S THEATRE.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett closed his engagement at Aiken's last evening, appearing in "Rosedale" on Friday and Saturday nights. Financially, his success has fallen far short of his deserts, and the same is true of the management, whose liberal outlay in the splendid mounting of "Julius Cæsar" was well worthy of more substantial encouragement. Bad weather and strong counter attractions were the chief elements of opposition, and it is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Barrett will not be discouraged from another visit under more favorable auspices. His magnificent rendition of *Cassius* has created an impression here which will be found of service to him on the occasion of his next appearance in Chicago.

This week Boucicault's great drama, "The Long Strike," is to be produced at Aiken's, with Mr. Lawlor as *Johnny Reilly*, Mr. Mordaunt as *Jem Starkie*, Mr. Dean as *Noah Learoyd*, Mrs. Lanagan as *Jane Learoyd*, Miss Remick as *Betsy*, etc. On Monday evening, Jan. 6, Mr. Joseph Proctor begins an engagement, appearing in the highly sensational play of the "Red Pocket-Book." At the New Year's and Saturday matinees, "The Long Strike" will be given.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Mr. Robert McWade, now the only representative of the famous *role* of *Rip Van Winkle*, is to appear in that character for this week only at the Academy of Music, supported by the regular dramatic company of that theatre. "Rip" will be given every evening, and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

This evening, Miss Viola Pomeroy, who comes from San Francisco recommended as a brilliant cantatrice, appears at a concert in the Academy of Music, assisted by the Praeger Family.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.

"The Lancashire Lass" will be given for the last time at Hooley's on Monday and Tuesday evenings; for the New Year's matinee "Fun," and a favorite farce; and on Wednesday night the popular Irish drama, "Peep o' Day," with Dillon in a popular *role*. The marked success which has attended the reopening of Hooley's as a first-class comedy theatre has encouraged the management to renewed efforts to please the public, and negotiations are now pending with dramatic artists of recognized ability, and whose engagement will serve to entitle the organization to the high distinction of being the finest stock company ever known in Chicago.

MYERS' OPERA HOUSE.

A complete change of programme is announced at Myers' Opera House for New Year's week. The first part includes ballads by Kayne, Tyrrell, and Surridge, and comic songs and sayings by Arlington and Cotton, and for the *finale*, "The Collegians;" while in the second part Master Clarence Burton appears; Tyrrell, Lang, Surridge, and Kayne give a vocal quartette; Billy Rice and Kemble do a sketch called "The Three O'clock Train;" followed by Mackin and Wilson in their elegant double songs and dances; "Chicago in 1873," introducing Billy Rice as *Buffalo Bill*, Cotton as *Texas Jack*, and other characters by Surridge, Kemble, Fostelle, Burton, &c.; to conclude with "Tricks and Trials," by Arlington, Cotton, Kemble, and the company in general.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

The last appearance in Chicago of Mrs. Scott Siddons, as a reader, occurs to-morrow evening at the Ninth Presbyterian Church, on Ellis avenue, just south of Thirty-seventh street. The programme is as follows:

PART FIRST.

Organ overtures—"Bohemian Girl" and "Poet and Peasant."	
Selection from "Paradise and the Peri"	Moore.
"Lady Clare"	Tennyson.
"Hubert and Arthur" (King John)	Shakspeare.
"The Jackdaw of Rheims"	Ingoldsby Legends.
Sleep-walking scene, from "Macbeth"	Shakspeare.
(By special request, for the fifth time this season in Chicago).	

PART SECOND.

Vocal number—"Ave Maria"	Gounod.
Miss S. B. Fisher.	
"Anne Hathaway; or, Shakespeare's Wooing"	E. Falconer.
"A Psalm of Life"	Longfellow.
"The Courtship of Henry V."	Shakspeare.
Organ Finale.	

GENERAL GOSSIP.

Lydia Thompson has a grown-up daughter.

Joseph Jefferson is to act in New York next August.

Mr. J. L. Toole, the well-known London Comedian, will, it is very probable, visit the United States next autumn.

The death is recorded of Mr. John Wellington Buckland, for twenty years manager of the Montreal Theatre. His age was 57.

Bulwer Lytton's comedy of "Money" has been played more than 100 times in succession at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London.

Theatrical "property men" should be more careful in collecting truck. *Humpty Dumpty* was greatly mortified, at De Bar's, the other evening, to find himself pounding *Pantaloon* with a home-made bustle instead of a stuffed club.

A painting, said to represent the marriage of Shakspeare and Anne Hathaway, and to have been made at the time of the event, or a little later, has turned up at Scarborough, England. It is probably a relic more spurious than curious.

"London Assurance" has just been produced at the Union Square Theatre, New York, with Mark Smith as *Sir Harcourt*, D. H. Harkins as *Dazzle*, Geo. Parkes as *Charles Courtley*, F. F. Mackay as *Max Harkaway*, E. Lamb as *Mark Meddle*, Miss Phillis Glover as *Lady Gay*, and Miss Fanny Hayward as *Grace*. There was a caste.

A spectacle play, based on one of Washington Irving's stories, is in preparation at the Olympic Theatre, New York, to succeed the opera bouffe. It will include a numerous ballet and the Lauri Pantomime Troupe. Miss Pauline Markham will appear in it; Mr. Leon and Mr. Kelly, relinquishing the cork, will act two of its parts; the Martens family will emerge in it, and vie with the mellifluous Thomas Cat; and a Miss Grainger, reputed to be a beautiful being, will unmask her beauties to the gas light. This is a noble prospect.

A London paper gives this glimpse of the last scene in the career of the once great actress, Miss O'Neill: "The remains of Lady Beecher were interred on Nov. 1, in the family vault, in Castlemartyr Church-yard, Ireland. The funeral cortege was more than a mile in length. The chief mourners were Sir Henry Wrixon Beecher, Bart., Mr. John Wrixon Beecher, and Mr. William Wrixon Beecher, the three sons of the deceased. The tenantry of Sir H. W. Beecher, to the number of 200, walked four abreast. The windows of the Ballyhaas National School, in which the deceased lady took a deep interest, were draped in black, and a black streamer was suspended from the roof."

THE LAST AND THE WORST.

Dumas, *fils*, is shortly to retire from literary life, he asserts, but prior to his withdrawal, he is to produce a new comedy entitled "La Femme a Claude." This latter work, says a Paris correspondent, "will assuredly be an extraordinary and bold essay, even for Dumas, for since the production of 'La Dame aux Camelias,' he has followed a certain dramatic scale of thought, which from 'Les Idees de Madame Aubray' and 'La Visite de Noces,' has gone 'crescendo' in interest as well as depravity of conception. 'La Femme a Claude' will naturally be the most energetic and violent of moralizing medicine, and to pave the way for its advent, he has succeeded in having his first comedy reproduced, to show the Parisians how his ideas have been conceived and interpreted since his dramatic *debut*, and how the crudities of conceit he holds in reserve for them have been weighed and thought over before production on a stage was possible. His forthcoming work will undoubtedly be the great theatrical attraction of the winter for this great anatomist of the vices of the heart, this would-be moralizer, is well known as a skilful and charming dramatist, a perfect master of scenic effects, and an author unequalled and unsurpassed for his craft in adorning the most revolting and immoral theories in the choicest and most elegant phraseology; and everything tends to prove that 'La Femme a Claude' will, like his predecessors, be particularly injurious and offensive to the corrupted society whose degraded morals the talented writer is so desirous of bettering.

A SINGULAR DIVORCE CASE

has been commenced in Tennessee, growing out of "stage business." George L. Grammar is an actor, better known as George Gray, and his wife, Mrs. Mary E. Grammer, is known on the stage as "Miss Bettie Gilbert Gray." The couple were married in Memphis a few years ago, the lady not belonging to the profession at that time. She went on the stage afterwards to assist her husband in supporting her, or rather to support him, for he was not a thrifty man. She became popular, and really a good actress. She soon rose to the position of "leading lady" in a travelling dramatic company, and her husband sank back into a follower of the company, having no position in it whatever. Gray's wife had to go through the motions of kissing, and falling in gentlemen's arms, and Gray glowered at her from dark corners in the audience and behind the scenes. In her petition for divorce she relates that about five years ago, she was playing *Julia* in "Richelieu," and, although it was necessary for her to be embraced repeatedly by both the *Cardinal* and *De Mauprat*, her husband, well-knowing that this a legitimate part of the performance, seemed to regard it as "poaching in his manor," and rudely rebuked her in the presence and hearing of some, if not all, of the actors and actresses. Some three months since, at Columbus, Mississippi, she went on the stage with a gentleman who was acting the part of *William Allen*, and in the progress of the play, it became proper for him to kiss her, but her husband, affecting to consider that this was not "nominated in the bond," insultingly asked her, while yet on the stage, and in the hearing of others—"What in the h—ll are you introducing new business for?"—and when she retired behind the scenes and attempted to show him from the book that this was part of the prescribed "formula," he jerked the book from her hand in a very angry manner, and addressed her in other language exceedingly gross and offensive.

A CHINESE REHEARSAL.

The troubles of a Chinese tragedian while engaged in rehearsal are thus narrated by the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

Thomas Koppa was arrested a few days ago charged with having assaulted and battered Slim Gum. Koppa is a fair-haired, blue-eyed, rotund Amsterdamer. Sling is a lank and tawny Tartar—a Chinaman—"wrinkled and brown as a bag of leather." He is also the heavy tragedian of the Chinese theatre on Jackson street, and it was his devotion to his sublime profession that brought down upon him the vengeance of Koppa. It appears that the unlettered Dutchman and the cultured Tartar occupy adjacent houses on Jackson street, near Dupont, and at the close of each night's performance it is the custom of Sling to rehearse at his lodgings the part he is to play on the following night, while the members of his family discourse appropriate music by means of certain gongs, cymbals, toot-horns, &c., the combined effect of which is quite inspiring.

Last Friday night Sling came home with an immensely important assignment for the following day's performance. After partaking of a light collation of varnished pork and rat pie, he called his family circle around him to open the rehearsal. Impressed with the importance of the occasion the musicians let themselves out with uncommon animation, and the tragedian began his recitation in a more energetic and impassioned style than usual. Koppa had erewhile retired, and was peacefully snoring in his little bed, dreaming of broad forests and rippling streams. The trunks of the trees were just changing into Bologna sausages, and the waters of the brooks into generous beer, when lo! the first whang of the celestial gong dispelled the enchanting delusion, and Koppa opened his eyes and said:

"Got in himmel! Dose dam Shineyman vas got blay his dragedy und moosic again," and then he rolled over and tried to go to sleep again.

It was all in vain. Sling Gum had by this time become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the character he was to assume, and was "chawing soap" and flinging his ponderous boots about in a most astounding manner, while the orchestra fairly howled. It was too much for human endurance, and the enraged Dutchman sprang out of bed, donned his boots and trousers, and bursting in upon the domestic circle of the Gums, he began to lay about him like Friar Tuck with his quarter staff. The appalled tragedian roared in lusty tones for the police, and soon a representative of the force put a stop to the havoc that was being wrought by the infuriated Koppa. He was arraigned before Judge Louderback on Saturday. His only excuse was:

"I bledge you my vurd, Shudge, I don't got any shkleep for more as veek mid dis tam foolishness, und I dink it was about blayed out." He was ordered to appear for sentence to-day.

MUSIC.

The local musical world is an absolute blank. There were no concerts last week, and there will be none this week. We shall have no music in fact until next week, when the Seguin English Opera Troupe will inaugurate its season at the Academy of Music, of whom more hereafter. After the long rest of concert-goers, their season ought to prove a remarkbly remunerative one. Meanwhile all musical interest centres in intelligence from abroad.

TURNER HALL.

The programme at the Turner Hall Concert this afternoon is as follows:

1. March—"Souvenir de Sybillenor"	Zikoff
2. Overture to "Yelva"	Reissiger
3. Waltz—"Always Merry"	Strauss
4. Potpourri—"From my Album"	Faust
5. Duo for two Clarionets	Labitzky
Messrs. Weisenbach and Zeuch.	
6. Finale from "Martha"	Flotow
7. Potpourri—"Vox Populi"	Conradi
8. Overture to "Fidelio"	Beethoven
9. Quadrille—"Lanciers"	Hoffmann

ORPHEUS HALL.

The Germania Concert will be given this afternoon at Orpheus Hall, with the following programme:

1. Union March	Weingarten
2. Overture to "Crown Diamonds"	Auber
3. Waltz—"Sounds from Kroll's Ball Room"	Lumbye
4. Potpourri—"Bouquet of Melodies"	Stasney
5. Violin Solo	Ernst
Mr. Loesch.	
6. Golden Robin Polka	Bousquet
Messrs. Helm and Bareither.	
7. Overture to "Martha"	Flotow
8. Introduction and chorus from "Lohengrin"	Wagner
9. Quadrille—"Hand in Hand"	Weingarten

MUSICAL LITERATURE.

The music publishing firm of Chandler & Curtis in this city,—the only house now engaged in that business in Chicago—are entitled to the credit of doing the handsomest work in this country. In quality of paper, clearness and correctness of the musical text, and especially in the beauty and good taste of title-page designs and execution, there is not a house in this country which can compete with them. Hitherto but little attention has been paid to the appearance of sheet-music, and, as compared with foreign publishing, it has been simply disgraceful; but now Chicago may safely claim to rival even Leipsic and Berlin. It is another peculiarity of this firm that it has commenced the issue of music in serial form. For instance, we have before us No. 1 (Strauss' "Beautiful Blue Danube" Waltz) of a series called "Poetry of the Dance;" Nos. 1, 2, and of the "Student's Library," easy, instructive piano music, viz.: "Gymnastic March," by Wimmerstedt; "Evening Bells" and "Pure as Snow," by Gustave Large; No. 1 of "Momens Musicales" (Musical Moments), an andante by Paul Becker, our well-known local pianist, to which we have alluded before; and No. 1 of "Sidney Smith's Compositions," the "Lily of the Valley Mazurka." This plan of publication is specially to be commended, as it will not only bring before the public an excellent class of music, in its proper connection, but also affords an admirable opportunity for the binding of sets.

The London publishing firms are retorting upon M. Gounod, relative to his charges of piracy that if M. Gounod or his Parisian publishers had any objection to the republication of his works in England, they might have prevented it by availing themselves of the privileges granted by the international copyright law; but not having done so, they cannot have any cause of complaint on that score.

A new artistic, dramatic and comic journal has been started in Bologna, called the *Dietro le Scene*.

Egypt now boasts of a musical and artistic journal.

OUR AMERICAN TENOR.

In our last Sunday issue we printed a notice of Mr. Castle from the London *Times*. The *Athenæum* (praise from Sir Hubert) of Nov. 30 says: "The *debut* in this country of Mr. William Castle, a tenor, who has won fame in America, and who has studied in Italy, must be referred to, as indicative of sagacity on the part of the Director of the Monday Popular Concerts, for we are much mistaken if the taste, tact, and style Mr. Castle displayed, combined with a voice of good quality, will not render him a very welcome addition to the professional ranks here. He selected Haydn's 'Native Worth,' and Mendelssohn's 'Garland,' as his two airs last Monday, and distinguished himself in both compositions." Mr. Castle, we understand, will remain in England two years. His many friends in this country will watch his progress with great interest. The time is not far distant when William Castle will be one of the great tenors of the world.

REV. DR. BELLOWS AS A CRITIC.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, writes of Rubinstein in the *Independent*, as follows:

For really it is not what Rubinstein writes or plays that is the best part of him. It is what he is. His compositions and his performances indicate a mind full of original and earnest thoughts, of serious struggles with the spiritual and social problem of the time, of a yearning toward divine beauty, truth, and peace. He is a strong child who has carried his youth with him into his maturity, and lost nothing of the questful gaze and serious curiosity of a first-awakened soul. And, clearly, although a man of thought and culture, acquainted with European life, he has much of that Oriental and mystical charm which made Kossuth a sort of poet-prophet-statesman, and gave his utterance, even in a foreign tongue, an eloquence and charm quite unique and unparalleled. We hear the Orient in the solemn and hushed tone, the mystic and half-fatalistic quality, the dreamy and unfamiliar and unpractical essence of his music; but it is the East at its confluence with the West! Rubinstein is on the isthmus that divides the Orient and the Occident. Their spray dashes over into each other; but they do not mix. There is an evident conflict and struggle in his nature and his music. He roars like a lion and is soft as a sucking dove by turns. He springs like a panther, and with his grace and precision, upon the keys. But his hands are claws in velvet. They smite like a hammer, they caress like a mother. But there is a grave moodiness, and unsatisfied seeking, and baffled longing in his characteristic style and manner, which makes it wondrous true to our time of broken relations, when the past has gone and the future has not come, when we are dissatisfied with what is and not clear what is to be.—*Independent, Dec. 7.*

MUSICAL NOTES.

Brignoli was recently singing at Nice, but has gone to Milan.

Mlle. Sessi has grown too stout for Ophelia, in Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet."

Herr Ulmann is in a wrangle with the managers of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipsic, and charges them with extortion.

"Tschaikoffsky" and "Opritschniki" are respectively the melodious titles of a new Russian composer and his opera.

Herr Schott, formerly an officer in the Wurtemburg army, has had great success in Berlin in Herr Flotow's "Stradella."

The manager of the Berlin Opera House has published a card saying that Lucca can't sing in any German theatre. "Oh, the world it is wide," &c.

The musical public should beware of one J. Parkhurst, travelling through the country and pretending to be an agent of Theodore Thomas. He is an imposter.

The Vescelius sisters, formerly of Chicago, having accepted the tuition of Signor Agramonte, employ the intervals of study in giving concerts through the West.

M. Ambroise Thomas' "Mignon" is not liked by the Roman amateurs of the Apollo Theatre, despite the excellent singing and acting of Madame Pantaleoni.

Verdi and Offenbach, it is said, are coming to America. Mr. Charles Dickens, Jr., says that the late announcement of his intention to visit the United States is unfounded.

Ole Bull lately devoted the receipts of one of his concerts to the purchase of 400 Norwegian books for the University of Wisconsin. The great violinist, at last accounts, was at Mobile, giving a "farewell" concert.

At the Russian capital, Rossini's "Guglielmo Tell" has been renamed "Charles the Bold;" and this "Carlo il Temerario" met with great success, on the principle, we suppose, that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

It appears to be true that the plan for the Opera House in Pera, Constantinople, under Guatelli Pasha, is to be carried out, and that a large sum, it is said £100,000, has been subscribed. The site is in the cemetery known to Europeans as the Petit Champs des Morts.

The most remarkable musical combination effected in America since the Rosas joined company with Santley and Wachtel will take place in a few days, when Mr. Theodore Thomas promises to give three concerts in New York with Rubinstein and Wieniawski. This is truly a magnificent prospect. The best orchestra ever heard in the United States, playing with the first of living pianists and one of the first of violinists—what can be more alluring?

Mme. Cosina, the daughter of the Abbe Franz Liszt, became, a few days ago, a convert to the Protestant faith. The ceremony of receiving the new Sister into the bosom of the Lutheran Church, took place in Bairouth, the small Bavarian town where Richard Wagner's "Festival Theatre" is being erected. The lady was shortly afterward married to that eccentric composer, her father, the Abbe, being present at the wedding.

Herr Johann Strauss has written a letter to the Vienna *Tageblatt* in which he speaks rather disparagingly of our American instrumental musicians. He says he would have gladly remained for a year or longer in the United States, but he ascertained, soon after his arrival in Boston, that he would be unable to find a sufficient number of good musicians to organize an effective orchestra. If Johann Strauss has written any such letter, then Johann Strauss is simply a fabricator.

There are already two applicants for the Academy of Music for next season. They are the two Max's, Strakosch and Maretzek. The latter, it seems, is determined to enter the field next year unembarrassed by foreign agents or not at all. The story that Wachtel was to return here with Mallinger is evidently a weak invention of the enemy, and sounds very much like that other report that Mme. Parepa Rosa has failed in Cairo, though, to tell the truth, Madame never did succeed so well anywhere as in America.

Although M. Ernest Legouve's "Deux Reines de France," with music by M. Gounod, produced in French at the Italian Opera House in Paris, on the 27th ult., is chronicled as a success, it appears not to be a startling one, either dramatically or musically. The piece was ready in 1865, but was not then produced, owing to official objections. M. Gounod's music comprises an introduction, two *entr'actes*, a melo-drama, a baritone air, all choruses and concerted pieces, and a grand *intermede chante*. The orchestration is pronounced to be masterly.

The anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn has been the occasion in various towns in Germany of performances of his work. The great choral society in Vienna, the "Mannergesang-verein," executed his "Antigone" and the overture "Calm of the Sea," besides *lieder*, sung by Madame Dutsmann. The Leipzig Gewandhaus performed the "Lobgesang" at its sixth concert, on the 4th inst., in honor of the composer, who died in that city, but in the same programme the Golden Wedding of the King of Saxony was celebrated by a March composed by Herr Ferdinand David, and a "Domine salvum fac regem," written by Herr C. Reinecke.

The musical obituary this week contains the name of one of the most celebrated music publishers of Italy, Francesco Lucca, who died suddenly, in Milan, on the 20th ult. He was born at Cremona in 1802, and was originally a music engraver in the house of Ricordi. From Baden we learn the decease of Madame Sabina Marquet, born in Mayence in 105; she was one of the six sisters Heinfetter, three of whom were famed *prime donne*, Sabina, Clara, and Cathinka. From Palermo we get the news that the composer of the "Garibaldi Hymn," (the Italian "Marseillaise"), Luigi Mercantini, is no more; a public monument will be erected to his memory. A new tenor at Berlin, no less a personage than Prince Adolphus of Sayn-Wittgenstein-Hohenstein, died, on the 30th of October, on board a vessel bound from Bremen to the United States. He was only 32 years of age, and was on an artistic tour. The death of M. Charles Duvernoy, in turn instrumentalist, vocalist, and director, has taken place in Paris. He was stage manager under M. Emile Perrin at the Opera Comique, and Professor at the Conservatoire.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

How to Pay a Debt at a Cheap and Easy Rate.

Policies of Insurance Bought from Others at a Few Cents on the Dollar to Offset at Par.

The appalling number of new suits yesterday filed in the United States District and Circuit Courts give those concerned a full insight into the nature of many of the transactions between the assurers and assured. As the notes of other parties have, in several instances, been given, and stock, shares, land, and policies, in which other persons are interested, have been the subject of barter, we extract the pertinent facts in each suit.

The suits in both courts were brought by the parties whose names follow, for the purpose of offsetting policies they have bought, or otherwise acquired. It will be seen that they are in but rare instances the persons to whom the policies were originally issued, and we set forth the debt to the company of the party suing, the property pledged to secure the debt, and the former holder of the acquired policy, and its amount.

THE LUMBERMAN'S.

In the Circuit Court, the following suits were brought against T. C. Hoag, Assignee of the Lumberman's Insurance Company:

Henry Witbeck; debt, $4,250, policy of John N. Jewett, $4,000; debt secured by a trust deed on Lot 1, Cogwell's Subdivision of Lot 2, Block 45, original town, valued at $8,000.

Charles B. Sawyer; debt $4,250, secured by two certificates of stock in the Fifth National Bank of Chicago for fifty shares, of $100 each; policy of Justin Hayes, $4,000.

George E. Purington; debt, $2,500, secured on twenty-five shares in the Chicago Fireman's Insurance Company (a bankrupt) of $100 each; policy of the Trustees of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, $2,500.

Francis Linsenbarth; debt, $800, secured on ten shares in the German Savings Bank of $100 each; policy of C. L. Meyer, $1,000.

J. B. Briggs, debt $4,250, secured on the note of Stephen C. Durham and G. A. Durham, dated Dec. 22, 1862, due five years after, for $4,200, and the trust deed securing the same to John S. Gould upon premises in Kankakee County, Ill.; policy of J. S. Purple, $5,000.

James Ward, debt $4,250, secured on Sub-lot 7, Lot 10, Block 29, original town; policies of Michael Keeley, $2,000; O. B. Green, $1,500; William Charles, $740; Maria Halbritter, $600; Pnacraty Brothers, $240.52.

Seneca D. Kimbark, debt $4,250, secured on two stock notes of the Chamber of Commerce, representing 30 shares of $100 each; policies of the Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago, $2,000, and Peter F. Bedefield, $1,000.

Abner R. Scranton, debt of $2,500; secured on 25 shares of the Chicago Fireman's Insurance Company (in bankruptcy) of $100 each; policy of the Trustees of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, $2,500.

Artemus Carter, debt $4,250, secured on a promissory note made by Sarah Woolacott and John Woolcott for $500, payable three years after Feb. 3, 1863, and trust deed by George Scoville, and four other promissory notes signed by John Woolacott, all dated 21st Nov., 1868, payable in 6, 12, 18, and 24 months, for $1,000 each, secured by trust deed; polices of Charles Kelly, $300, C. J. Ballard, $1,200; Joseph Paul, $1,500; Wm. P. Laparle, $2,000.

Wm. B. Phillips, debt $4,250; secured by 5 shares of $1,000 each in the National Watch Company; policy of the Trustees of Trinity Church of Chicago, $5,000.

S. M. Jones, debt $1,700, secured on 20 shares of the Fifth National Bank of $100 each; policies of A. Burnham, Administrator, $1,000; Wm. Fiedlie, $700; Wm. Kreutzberger, $200.

Eli Bates, debt of $4,250, secured on 43 shares of the Third National Bank of $100 each; policies of J. Seux, $400; J. A. B. Waldo, $1,100 (a payment made thereon by the Company of $55); Floto, Kurz & Co., $2,000; Johanna C. Eglers, $200; and John S. Harrison, $350.

Nathan Mears, debt of $4,250, secured on 50 shares of the Oconto Company of $100 each; policies of H. Buckminster, $1,000; same, $1,395; J. Davis & Co., $2,500; Mark Dargan, $500 (loss on this policy, $282.75).

Nelson Ludington, debt $4,250, secured on 50 shares of the Fifth National Bank of Chicago of $100 each; policy of the Chicago Law Institute $5,000.

Charles H. Barton, debt $2,500, secured on 20 shares of the Fifth National Bank of $100 each; policies of John Savage, $1,550; Theodore Archer, $1,000; S. Slominski, $400.

THE GERMANIA.

The following were entered in the District Court, William Vocke, Assignee of the Germania Insurance Company, being the party sued:

August Bauer, debt $4,000, secured on a note dated June, 1865, signed by Martin Strensel for $8,850, secured by trust deed to Julius Rosenthal on Lot 1, Block 33, original Town of Chicago; policy of B. Loewenthal and A. Bauer, $12,500.

Jacob Liebenstein, debt $4,000 (no security named); policy of Miller & Liebenstein, $2,500.

Simon Florsheim, debt $4,000, secured on 25 shares in the Chicago Life Insurance Company, a note for $1,500 made by Isidore Lebrecht, 25 shares of the German National Bank, and 50 shares of the German Savings Bank; policies of A. Florsheim & Co., $3,000; S. & H. Florsheim, $2,000; same, $800.

Antony C. Hesing; debt, $10,000, secured by 100 shares in the *Illinois Staats Zeitung* Company, represented by certificate No. 85, dated July 3, 1867, $5,000, secured by seventy shares in the same Company, certificate No. 102, Jan. 18, 1870; policies of D. & C. H. Blakely and *Illinois Staats Zeitung* Company, for $2,300 (said policy, and the property assured afterwards assigned to themselves and Joseph R. Putnam); and Keller's Distilling Company, $1,000 (in which Hesing held one-third interest only).

Andrew Ortmayer; debt, $5,000, secured on the north three-fifths of Lot 3, Block 1, Duncan's Addition; policies of Ortmayer, Lewis & Co. $2,500, and Hayden & Kay, $5,000.

Ferdinand Jaeger; debt, $8,000, secured on part of Lot 14 and the whole of Lot 15, in Southworth & Holmes' Subdivision of the north half of Block 11, Bushnell's Addition; policies of F. and E. Jaeger, $5,000, and same, $2,500.

Wm. Grus; debt, $960, secured on real estate (not specified) valued at $2,000; policy of Wm. Grus & Co., $3,000.

Benjamin Shoeneman; debt, $2,500, secured on Lots 12 and 13, Block 7, Wentworth's Subdivision, in Section 34, Township 39; policy of Shoeneman & Co., $2,000.

Max A. Meyer; debt, $5,000, secured on Sub-Lot 6, Lot 14, Block 59, Section 21, Township 39; policies of Simon, Meyer, Strauss & Co., $500; same, $2,000; same; $2,000; same, $3,000.

Berthold Loewenthal; debt, $14,400, secured on Lots 1, 39, 40, in Moseley and McCord's Subdivision of Block 53, School Section Addition; policy of A. Bauer and said Loewenthal, $12,500.

The Chicago Musical College.

The holiday vacation of the Chicago Musical College, we learn from Mr. F. Ziegfeld, the Director, will terminate with New Year's day, and the new term will begin on Thursday, Jan. 2. The College itself, at No. 493 Wabash avenue, and the branch, located at No. 418 West Adams street, will both be prepared to receive a few more pupils. Both institutions enjoy the benefits of instruction from the full faculty in all branches of musical education.

The Exposition Dollar Bazaar.

At No. 221 West Madison street, is now in receipt of very large and fresh arrivals of fancy goods, dry goods, Bohemian glassware, vases, musical albums, hobby horses, and a great many other goods too numerous to mention; and all the shelves, nearly empty on Christmas Eve, are filled again with the best and choicest goods ever sold in a dollar store.

H. August Kirchoff & Co.,

at No. 473 Wabash avenue, have always on hand pure imported cognacs, Jamaica rum, Holland gin, sherry, and port wine; also the celebrated Missouri wines, catawba, black rose, Virginia seedling, &c., &c.

Jewelry, Ornamental.

One of the finest collections of coral and cameo jewelry on exhibition in the city is to be found in the store of Wendell & Hyman, No 235 Wabash avenue.

The Saratoga Geyser Water.

Buck & Rayner draw true Geyser at the "Spa."

At Cost.

For the next thirty days Mayo & Co., the well-known jewellers, whose store is opposite the Post Office, Wabash avenue, corner of Harrison street, will sell gold and silver watches, gold chains, rings, lockets, etc., at cost. See advertisement.

The Great Attraction.

The great attraction of this week is the magnificent new rooms of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, at the corner of Superior and Bond streets. Crowds of people may be seen in and about the place at any hour of the day or evening, gazing at the superb carpets, the frescoing, the gilt chandeliers, the wonderfully carved counters, and the general elegance of everything about. A prominent business man of this city remarked, after going the rounds of the place, that, "This is up to the style of the Erie Railway offices in New York." The lady visitors, almost without exception, sit down and try one of the machines, and always conclude that the Wilson Underfeed Sewing Machine is the nicest feature of the admirable concern. And they are not mistaken. In beauty of form and finish, in ease and precision of work, and in perfect capacity for any kind of sewing the Wilson machine is unsurpassed. Call at the new rooms and see it work.—*Cleveland Daily Leader.*

Salesrooms at No. 378 West Madison street, Chicago, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.

This great Sewing Machine, celebrated all over the world for its durability, variety and excellence of its work, puts in a just plea for consideration in this season of gift-making. The general agent, Mr. W. H. Welling, has established the Western headquarters in the handsome new building, No. 150 State street. The interior is even more elegant than the exterior; beautiful black-walnut counters, desks, and show-cases, and rich carpets greet the eye, while sewing machines in endless variety fill up the picture. The strong points of the Grover & Baker are so well known that it is needless to mention them. The elastic stitch and its adaptability to embroidery will always keep these machines in the front rank. The sales are as large as those of any machine manufactured, and none have given more general satisfaction.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

Lipman's Sale of Unredeemed Pledges.

Persons who desire to obtain ornamental or useful articles at prices far below what they can be obtained from regular dealers, will consult their interests by attending the auction sale of unredeemed pledges, which have been forfeited to Mr. A. Lipman, the well-known pawnbroker, and will be sold to the highest bidder at the auction rooms of Wm. A. Butters & Co., Nos. 55 and 57 South Canal street, on Monday, Dec. 30, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. The articles to be sold, consisting of gold and silver watches, diamond pins, rings, and sets, gold jewelry, chains, lockets, opera glasses, cutlery, musical instruments, guns, pistols, mantel clocks, and fancy goods of all kinds, are of the very best quality, as are all articles upon which money is loaned, and the purchaser may be absolutely certain of getting good goods.

The Chickering Square Grand.

This piano, possessing most of the fine points of the renowned Chickering Concert Grand, is certainly one of the very best instruments for parlor use extant. Messrs. Reed & Sons pronounce it second only to the full grand, and vastly superior to any square or upright piano. The Chickering record is dotted with more gold medals and prizes than would pay a King's ransom, and whoever of our readers obtain a Chickering need not be ashamed of their record as good judges.

A Handsome Testimonial.

A very pleasant presentation took place at Bournique's Dancing Academy, No. 517 West Madison street, on Monday evening, when the pupils of that popular and excellent gentleman gave their preceptor a superb silver tea service of nine pieces, a very handsome testimonial to M. Bournique, who has made hosts of friends among our best citizens in his professional relations. No better proof could be asked as to the satisfaction and esteem of his present large class of pupils, the gift taking him entirely by surprise.

FURNITURE.

Furniture!

GREAT

CLEARING SALE.

Our entire stock will be disposed of in the next fifteen days, REGARDLESS of cost. This sale is BONA FIDE, as we intend to retire from the RETAIL TRADE.

WEBER

FURNITURE COMPANY

220 Wabash-av.

Furniture.

JOHN KRAUS, 219 Blue Island-av. Great Closing-Out Sale. Intending to discontinue the retail branch of my business by the first of January, 1873, and to devote myself only to the manufacturing and wholesale trade, I can offer to the public a line of fine Furniture, Chamber Sets, Parlor Suits, &c., at greatly reduced prices.
JOHN KRAUS, Furniture Manufacturer.

OPERA GLASSES.

OPERA GLASSES

And many other fine and useful New Year's Gifts.

J. G. LANGGUTH,
OPTICIAN,
134 State-st., corner Madison.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. C. BIGELOW

CONFIDENTIAL PHYSICIAN, 464 State-st., Chicago. It is well known by all readers of the papers, that Dr. C. Bigelow is the oldest established physician in Chicago, who has made the treatment of all chronic and nervous diseases a specialty. Science and experience have made Dr. B. the most renowned SPECIALIST of the age, honored by the press, esteemed of the highest medical attainments by all the medical institutes of the day, having devoted TWENTY YEARS OF HIS LIFE in perfecting remedies that will cure positively all cases of CHRONIC AND SPECIAL DISEASES in both sexes. CONSULTATION FREE. The finest rooms in the city, with SEPARATE PARLORS for ladies and gentlemen. Call; you only see the doctor. CORRESPONDENCE CONFIDENTIAL. Address all letters, with stamps, to Dr. C. BIGELOW, No. 464 State-st.

Dr. A. G. Olin,

183 So. Clark-st., Chicago, the most successful specialist of the age, who has given a life-long special attention to the treatment of all Chronic, Sexual and Nervous diseases, both sexes. Read his works and judge for yourself, sent sealed for stamp. Confidential consultations, personally or by mail, free and invited. Ladies send for circular.

NO CURE! NO PAY!! Dr. Kean,

360 South Clark-st., Chicago,

May be confidentially consulted, personally or by mail, free of charge, on all chronic or nervous diseases. DR. J. KEAN is the only physician in the city who warrants cures or no pay.

MRS. L. R. LOWRY, M. D.,

Physician and Accoucher, 783 S. State-st., Chicago. Particular attention given to diseases of women and children. Comfortable, quiet rooms, provided with competent nurses, for women during confinement. Office hours from 9 to 11 a. m. and 3 to 5 p. m.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

1873. THE 1873.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

PROSPECTUS.

THE DAILY.

THE TRIBUNE enters upon the coming year in the occupancy of its rebuilt business premises, the new Tribune Building, in the heart of the restored business centre of Chicago, and is prepared, to a degree better than ever before, to fill and carry to a still higher standpoint

THE PLACE IT HAS CREATED IN JOURNALISM.

In its growth it has kept pace with the development of Chicago and the Northwest.

By the advancement in wealth, intelligence, and strength of the community it represents, new and constantly-increasing demands have been made upon its representative journals, and these THE TRIBUNE has in every case anticipated in its prompt collection of news by telegraph from all parts of the country, and by correspondents throughout the world.

The pioneer among Western journals in

THE LIBERAL USE OF THE TELEGRAPH,

It has overcome distance for its readers and placed before them each morning the more important news of the world.

As a home newspaper, with Chicago its own field, its large and competent Local and Commercial Corps have maintained a faithful and full presentment of

HOME AFFAIRS AND BUSINESS,

Giving especial prominence and careful collation to the prominent facts of GROWTH, PROGRESS, and TRADE, especially in the present era of our "GREAT REBUILDING."

Scrupulous care has been taken to secure accuracy and fulness to the

MONETARY, REAL ESTATE, AND GENERAL MARKET REPORTS,

In the leading staples of our city and section, making THE TRIBUNE

A DAILY NECESSITY

To every business man and merchant in a degree exactly proportioned to his interest in Chicago business affairs.

With these features the source of its constant and unvaried prosperity, as

A FAITHFUL AND VIGILANT MEDIUM OF CURRENT NEWS,

THE TRIBUNE has associated features that have placed it in the front rank of journalism.

With this record in its past, THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE is prepared to carry forward its standard, and, in the year to come, fulfil, as in the past, its recognized position as

THE LEADING JOURNAL IN CHICAGO.

Its staff of editorial writers, reporters, and correspondents, in its

NEWS AND LITERARY DEPARTMENTS,

At home and abroad, comprise the most trained and competent men in their calling, and, as heretofore, nothing will be spared in cost of transmission or expense of publication, to place the result of their labors in the most attractive shape before its readers. To this end the mechanical appliances of THE TRIBUNE are now unsurpassed.

ITS POLITICAL COURSE.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE supported, in the recent election, the platform and nominees of the Liberal-Republican Convention, which met at Cincinnati on the 1st of May. The defeat of the candidates of that convention has not diminished, in any degree, the necessity for carrying forward its principles. We hold these principles to be essential to good government, to the prosperity of the country, and even to the permanence of republican institutions. We shall, therefore, continue to give them our hearty support and advocacy, and shall sustain the men who fitly represent them, whatever party designation they may wear. We shall give an impartial hearing to the Administration of General Grant, and shall support it in all acts which seem to us wise and useful to the country, as cordially as though it were an Administration of our own choice. In short, THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE will aim to secure

ABLE AND HONEST GOVERNMENT,

National, State, and Local, and to be an organ of Progress rather than of Party. It will endeavor to give to its readers the exact truth in all matters of public interest, accompanied by independent views and fair criticism.

OUR NEW EIGHT-PAGE FORM,

Presenting fifty-six columns daily, has been found most satisfactory to all classes of our patrons, by whom THE TRIBUNE is pronounced

THE HANDSOMEST NEWSPAPER ISSUED IN THE UNITED STATES.

The columns of THE TRIBUNE are the daily proof that the business and general public accord it the

FIRST PLACE AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

THE TRI-WEEKLY

Is in great favor with readers at a distance and in localities not reached by daily mails, presenting in one compact sheet the substance of two days' issues.

THE WEEKLY

Is now one of the largest weekly editions issued west of New York, a very handsome eight-page sheet, with fifty-six columns of matter, expressly selected and made up for this issue with a choice variety of

ORIGINAL LITERARY, ART, AND AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

It will continue in every respect to be made a "Western Family Journal, equal in

LITERARY EXCELLENCE

To any published in this country, while its careful collation of the news of the daily editions constitute it an unsurpassed compendium of the

FRESHEST TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Among the writers on home themes the contributions of RURAL will hold their place and increase the wide reputation already enjoyed by this best of all writers on

"FARM AND GARDEN,"

For years welcome in a multitude of Western homes. We shall furnish also a large variety of articles on social topics.

LITERATURE, ART, EDUCATION, COMMERCE,

GENERAL CULTURE, AND THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY all made more prominent features of THE WEEKLY than heretofore. Tales and sketches, original and selected, will be furnished in each number.

Attention is drawn to the fact that by the terms presented below, THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE will bring to the country fireside and the farmer's home

READING FOR ALL CLASSES,

Reaching in amount each year the bulk of many volumes, from the best writers, with variety and fulness,

THE BEST THOUGHTS, FACTS, AND DISCOVERIES OF THE AGE,

At a price which make it not only the best but

THE CHEAPEST OF READING MATTER,

Within the reach of the humblest home, and worthy a place in the best.

THE WEEKLY

is offered at the following prices:

Single copies, one year	$ 2.00
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10 copies, one year	12.00
20 copies, one year	20.00
50 copies, one year	45.00

THE DAILY AND TRI-WEEKLY.

Daily, by mail	$12.00	Sunday	$2.50
Tri-Weekly	6.00	Weekly	2.00

Parts of the year at the same rate.

Single subscriptions may be added at club rates after club is formed.

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To prevent delay and mistakes, be sure and give Post Office address in full, including State and County.

Remittances may be made either by draft, express, Post-Office order, or in registered letters, at our risk.

Address TRIBUNE CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

AMUSEMENTS.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Second week of the greatest living Actress,
MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMA[N]
Who will appear on Monday, Tuesday and Wedne[sday] nights as
LADY MACBETH.
MACBETH ...... MR. MILNES LE[VICK]
Wednesday, New Year's Matinee,
MISS CUSHMA[N]
Will appear in the comic character of "SUSAN S[IMP]SON" in the Comedy of
Simpson & Co.
With Mr. McVicker, Mr. Levick, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. [Myers] and Mrs. Stoneall in the cast.
Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and
SATURDAY MATINE[E]
Shakespeare's Historical play of
King Henry VII[I]
Catherine, Queen of England...Miss Charlotte Cu[shman]
Cardinal Wolsey...Mr. Milnes L[evick]
Carriage Entrance from Monroe-st., alley [to] the Theatre.
Secure your seats and come early.

NIXON'S.
RE-ENGAGEMENT
For one week more of the talented melo-dramatic a[rtiste]
Mlle. Marie Zo[e]
During the week will be produced the following plays: MONDAY and TUESDAY EVENINGS, [Dec. 30] and 31,
THE FEMALE BRIGAN[D]
Or, A LIFE'S REVENGE.
New Year's Matinee, also in the evening, the ever [popu]lar drama,
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
Mlle. ZOE ...... as ......
Thursday and Friday nights the celebrated prize d[rama] written by Mlle. ZOE, entitled
MADALINE; Or, ST. MARY'S EV[E]
GRAND FAMILY MATINEE ON SATURDAY
Great attraction on Saturday night, and positively [last] appearance of Mlle. ZOE.

MYERS' OPERA HOUSE.
Monroe-st., bet. Dearborn and State.
Arlington, Cotton & Kemble's Minst[rels]
A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!
A MONSTER BILL OF FUN FOR THE HOLIDA[YS]
The great Song and Dance Artists
MACKIN AND WILSO[N]
In their Unequalled Specialties.
BILLY RICE AND CLARENCE BURT[ON]
The 3 o'clock Train.
Chicago in 1873.
Tricks and Tr[ials]
NOTICE—Our regular Matinee this week will be on Wednesday instead of Saturday. Wednesday, Jan.
GRAND NEW YEAR'S MATINEE.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
This, Sunday, Evenin[g]
Only appearance of the beautiful musical wonder M[iss]
VIOLA POMEROY
Whose matchless voice has a range of three octaves three notes, and who sings in four languages,—Ital[ian] German, French, and English. Upon this occasion will be assisted by the celebrated
PRAEGER FAMILY
As Miss Pomeroy is soon to appear in Italian Opera New York, ONE CONCERT ONLY can be given in Chicago, and it was only through a very liberal offer on part of the Academy management that she has been induced to appear here for a
SUNDAY MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.
Reserved Seats, 75 cents. Admission, 50 cents. Family Circle, 25 cents. Box Office open from 11 to 3 and at p. m.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, Jan. 30 and 31, ninth and tenth performances of
THE LANCASHIRE LAS[S]
Which has proven such an immense hit, that the management has been induced to present it for
TWO MORE NIGHTS!
Grand New Year Matinee. A superb double bill. Elegant Comedy and a Roaring Farce.
New Year's Evening, PEEP O'DAY, with JOHN DILLON in a great part.

AIKEN'S THEATRE,
Wabash-av. and Congress-st.
Every Evening, and Wednesday and Saturday Matin[ees]
Dion Boucicault's Great Drama,
THE LONG STRIKE!
With a FULL AND POWERFUL CAST. Grand Matinee, New Year's Afternoon, at 2½.

NINTH PRESBYTER'N CHURC[H]
Ellis-av., just south of Thirty-seventh-st.
MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS
Readings.
Monday evening, Dec. 30, 1872. Admission, $1. Seats can be reserved without extra charge at Dow's drug store, Hyde Park; Douglas House news room; Pol[...] drug store, corner of Thirty-seventh-st. and Cottage Grove-av.; Shibley's grocery store, corner of Egan and Cottage Grove-avs.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
SIX NIGHTS, NEW YEAR'S AND SATURDAY MATINE[ES]
ENGAGEMENT OF
Robert McWade,
The greatest natural actor in his wonderful personation of
RIP VAN WINKLE.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

GLOBE THEATRE.
Monday Evening, Dec. 30, every night and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees,
R. M. CARROLL,
And his boys, The General, Master Eddie and Little Di[ck]
LEON BROTHERS,
Bobby Newcomb, Miss Dora Dawson, Miss Lucy Adams, John F. Fisher, Guy Linton, Miss Sallie Swift, and the Comedy Company, in a new and choice bill, concluding with the new Comic Drama entitled HE IS DICK TURPIN.

HARMONIA HALL.
The Caledonian Rifles Ball
Will take place at Harmonia Hall, 58 West Lake-st., on New Year's Eve. Tickets, $1. Can be obtained from Snyder & Barbour, 301 West Randolph-st.; J. K. Smith, 134 South Halsted-st.; Foster & Balsillie, 394 South Halsted-st.; Irons & Smith, 186 West Monroe-st.; Jas. Henry, 258 Kinzie-st.; Jas. Sims, 90 South Clinton-st.; A. McLean, 26 South Clinton-st., and at the door of the hall on Tuesday evening.

THE GREAT PAINTING
OF
MOUNT SHASTA
(CALIFORNIA),
BY H. A. ELKINS,
Now on exhibition at 264 Wabash-av., opposite Post Office. Open day and evening, from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Admission, 25 cents. Visitors are requested to bring their Opera Glasses.

MARTINE'S
South Side Dancing Academy,
1010 INDIANA-AV.,
OPEN.
New Heating Arrangements completed, and everything in order for the reception of scholars.
WEST SIDE ACADEMY—55 Ada-st.

MR. SULLIVAN'S
DANCING ACADEMY
Avenue Hall, 147 Twenty-second-st.
New term on Monday evening, and for children Saturday at 2 p. m. Apply at the hall.

HAPPY NEW YEAR
At the POWELL HOUSE, corner Milwaukee and Western-avs. Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1873.
A SOCIAL HOP
Will be given on the above evening, to which a general invitation is extended, by MILLINGTON & LIPHART, Proprietors.

BOURNIQUE'S
DANCING ACADEMIES
South Side—128 Twenty-fourth-st., near Indiana-av. West Side—517 West Madison-st., corner Bishop-court. Classes open at any time for scholars commencing.

Millinery Sold Below Cost
To close out the winter stock, at 823 Wabash-av.

E. T. Taylor's System of Dress Cutting taught in classes of five, at a great reduction, during the winter, by her agent, MRS. WYANT, 823 Wabash-av.

BOSTON.

A Lively Time with the Lions—Sta[nley,] George MacDonald, Froude, an[d] Tyndall.

Mr. Froude's Opinion of W[en]dell Phillips.

A Famous Boston Parlor—[...] Fire and Co-operation—[...] "Osgood's."

From Our Own Correspondent.
BOSTON, Dec. 2[...]

In spite of the fire, Boston is having [a]
lively winter of it in social life, what [with an]
unusual number of lions, both foreig[n and]
domestic, its clubs, and its fai[rs,]
its music. Stanley, whom we mig[ht call]
Livingstone's explorer, is the central lio[n at]
this writing, and he seems to be a very [good]
and satisfactory lion, both on and off t[he plat]
form, and, of course, the recipient of th[e usual]
number of dinners and evening part[ies, and]
fights and other junketings, to all of [which he]
takes very easily and kindly.

MACDONALD, FROUDE, AND TYNDAL[L]

went through the same gay round of [...]
on their arrival, the same hand-shakin[g,]
enthusiastic feminine free praise, a[nd]
counter-current, free criticism. Geo[rge Mac]
Donald is the prime favorite in femi[nine so]
ciety, as might be expected from hi[s]
reputation, his good looks, and his [...]
manners. Some of these feminine admi[rers seem]
to be doing a rather extraordinary th[ing]
now in the subscription which th[ey have]
started "to raise a suitable [sum of]
money to be offered to him beform he l[eaves our]
shores, as a return simply due to him [...]
with which he has so truly enriched u[s. It]
is the formula of the card which is b[efore the]
public. How Mr. MacDonald will rec[eive this]
charitable admiration remains to be [seen. I]
should think that he would be likely [to look]
down to the same American ignorance [...]
supposed required to be introduced to [...]
his pups!

If Mr. MacDonald had suffered [the]
literary piracy which some Englishmen [have, it]
might seem a laudable endeavor to "[give the]
King his own again;" but Messrs. S[...]
Co. are by no means of the piratical c[lass, but]
instead, very liberal in their arrange[ments for]
advance-sheets. Then, when we take [into con]
sideration the lecture-harvest which [the gen]
tleman is gathering in, the suitabi[lity of the]
"sum of money" becomes an open q[ues]
taste.

Mr. Froude is more spoken of amo[ng men]
then women, being, I should think, [...]
what is called

A MAN'S MAN.

Though his imagination is of the h[...]
der, according to that clever authori[ty, Mr.]
McCarthy, and according, too, to the [...]
of his own brilliant and romantic his[tory,]
he is not of a sympathetic, imaginative [tempera]
ment like Mr. MacDonald; is not of [...]
of man, in any way, wh[o would]
be specially attractive to gen[...]
ciety. Yet, notwithstanding, Mr. [Froude]
is the great figure before society in Am[erica]
now, one of the finest things yet [said]
about him, and which also pays one of [...]
compliments to our own great men, is [the man]
ner and spirit of his acceptance of

WENDELL PHILLIPS'

protest against his judgments of Ir[eland. He]
confesses himself, if not indifferent [...]
unaffected by, Father Burke's protes[t, but, in]
deed, all other antagonists; but dec[lares that]
when a man like Mr. Phillips [enters the]
lists against him, it is quite a[nother]
matter; that Mr. Phillips' opini[ons]
command his greatest respect. In v[iew of this]
he proposes to answer Mr. Phillips by [...]
letter; but he will wait until his retu[rn to Eng]
land, that he may procure the docum[ents and evi]
dence which he considers necessary t[o meet so]
skilled an antagonist.

In all of this there is nothing that [...]
importance which he places on M[r. Phillips']
opinion more completely than the [...]
tioned fact.

MR. TYNDALL,

who has had his share of the lion-lo[ving atten]
tions—and are we not most of us lio[n-hunters?—]
has not made quite the social sens[ation, and]
quite so much run after—as the g[reat story-]
teller and the history-maker. And [...]
obvious. To the general society mi[nd, that is]
to say, to the general feminine mind [...]
society proper mostly in the ha[nds of the]
feminine; for what are the [...]
masculine dinners but the [...]
bachelor barbarianism which is quit[e out of]
society proper? Well, to this propo[sition the]
importance and quality of the genius [of Mac]
Donald and Mr. Froude are much [better]
understood than that of the man of [science. To]
be sure, that little book, "Forms [of Water,"]
made the difficulty less; but science [...]
ever direction, belong to the few a[nd not the]
many; and, when the Kings of Ficti[on and His]
tory—those boundless fields of g[...]
every reader may enter without first [...]
swelling floods of inquiry and rese[arch—when]
these Kings come out of their castle[s, the fol]
lowing is very easily understood. A[...]
of

BOSTON SOCIAL LIFE,

I must present an inside view o[f one of the]
centres of that life, in one of the al[...]
Chestnut-street parlors where the [...]
meet. On Saturday evenings, Mrs. [...]
feminine presiding genius of the R[...]
holds weekly receptions. These p[arlors are the]
largest parlors in Boston of the c[...]
order. Going in at any time from [...]
til 10 on these Saturday evenings, [you are]
sure to find a considerable company [...]
ways sprinkled with a lion or [...]
two. Perhaps Mr. Wendell P[hillips, who]
is an old friend of the family, will [be sit]
ting in a corner. And I have seen [...]
ner sitting on that sofa at the r[...]
conversation with some kindred s[pirit,]
Dale Owen and Henry James, [...]
views on spiritual "shadows and [...]
And if it be just after the holiday[s, and you]
in early enough,—for he keeps [...]
you may find the poet Whittier. [...]
famous Professors from Cam[bridge make]
their appearance now and th[en, and]
of the frequent guests is one of th[e]
Radical essayists, Samuel Longfell[ow, broth]
er of the poet. But these are but [a few of the]
many who congregate in the old r[ooms—]
painters, politicians, and philosop[hers find their]
way here, sooner or later. If one [...]
it is worth while to take a glance [at the]
curtains of French revoluti[onary ...]
at the furniture covering[s, the]
table Gobelin tapestry, a[nd the]
curious great andirons, in the fo[...]
ewers, which once gleamed golde[n in a]
palace. So frequent has been [...]
these curiosities, by tongue and p[en,]
that the subject has passed into a [...]
with Mr. Phillips, who frequentl[y ...]
friend, the owner, in jocular fash[ion, ...]
of the Golden Andirons." Befo[re the]
subject of society and the clubs, [...]
get to speak of another outgrowt[h of this]
intellectual, high-pressure system[—the]

YOUNG LADIES' CLU[B,]

which meets every Saturday [...]
son." It is composed of girl[s ...]
rosy creatures, who, not content [with the]
system of school-cramming, wi[th all]
the ologies and pretty much al[...]
formed themselves into this lit[tle club for]
intellectual improvement, and [...]
propound some brain-whirlin[g ...]
science or philosophy. They are [...]
into it that they have had E[merson]
essay to them, on which [...]
showed their appreciation so [...]
venerable sage wanted to come [...]
first look, this seems like a littl[e too]
good thing,—a little too much o[f ...]
ness; but, when one comes to [...]
ment, it is apparent that these [...]
breaks are much better than [...]
ming, and productive of bett[er ...]
then, why shouldn't the girls h[ave]
clubs as well as the boys thei[r ...]
ums? But one begins to h[...]
for the bodies of these brai[ns ...]
view of all these things; for [...]
climate keeps every faculty [...]
highest pitch. Outside of all [this dis]
play, these mental pyrotech[nics, the]
city-life of Boston moves on, [...]
rapidity than cities to the We[st.]
The laying out of streets, an[d ...]
on steadily, but carefully and [...]

AMUSEMENTS.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

Second week of the greatest living Actress,

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMA

Who will appear on Monday, Tuesday, and Wedne nights as

LADY MACBETH.

MACBETH..........................MR. MILNES LEV

Wednesday, New Year's Matinee,

MISS CUSHMA

Will appear in the comic character of "SUSAN S SON" in the Comedy of

Simpson & Co

With Mr. McVicker, Mr. Levick, Mrs. Allen, Mis ers and Mrs. Stonsall in the cast.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and

SATURDAY MATINEE

Shakespeare's Historical play of

King Henry VIII

Catharine, Queen of England...Miss Charlotte Cush Cardinal Wolsey.........................Mr. Milnes Le

Carriage Entrance from Monroe-st., alley ea the Theatre.

Secure your seats and come early.

NIXON'S.

RE-ENGAGEMENT

For one week more of the talented melo-dramatic act

Mlle. Marie Zo

During the week will be produced the following pla plays: MONDAY and TUESDAY EVENINGS, De and 31,

THE FEMALE BRIGAN

Or, A LIFE'S REVENGE.

New Year's Matinee, also in the evening, the ever titular drama.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Mlle. ZOE............as.............T

Thursday and Friday nights the celebrated prize dr written by Mlle. ZOE, entitled

MADALINE; Or, ST. MARY'S EV

GRAND FAMILY MATINEE ON SATURDAY

Great attraction on Saturday night, and positively appearance of Mlle. ZOE.

MYERS' OPERA HOUSE.

Monroe-st., bet. Dearborn and State.

Arlington, Cotton & Kemble's Minstr

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

A MONSTER BILL OF FUN FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The great Song and Dance Artists

MACKIN AND WILSO

In their Unequalled Specialties.

BILLY RICE AND CLARENCE BURT

The 3 o'clock Train.

Chicago in 1873.

Tricks and Tri

NOTICE—Our regular Matinee this week will be g on Wednesday instead of Saturday. Wednesday, Jan.

GRAND NEW YEAR'S MATINEE.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

This, Sunday, Evenin

Only appearance of the beautiful musical wonder M

VIOLA POMEROY

Whose matchless voice has a range of three octaves three notes, and who sings in four languages,—Itali German, French, and English. Upon this occasion will be assisted by the celebrated

PRAEGER FAMILY

As Miss Pomeroy is soon to appear in Italian Oper New York, ONE CONCERT ONLY can be given in C cago, and it was only through a very liberal offer on part of the Academy management that she has been duced to appear here for a

SUNDAY MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

Reserved Seats, 75 cents. Admission, 50 cents. Fam Circle, 25 cents. Box Office open from 11 to 3 and afte p. m.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.

MONDAY and TUESDAY, Jan. 30 and 31, ninth a tenth performances of

THE LANCASHIRE LAS

Which has proven such an immense hit, that the mana ment has been induced to present it for

TWO MORE NIGHTS!

Grand New Year Matinee. A superb double bill. Elegant Comedy and a Roaring Farce.

New Year's Evening, PEEP O'DAY, with JOHN D LON in a great part.

AIKEN'S THEATRE,

Wabash-av. and Congress-st.

Every Evening, and Wednesday and Saturday Matine

Dion Boucicault's Great Drama,

THE LONG STRIKE!

With a FULL AND POWERFUL CAST. Grand Mat nee, New Year's Afternoon, at 2½.

NINTH PRESBYTER'N CHURCH

Ellis-av., just south of Thirty-seventh-st.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS

Readings.

Monday Evening, Dec. 30, 1872. Admission, $1. Seat can be reserved without extra charge at Dow's dru store, Hyde Park; Douglas House news room; Pub drug store, corner of Thirty-seventh-st. and Cotta Grove-av.; Shibley's grocery store, corner of Egan an Cottage Grove-av.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

SIX NIGHTS, NEW YEAR'S AND SATURDAY MATINEE

ENGAGEMENT OF

Robert McWade,

The greatest natural actor in his wonderful personation o

RIP VAN WINKLE.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

GLOBE THEATRE.

Monday Evening, Dec. 30, every night and Wednesda and Saturday Matinees,

R. M. CARROLL,

And his boys, The General, Master Eddie and Little Dick

LEON BROTHERS,

Bobby Newcomb, Miss Dora Dawson, Miss Lucy Adams John F. Fisher, Guy Linton, Miss Sallie Swift, and th Comedy Company, in a new and choice bill, concluding with the new Comic Drama entitled HE IS DICK TUR PIN.

HARMONIA HALL.

The Caledonian Rifles Ball

Will take place at Harmonia Hall, 68 West Lake-st., on New Year's Eve. Tickets, $1. Can be obtained from Snyder & Barbour, 321 West Randolph-st.; J. K. Smith 126 South Halsted-st.; Foster & Balsillie, 364 South Hal sted-st.; Irons & Smith, 186 West Monroe-st.; Jas. Hest Bro., 94 Kinzie-st.; Jas. Sims, 90 South Clinton-st.; A. E McLean, 36 South Clinton-st., and at the door of the hall on Tuesday evening.

THE GREAT PAINTING OF

MOUNT SHASTA,

(CALIFORNIA),

BY H. A. ELKINS,

Now on exhibition at 264 Wabash-av., opposite Post Of fice. Open day and evening, from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m Admission, 25 cents. Visitors are requested to bring their Opera Glasses.

MARTINE'S

South Side Dancing Academy,

1010 INDIANA-AV.,

OPEN.

New Heating Arrangements completed, and everything in order for the reception of scholars.

WEST SIDE ACADEMY—55 Ada-st.

MR. SULLIVAN'S

DANCING ACADEMY,

Avenue Hall, 147 Twenty-second-st.

New term on Monday evening, and for children Satur day at 2 p. m. Apply at the hall.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

At the POWELL HOUSE, corner Milwaukee and Wes ern-avs. Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1873.

A SOCIAL HOP

Will be given on the above evening, to which a general in vitation is extended, by MILLINGTON & LIPHARD, Proprietors.

BOURNIQUE'S

DANCING ACADEMIES

South Side—128 Twenty-fourth-st., near Indiana-av. West Side—217 West Madison-st., corner Bishop-court Classes open at any time for scholars commencing.

Millinery Sold Below Cost

To close out the winter stock, at 823 Wabash-av.

S. T. Taylor's System of Dress Cutting taught in class es of five, at a great reduction, during the winter, by h agent, MRS. WYANT, 850 Wabash-av.

BOSTON.

A Lively Time with the Lions—Stanley, George MacDonald, Froude, and Tyndall.

Mr. Froude's Opinion of Wendell Phillips.

A Famous Boston Parlor—The Fire and Co-operation—"Osgood's."

From Our Own Correspondent.

BOSTON, Dec. 24, 1872.

In spite of the fire, Boston is having a pretty lively winter of it in social life, what with its unusual number of lions, both foreign and domestic, its clubs, and its fairs, and its music. Stanley, whom we might call Livingstone's explorer, is the central lion just at this writing, and he seems to be a very amiable and satisfactory lion, both on and off the platform, and, of course, the recipient of the usual number of dinners and evening parties, teafights and other junketings, to all of which he takes very easily and kindly.

MACDONALD, FROUDE, AND TYNDALL

went through the same gay round of festivities on their arrival, the same hand-shakings, and enthusiastic feminine free praise, and the counter-current, free criticism. George MacDonald is the prime favorite in feminine society, as might be expected from his literary reputation, his good looks, and his winning manners. Some of these feminine admirers seem to be doing a rather extraordinary thing just now in the subscription which they have started "to raise a suitable sum of money to be offered to him beform he leaves our shores, as a return simply due to him for that with which he has so truly enriched us." This is the formula of the card which is before the public. How Mr. MacDonald will receive this charitable admiration remains to be seen. I should think that he would be likely to put it down to the same American ignorance that he supposed required to be introduced to Hood and his puns!

If Mr. MacDonald had suffered from the literary piracy which some Englishmen have, it might seem a laudable endeavor to "give the King his own again;" but Messrs. Scribner & Co. are by no means of the piratical order, but, instead, very liberal in their arrangements for advance-sheets. Then, when we take into consideration the lecture-harvest which the gentleman is gathering in, the suitability of this "sum of money" becomes an open question of taste.

Mr. Froude is more spoken of amongst men than women, being, I should think, essentially what is called

A MAN'S MAN.

Though his imagination is of the highest order, according to that clever authority, Justin McCarthy, and according, too, to the testimony of his own brilliant and romantic histories, yet he is not of a sympathetic, imaginative temperament like Mr. MacDonald; is not of that order of man, in any way, who would be specially attractive to general society. Yet, notwithstanding, Mr. Froude is the great figure before society in America just now, one of the finest things yet to be told about him, and which also pays one of the finest compliments to our own great men, is the manner and spirit of his acceptance of

WENDELL PHILLIPS'

protest against his judgments of Ireland. He confesses himself, if not indifferent to, entirely unaffected by, Father Burke's protests, and, indeed, all other antagonists; but declares that, when a man like Mr. Phillips enters the lists against him, it is quite a different matter; that Mr. Phillips' opinions must command his greatest respect. In view of this, he proposes to answer Mr. Phillips by published letter; but he will wait until his return to England, that he may procure the documentary evidence which he considers necessary to meet so skilled an antagonist.

In all of this there is nothing that shows the importance which he places on Mr. Phillips' opinion more completely than the last-mentioned fact.

MR. TYNDALL,

who has had his share of the lion-loving attentions—and are we not most of us lion-lovers?—has not made quite the social sensation—been quite so much run after—as the great story-teller and the history-maker. And the reason is obvious. To the general society mind,—that is to say, to the general feminine mind, for isn't society proper mostly in the hands of the feminine? for what are the merely masculine dinners but the relics of bachelor barbarianism which is quite outside of society proper? Well, to this proper mind the importance and quality of the genius of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Froude are much more easily understood than that of the man of science. To be sure, that little book, "Forms of Water," made the difficulty less; but science, in whatever direction, belongs to the few and not to the many; and, when the Kings of Fiction and History—those boundless fields of glory, which every reader may enter without first fording any swelling floods of inquiry and research,—when these Kings come out of their castles, their following is very easily understood. And, speaking of

BOSTON SOCIAL LIFE,

I must present an inside view of one of the centres of that life, in one of the already famous Chestnut-street parlors where the Radical Club meet. On Saturday evenings, Mrs. Sargent, the feminine presiding genius of the Radical Club, holds weekly receptions. These parlors are the largest parlors in Boston of the old-fashioned order. Going in at any time from 7 o'clock until 10 on these Saturday evenings, we shall be sure to find a considerable company, almost always sprinkled with a lion or a lioness or two. Perhaps Mr. Wendell Phillipps, who is an old friend of the family, will be seen chatting in a corner. And I have seen Charles Sumner sitting on that sofa at the right, in close conversation with some kindred spirit. Robert Dale Owen and Henry James, Sr., exchange views on spiritual "shadows and substances." And if it be just after the holidays, and you go in early enough,—for he keeps early hours,—you may find the poet Whittier. Some of the famous Professors from Cambridge make their appearance now and then; and one of the frequent guests is one of the best of the Radical essayists, Samuel Longfellow, the brother of the poet. But these are but a few of the many who congregate in the old rooms. Poets, painters, politicians, and philosophers find their way here, sooner or later. If one is a stranger, it is worth while to take a glance at the ancient curtains of French revolutionary fame, at the furniture coverings of veritable Gobelin tapestry, and at the curious great andirons, in the form of massive ewers, which once gleamed goldenly in a French palace. So frequent has been the mention of these curiosities, by tongue and pen, in the East, that the subject has passed into a perennial joke with Mr. Phillips, who frequently addresses his friend, the owner, in jocular fashion, as "Lord of the Golden Andirons." Before I leave the subject of society and the clubs, I must not forget to speak of another outgrowth of this social, intellectual, high-pressure system, the

YOUNG LADIES' CLUB,

which meets every Saturday during "the season." It is composed of girls from 16 to 20, rosy creatures, who, not content with the present system of school-cramming, which takes in all the ologies and pretty much all the isms, have formed themselves into this little company for intellectual improvement, and weekly sit and propound some brain-whirling question of science or philosophy. They are actually so deep into it that they have had Emerson read an essay to them, on which occasion they showed their appreciation so heartily that the venerable sage wanted to come again. At the first look, this seems like a little too much of a good thing,—a little too much of the brain-business; but, when one comes to consider a moment, it is apparent that these spontaneous outbreaks are much better than the school-cramming, and productive of better results; and, then, why shouldn't the girls have their brain-clubs as well as the boys their debating lyceums? But one begins to have a little fear for the bodies of these brainy Bostonians, in view of all these things; for this east-windy climate keeps every faculty wound up at its highest pitch. Outside of all this rapid parlor-play, these mental pyrotechnics, the practical city-life of Boston moves on, perhaps, with less rapidity than cities to the Westward.

The laying out of streets, and building up, go on steadily, but carefully and cautiously, in the burnt district. The large firm of Webster Brothers, leather-dealers, who were

GREAT LOSERS BY THE FIRE,

but who so magnanimously refused to take help from "poor, crippled Chicago," as they expressed it, have received help from an unexpected source. Some years ago, they began that plan of co-operation which gives, at the end of each year, a certain percentage of profits to the employes. After the fire, the employes clubbed together and refused to draw their percentage of the present year, but, instead, offered it to the firm as a loan. So sincere was their belief in the integrity and future prosperity of their employers that they also offered to mortgage their homes, if necessary, for the same purpose of assistance. This argues well for the co-operation system, most certainly.

Speaking or thinking of the fire, and its rout of ruin, one recalls the various hairbreadth escapes of firms that all New England at least knows, and of one that has a world-wide reputation,—that of

J. R. OSGOOD & CO.,

publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Said one of this firm to me: "I stood six hours on the roof of our building, expecting every moment that the flames would reach us." Standing in the "authors' room," the other day, with its books, and its papers, and its *associations*, an odd thrill, almost as if of escape from personal danger, went through me, as the near possibility of the destruction so lately threatened occurred to me. Most literary people who are *habitues* of "Osgood's," as the place is termed familiarly, have had, I am told, precisely this peculiar feeling of personality in this connection, which is easily explained, for it is a kind of wayside-inn of meeting to almost all New Englanders who have any interest in literature. Chicagoans connected with the Jubilee Press of last summer, who were brought into contact with Mr. Osgood himself, "the man who never lost his temper through the whole thing, by Jove,"—the astonished and admiring verdict of one of his coadjutors in that time of *pressing* cares,—will be glad that their courteous friend escaped the fiery ordeal. And certainly all the *Atlantic* readers, and the children, will be thankful that their monthly feast was not delayed.

GARETH.

SELECTIONS.

BY DUFF PORTER.

—All death is a life begun.

—Count it an assurance of more vital good when God denies you.

—In a wordy combat between social equals, the best-dressed man has one point in his favor.

—It needs danger to bring a man wholly into life, just as pain does a woman.

You cannot disorder anything; what seems like disorder is transition.

God permits many things temporarily for man's education that are but the marring of his universal plan, which is justified by the consequences of the temporary wrong.

Deepest streams make least murmur, whether they are those that course among the hills or flow from human hearts.

—None of the faculties of the soul have ever been defined, because their essence is infinite.

—One trembles for the republic when he looks at its girls.

—Many a time the most effective Gospel is that which comes out of a basket rather than out of a mouth.

—The lark, when at sunrise she rises singing above our sight, shows that it was not from lack of power to climb that she made the humble choice to build her nest in the grass.

If you could endow the smallest insect with the sense of the beautiful and the infinite, it would see God, and this vision would render it immortal.

In all the ills of infancy, Nature calls more for our patience than for our remedies.

The whole body is the tongue of a man, and it is all the time unconsciously talking of what a man is.

Eloquence is truth looking up to Heaven.

No day is well spent unless it leaves the spender in the best possible state for the following days.

Eternity is an ever present Now.

We know there is no loss—no death,—only transition to fuller life.

There are some faces that seem as if they had never seen light.

—The shadowy future, with its gloomy phantoms, never comes.

—Power to get freedom becomes the measure of the power to use it.

—The arms we sharpen for a conflict to-day may be used, perhaps a century hence, in contests we have not as yet anticipated.

—When God breaks our idols to pieces, it is not for us to put the broken bits together again.

Teach your frail girl that, though she may find pleasure in the gallant support of a brother's arm, his care should in no way cripple her energies, or rob her of her birthright,—noble womanhood.

Indigestion is charged by God with enforcing morality on the stomach.

The God way of judging, by which one takes another's case and judges it from that other's own standpoint, is seldom practised.

Commonly the greater part of life is spent in loading up,—burying the soul under a great freightage,—getting knowledge, we call it.

God's fine, impalpable air, spread around the earth, is not more cunningly mixed from pungent gases for our hourly breath, than life itself is thinned and toned that we may receive and bear it.

In the awful mystery of human life, it is a consolation sometimes to believe that our misfortunes, perhaps even our sins, are permitted to be instruments of our education for Immortality.

Love, if nothing else, inclines the soul to feel its helplessness and be prayerful,—to place its treasures in a Father's hand.

A woman's heart has its strength in love, and, when love is taken away, alas for her who is deprived of it! All that life, at its worst, can do, may be borne with it; without it—great God! what deserts filled with horrors stretch around,—endless everywhere, but in that distant, narrow point, where the gateway of the future life opens.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

Mouth of the Shaft.

What I want is my husband, sir
And if you're a man, sir,
You'll give me an answer,—
Where is my Joe?

Penrhyn, sir, Joe—
Caernovanshire;
Six months ago
Since we came here—
Eh?—Ah, you know!

Well, I am quiet
And still;
But I must stand here,
And will.
Please—I'll be strong
If you'll just let me wait
Inside o' that gate
Till the news comes along.
"Negligence"—
That was the cause,
Butchery!—
Are there no laws—
Laws to protect such as we?

Well, then!
I won't raise my voice,
There, men!
I won't make no noise,
Only you just let me be.

Four, only four—did he say?—
Saved! and the other ones!—Eh?
Why do they call?
Why are they all
Looking and coming this way?

What's that?—a message?
I'll take it.
I know his wife, sir,
I'll break it.

"Foreman!"
Ay, Ay!
"Out by and by.
Just saved his life.
Say to his wife
Soon he'll be free."
Will I?—God bless you,
It's me!

—*Bret Harte in January Scribner.*

FASHION.

Many ladies are wearing with black silk house dresses, a soft, woven silk sash of some bright color, knotted on left side.

—Arsenic in carpets is the latest "death in the pot." The dark and colors now so fashionable contain a dangerous proportion of the poison.

—The hideous blue and brown veils with which our belles disfigured themselves last winter no longer vex our eyes on the promenade.

—In New York, receptions will be very general on New Year's Day, the statements that the custom of receiving on that day is going out of fashion being sheer nonsense.

—Tortoise shell jewelry is rapidly going out of fashion. A very perfect and cheap imitation has rendered it common. Amethyst shares the same fate.

—Pretty little lace caps to wear at breakfast are very popular with young married ladies. They save an immense deal of trouble in arranging the hair.

—A new feature of social entertainments this winter will be "pound parties." They derive this name from the circumstance that each person invited is requested to furnish a pound of pastry, confectionery, fruit, or other edibles for the table, and thus an elegant supper is provided. The parties are given at private residences.

BRET HARTE'S NEW STORY.

"Mrs. Skaggs' Husbands."

The opening and longest story in Bret Harte's new volume (published by Osgood & Co.), "Mrs. Skaggs' Husbands," is new, and has been written only a few weeks. It opens in California, among roughs, and drunkards, and stage-drivers, at "Angel's," and closes at Newport, among villas and belles, and all the apparatus of American wealth. Being too long to quote entire, we shall select portions of it, in which the striking traits of its personages appear; connecting them with a brief summary of the omitted parts. It opens at Angel's with this exhibition of our old friend "Yuba Bill," the stage-driver, who is the *deus ex machina* or special providence of the story.

BAR-ROOM CHERUBIM.

It was the custom of the driver of the Wingdam coach to whip up his horses and enter Angel's at that remarkable pace which the woodcuts in the hotel bar-room represented to credulous humanity as the usual rate of speed of that conveyance. At such times the habitual expression of disdainful reticence and lazy official severity which he wore on the box became intensified as the loungers gathered about the vehicle, and only the boldest ventured to address him. It was the Hon. Judge Beeswinger, member of Assembly, who to-day presumed, perhaps rashly, on the strength of his official position.

"Any political news from below, Bill?" he asked, as the latter slowly descended from his lofty perch, without, however, any perceptible coming down of mien or manner.

"Not much," said Bill, with deliberate gravity. "The President o' the United States hezn't bin hisself sens you refused that seat in the Cabinet. The gin'ral feelin' in perlitical circles is one o' regret."

Irony, even of this outrageous quality, was too common in Angel's to excite either a smile or a frown. Bill slowly entered the bar-room during a dry, dead silence, in which only a faint spirit of emulation survived.

"Ye didn't bring up that agint o' Rothschild's this trip?" asked the bar-keeper slowly, by way of vague contribution to the prevailing tone of conversation.

"No," responded Bill, with thoughtful exactitude. "He said he couldn't look inter that claim o' Johnson's without first consultin' the Bank o' England."

The Mr. Johnson here alluded to being present as the faded reveler the bar-keeper had lately put out, and as the alleged claim notoriously possessed no attractions whatever to capitalists, expectation naturally looked to him for some response to this evident challenge. He did so by simply stating that he would "take sugar" in his, and by walking unsteadily toward the bar, as if accepting a festive invitation. To the credit of Bill, be it recorded that he did not attempt to correct the mistake, but gravely touched glasses with him, and after saying "Here's another nail in your coffin,"—a cheerful sentiment, to which "And the hair all off your head," was playfully added by the others,—he threw off his liquor with a single dexterous movement of head and elbow, and stood refreshed.

"Hello, old major!" said Bill, suddenly setting down his glass. "Are you there?"

It was a boy, who, becoming bashfully conscious that this epithet was addressed to him, retreated sideways to the doorway, where he stood beating his hat against the door-post, with an assumption of indifference that his downcast but mirthful, dark eyes, and reddening cheek scarcely bore out. Perhaps it was owing to his size, perhaps it was to a certain cherubic outline of face and figure, perhaps to a peculiar trustfulness of expression, that he did not look half his age, which was really 14.

Everybody in Angel's knew the boy. Either under the venerable title bestowed by Bill, or as "Tom Islington," after his adopted father, his was a familiar presence in the settlement, and the theme of much local criticism and comment. His waywardness, indolence, and unaccountable amiability—a quality at once suspicious and gratuitous in a pioneer community like Angel's—had often been the subject of fierce discussion. A large and reputable majority believed him destined for the gallows; a minority not quite so reputable enjoyed his presence without troubling themselves much about his future; to one or two the evil predictions of the majority possessed neither novelty nor terror.

"Anything for me, Bill?" asked the boy, half mechanically, with the air of repeating some jocular formulary perfectly understood by Bill.

"Anythin' for you!" echoed Bill, with an over-acted severity equally well understood by Tommy,—"anythin' for you? No! And it's my opinion there won't be anythin' for you ez long ez you hang around bar-rooms, and spend your valooable time with loafers and bummers. Git!"

The reproof was accompanied by a suitable exaggeration of gesture (Bill had seized a decanter) before which the boy retreated, still good-humoredly. Bill followed him to the door. "Dern my skin, if he hezn't gone off with that bummer Johnson," he added, as he looked down the road.

"What's he expectin', Bill?" asked the bar-keeper.

"A letter from his aunt. Reckon he'll hev to take it out in expectin'. Likely they are glad to get shut o' him."

"He's leadin' a shiftless, idle life here," interposed the member of Assembly.

"Well," said Bill, who never allowed any one but himself to abuse his protege, "seein' he ain't expectin' no offis from the hands of an enlightened constitooency, it is raythur a shiftless life." After delivering this Parthian arrow with a gratuitous twanging of the bow to indicate its offensive personality, Bill winked at the bar-keeper, slowly resumed a pair of immense, bulgy buckskin gloves, which gave his fingers the appearance of being painfully sore and bandaged, strode to the door without looking at anybody, called out, "All aboard," with a perfunctory air of supreme indifference whether the invitation was heeded, remounted his box, and drove stolidly away.

[Tom is the youthful hero of the story, and does not die or come to any bad end; in spite of the doubtful circumstances of his introduction, and the still more questionable conduct now to be described. No sooner does the stage go off than "Johnson," whose real name turns out to be Jack Adams, the first of Mrs. Skaggs' husbands, begins to go off too, into incipient *delirium tremens*. Whereupon Tom, as below described, at once becomes the impromptu superintendent.]

CALIFORNIA INEBRIATE ASYLUM.

By this time Tom, half supporting the unstable Johnson, who developed a tendency to occasionally dash across the glaring road, but checked himself midway each time, reached the corral which adjoined the Mansion House. At its farther extremity was a pump and horse-trough. Here, without a word being spoken, but evidently in obedience to some habitual custom, Tom led his companion. With the boy's assistance, Johnson removed his coat and neck-cloth, turned back the collar of his shirt, and gravely placed his head beneath the pump-spout. With equal gravity and deliberation, Tom took his place at the handle. For a few moments only the splashing of water and regular strokes of the pump broke the solemnly ludicrous silence. Then there was a pause in which Johnson put his hands to his dripping head, felt of it critically as if it belonged to somebody else, and raised his eyes to his companion. "That ought to fetch it," said Tom, in answer to the look. "Ef it don't," replied Johnson, doggedly, with an air of relieving himself of all further responsibility in the matter, "it's got to, thet's all."

If "it" referred to some change in the physiognomy of Johnson, "it" had probably been "fetched" by the process just indicated. The head that went under the pump was large, and clothed with bushy, uncertain-colored hair; the face was flushed, puffy, and expressionless, the eyes injected and full. The head that came out from under the pump was of smaller size and different shape, the hair straight, dark, and sleek, the face pale and hollow-cheeked, the eyes bright and restless. In the haggard, nervous ascetic that rose from the horse-trough there was very little trace of the Bacchus that had bowed there a moment before. Familiar as Tom must have been with the spectacle, he could not help looking inquiringly at the trough, as if expecting to see some traces of the previous Johnson in its shallow depths.

A narrow strip of willow alder, and buckeye,—a mere dusty ravelled fringe of the green mantle that swept the high shoulders of the table mountain—lapped the edge of the corral. The silent pair were quick to avail themselves of even its scant shelter from the overpowering sun. They had not proceeded far, before Johnson, who was walking quite rapidly in advance, suddenly brought himself up, and turned to his companion with an interrogative "Eh?"

"I didn't speak," said Tommy, quietly.

"Who said you spoke?" said Johnson, with a quick look of cunning. "In course you didn't speak, and I didn't speak, neither. Nobody spoke. Wot makes you think you spoke?" he continued, peering curiously into Tommy's eyes.

The smile that habitually shone there quickly vanished as the boy stepped quietly to his companion's side and took his arm without a word.

"In course you didn't speak, Tommy," said Johnson, deprecatingly. "You ain't the boy to go for to play an old soaker like me. That's wot I like you for. That's wot I seed in you from the first. I sez, 'Thet 'ere boy ain't goin' to play you, Johnson! You can go your whole pile on him, when you can't trust even a bar-keeper.' That's wot I said. Eh?"

This time Tommy prudently took no notice of the interrogation, and Johnson went on. "Ef I was to ask you another question, you wouldn't go to play me neither—would you, Tommy?"

"No," said the boy.

"Ef I was to ask you," continued Johnson, without heeding the reply, but with a growing anxiety of eye and a nervous twitching of his lips,—"ef I was to ask you, fur instance, ef that was a jackass rabbit thet jest passed,—eh?—you'd say it was or was not, ez the case may be. You wouldn't play the ole man on thet?"

"No," said Tommy, quietly, "It *was* a jackass rabbit."

"Ef I was to ask you," continued Johnson, "ef it wore, say, fur instance, a green hat, with yaller ribbons, you wouldn't play me, and say it did, onless,"—he added, with intensified cunning,—"onless it *did?*"

"No," said Tommy, "of course I wouldn't; but then, you see, it *did*."

"It did?"

"It did!" repeated Tommy stoutly; a green hat with yellow ribbons—and—and—a red rosette."

"I didn't get to see the ros-ette," said Johnson, with a slow and conscientious deliberation yet with an evident sense of relief; "but that ain't sayin' it warn't there, you know. Eh?"

Tommy glanced quickly at his companion. There were great beads of prespiration on his ashen-gray forehead and on the ends of his lank hair; the hand which twitched spasmodically in his was cold and clammy, the other which was free, had a vague, purposeless, jerky activity, as if attached to some deranged mechanism. Without any apparent concern in these phenomena, Tommy halted, and seating himself on a log, motioned his companion to a place beside him. Johnson obeyed without a word. Slight as was the act, perhaps no other incident of their singular companionship indicated as completely the dominance of this careless, half-effeminate, but self-possessed boy over this doggedly self-willed, abnormally excited man.

"It ain't the square thing," said Johnson, after a pause, with a laugh that was neither mirthful nor musical, and frightened away a lizard that had been regarding the pair with breathless suspense,—"it ain't the square thing for jackass rabbits to wear hats, Tommy,—is it, eh?"

"Well," said Tommy, with unmoved composure, "sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't. Animals are mighty queer." And here Tommy went off in an animated, but, I regret to say, utterly untruthful and untrustworthy account of the habits of California fauna, until he was interrupted by Johnson.

"And snakes, eh, Tommy?" said the man, with an abstracted air, gazing intently on the ground before him.

"And snakes," said Tommy; "but they don't bite,—at least, not that kind you see. There, don't move, Uncle Ben, don't move; they're gone now. And it's about time you took your dose."

Johnson had hurriedly risen, as if to leap upon the log, but Tommy had as quickly caught his arm with one hand, while he drew a bottle from his pocket with the other. Johnson paused, and eyed the bottle. "If you say so, my boy," he faltered, as his fingers closed nervously around it; "say 'when,' then." He raised the bottle to his lips and took a long draught, the boy regarding him critically. "When," said Tommy, suddenly. Johnson started, flushed, and returned the bottle quickly. But the color that had risen to his cheek stayed there, his eye grew less restless, and as they moved away again, the hand that rested on Tommy's shoulder was steadier.

Their way lay along the flank of Table Mountain,—a wandering trail through a tangled solitude that might have seemed virgin and unbroken but for a few oyster cans, yeast powder tins and empty bottles that had been apparently stranded by the "first low wash" of pioneer waves. On the ragged trunk of an enormous pine hung a few tufts of gray hair, caught from a passing grizzly, but in strange juxtaposition at its foot lay an empty bottle of incomparable bitters—the *chef d'œuvre* of a hygienic civilization, and blazoned with the arms of an all-healing republic. The head of a rattlesnake peered from a case that had contained tobacco, which was still brightly placarded with the high-colored effigy of a popular danseuse. And a little beyond this the soil was broken and fissured, there was a confused mass of roughly-hewn timber, a straggling line of sluicing, a heap of gravel and dirt, a rude cabin, and the claim of Johnson.

The claim worked by Johnson in his intervals of sobriety was represented by half a dozen rude openings in the mountain-side, with the heaped-up debris of rock and gravel before the mouth of each. They gave very little evidence of engineering skill or constructive purpose, or indeed showed anything but the vague, successively-abandoned essays of their projector. To-day they served another purpose, for as the sun had heated the little cabin almost to the point of combustion, curling up the long, dry shingles, and starting aromatic tears from the green pine beams, Tommy led Johnson into one of the larger openings, and with a sense of satisfaction threw himself panting upon its rocky floor. Here and there the grateful dampness was condensed in quiet pools of water, or in a monotonous and soothing drip from the rocks above. Without lay the staring sunlight,—colorless, clarified, intense.

For a few moments they lay resting on their elbows in blissful contemplation of the heat they had escaped. "Wot do you say," said Johnson, slowly, without looking at his companion, but abstractly addressing himself to the landscape beyond,—"wot do you say to two straight games fur one thousand dollars?"

"Make it five thousand," replied Tommy, reflectively, also to the landscape, "and I'm in."

"Wot do I owe you now?" said Johnson, after a lengthened silence.

"One hundred and seventy-five thousand two hundred and fifty dollars," replied Tommy, with business-like gravity.

"Well," said Johnson, after a deliberation commensurate with the magnitude of the transaction, "ef you win, call it a hundred and eighty thousand, round. Wa's the keerds?"

They were in an old tin box in a crevice of a rock above his head. They were greasy and worn with service. Johnson dealt, albeit his right hand was still uncertain,—hovering, after dropping the cards, aimlessly about Tommy, and being only recalled by a strong nervous effort. Yet, notwithstanding his incapacity for even honest manipulation, Mr. Johnson covertly turned a knave from the bottom of the pack, with such shameless inefficiency and gratuitous unskilfulness, that even Tommy was obliged to cough and look elsewhere to hide his embarrassment. Possibly for this reason the young gentleman was himself constrained, by way of correction, to add a valuable card to his own hand, over and above the number he legitimately held.

Nevertheless, the game was unexciting, and dragged listlessly. Johnson won. He recorded the fact and the amount with the stub of a pencil and shaking fingers in wondering hieroglyphics all over a pocket diary. Then there was a long pause, when Johnson slowly drew something from his pocket and held it up before his companion. It was, apparently, a dull red stone.

"Ef," said Johnson, slowly, with his old look of cunning,—"ef you happened to pick up such a rock ez that, Tommy, what might you say it was?"

"Don't know," said Tommy.

"Mightn't you say," continued Johnson, cautiously, "that it was gold or silver?"

"Neither," said Tommy promptly.

"Mightn't you say it was quicksilver? Mightn't you say that ef thar was a friend of yourn ez knew whar to go and turn out ten ton of it a day, and every ton worth two thousand dollars, that he had a soft thing, a very soft thing,—allowin', Tommy, that you used sich language, which you don't?"

"But," said the boy, coming to the point with great directness, "do you know where to get it? Have you struck it, Uncle Ben?"

Johnson looked carefully around. "I hev, Tommy. Listen. I know whar thar's cartloads of it. But thar's only one other specimen—the mate to this yer—that's above ground, and thet's in 'Frisco. Thar's an agint comin' up in a day or two to look into it. I sent for him. Eh?"

[Soon after, Johnson informs Tom that he has taken him into partnership in this quicksilver mine, which turns out to be a real discovery, and then goes on to hint at the tragedy of his life.]

SALVIATED WITH MERKERY.

Johnson passed his hand over his cold forehead, wrung the damp ends of his hair with his fingers, and went on: "Times when I'm took bad ez I was to-day, the boys about yer sez,—you sez, maybe, Tommy,—it's whiskey. It ain't, Tommy. It's pizen,—quicksilver pizen. That's what's the matter with me. I'm salviated! Salviated with merkery."

"I've heerd o' it before," continued Johnson, appealing to the boy, "and ez a boy o' permiskus reading, I reckon you hev too. Them men as works in Cinnabar sooner or later gets salviated. It's bound to fetch 'em some time. Salviated by merkery."

"What are you goin' to do for it?" asked Tommy.

"When the agint comes up, and I begins to realize on this yer mine," said Johnson, contemplatively, "I goes to New York. I sez to the barkeep' o' the hotel, 'Show me the biggest doctor here.' He shows me. I sez to him, 'Salviated by merkery,—a year's standin',—how much?' He sez, 'Five thousand dollars, and take two o' these pills at bedtime, and an ekil number o' powders at meals, and come back in a week.' And I goes back in a week, cured, and signs a certifikit to that effect."

Encouraged by a look of interest in Tommy's eye, he went on.

"So I gets cured. I goes to the barkeep', and I sez, 'Show me the biggest, fashionbiest house thet's for sale yer.' And he sez, 'The biggest nat'rally b'longs to John Jacob Astor.' And I sez, 'Show him,' and he shows him. And I sez, 'Wot might you ask for this yer house?' And he looks at me scornful, and sez, 'Go way, old man; you must be sick.' And I fetches him one over the left eye, and he apologizes, and I gives him his own price for the house. I stocks that house with mohogany furniture and provisions, and thar we lives,—you and me, Tommy, you and me!"

The sun no longer shone upon the hillside. The shadows of the pines were beginning to creep over Johnson's claim, and the air within the cavern was growing chill. In the gathering darkness his eyes shone brightly as he went on: "Then thar comes a day when we gives a big spread. We invite Govners, members o' Congress, gentlemen o' fashion, and the like. And among 'em I invite a Man as holds his head very high, a Man I once knew; but he doesn't know I knew him, and he doesn't remember me. And he comes and sits opposite me, and I watches him. And he's very airy, this Man, and very chipper, and he wipes his mouth with a white hankkerchief, and he smiles, and he ketches my eye. And he sez, 'A glass o' wine with you, with Mr. Johnson;' and he fills his glass and I fills mine, and we rises. And I heaves that wine, glass and all, right into his damned grinnin' face. And he jumps for me,—for he is very game, this Man, very game,—but some on 'em grabs him, and he sez, 'Who be you?' And I sez, 'Skaggs! damn you, Skaggs! Look at me! Gimme back my wife and child, gimme back the money you stole, gimme back the good name you took away, gimme back the health you ruined, gimme back the last twelve years! Give 'em to me, damn you, quick, before I cuts your heart out!' And naterally, Tommy, he can't do it. And so I cuts his heart out, my boy; I cuts his heart out."

The purely animal fury of his eyes suddenly changed again to cunning. "You thinks they hangs me for it, Tommy, but they don't. Not much, Tommy. I goes to the biggest lawyer there, and I says to him: 'Salviated by merkery,—you hear me,—salviated by merkery.' And he winks at me, and he goes to the Judge, and he sez: 'This yer unfortunet man isn't responsible,—he's been salviated by merkery.' And he brings witnesses; you comes, Tommy, and you sez ez how you've seen me took bad afore; and the doctor, he comes, and he sez as how he's seen me frightful; and the jury, without leavin' their seats, brings in a verdict o' justifiable insanity,—salviated by merkery."

[Tommy goes to get a doctor for his delirious friend, but in the meantime Johnson goes crazy, runs off, plunges into the Stanislus River, and is supposed to be drowned or shot. His quicksilver mine is deeded and willed to Tommy, who thus becomes worth some hundreds of thousands, and is sent off to the East by Yuba Bill to be educated. The departure from Angel's and from San Francisco is thus described:]

It was also characteristic of Angel's that no feeling of envy or opposition to the good fortune of Tommy Islington prevailed there. That he was thoroughly cognizant, from the first, of Johnson's discovery, that his attentions to him were interested, calculated, and speculative was, however, the general belief of the majority,—a belief that, singularly enough, awakened the first feelings of genuine respect for Tommy ever shown by the camp. "He ain't no fool; Yuba Bill seed thet from the first," said the bar-keeper. It was Yuba Bill that applied for the guardianship of Tommy after his accession to Johnson's claim; and on whose bonds the richest men of Calaveras were represented. It was Yuba Bill, also, when Tommy was sent East to finish his education, accompanied him to San Francisco, and, before parting with his charge on the steamer's deck, drew him aside, and said: "Ef at enny time you want enny money, Tommy, over and 'bove your 'lowance, you kin write; but ef you'll take my advice," he added, with a sudden huskiness mitigating the severity of his voice, "you'll forget every derned old spavined, stringhalted bummer as you ever met or knew at Angel's,—ev'ry one, Tommy,—ev'ry one! And so—boy—take care of yourself—and—and—God bless ye, and pertikerly d——n me for a first-class A 1 fool." It was Yuba Bill, also, after this speech, glared savagely around, walked down the crowded gang-plank with a rigid and aggressive shoulder, picked a quarrel with his cabman, and, after bundling that functionary into his own vehicle, took the reins himself, and drove furiously to his hotel. "It cost me," said Bill, recounting the occurrence somewhat later at Angel's,—"it cost me a matter o' $20 afore the Jedge the next mornin'; but you kin bet high that I taught them 'Frisco chaps suthin new about drivin'. I didn't make it lively in Montgomery street for about ten minutes,—O no!"

[We are next introduced to Tommy as Mr. Islington, at Newport or "Greyport," ten years later, wooing and winning Miss Blanche Masterman, the belle of the season, who is the daughter of Johnson and the adopted daughter of Mrs. Skaggs' second husband, whom we are permitted to know as Mr. Masterman, living in a grand villa near the ocean. Meantime Yuba Bill has been married to Blanche's mother as her fourth or fifth husband, and Johnson has been in the California Insane Asylum at Stockton. Nobody but Yuba Bill knows this interesting key to the story, and so at the critical moment, when Blanche is about to accept Tom, and Johnson is about to kill Masterman, we have this scene of]

YUBA BILL AT NEWPORT.

In an arm chair, in the centre of the room, a man sat apparently contemplating a large, stiff, yellow hat with an enormous brim, that was placed on the floor before him. His hands rested lightly between his knees, but one foot was drawn up at the side of his chair in a peculiar manner. In the first glance that Islington gave, the attitude in some odd, irreconcilable way suggested a brake. In another moment he dashed across the room, and, holding out both hands, cried, "Yuba Bill!"

The man rose, caught Islington by the shoulders, wheeled him round, hugged him, felt of his ribs, like a good-natured ogre, shook his hands violently, laughed, and then said, somewhat ruefully, "And how ever did you know me?"

Seeing that Yuba Bill evidently regarded himself as in some elaborate disguise, Islington laughed, and suggested that it must have been instinct.

"And you?" said Bill, holding him at arm's length, and surveying him critically,—"you!—toe think—toe think—a little cuss no higher nor a trace, a boy as I've flicked onter the road with a whip, time in agin, a boy ez never hed much clothes to speak of, turned into a sport!"

Islington remembered, with a thrill of ludicrous terror, that he still wore his evening dress.

"Turned," continued Yuba Bill, severely, "turned into a restyourant waiter,—a garsong! Eh, Alfonse, bring me a patty de foy grass and an omelette, denme!"

"Dear old chap!" said Islington, laughing, and trying to put his hands over Bill's bearded mouth, "but you—you don't look exactly like yourself! You're not well, Bill." And, indeed, as he turned toward the light, Bill's eyes appeared cadaverous, and his hair and beard thickly streaked with gray.

"Maybe it's this yer harness," said Bill, a little anxiously. "When I hitches on this yer curb" (he indicated a massive gold watch-chain with enormous links), "and mounts this 'morning star'" (he pointed to a very large solitaire pin, which had the appearance of blistering his whole shirt front), "it kinder weighs heavy on me, Tommy. Otherwise, I'm all right, my boy, all right." But he evaded Islington's keen eye, and turned from the light.

"You have something to tell me, Bill," said Islington, suddenly, and with almost brusque directness; "out with it."

Bill did not speak, but moved uneasily toward his hat.

"You didn't come 3,000 miles, without a word of warning, to talk to me of old times," said Islington, more kindly, "glad as I would have been to see you. It isn't your way, Bill, and you know it. We shall not be disturbed here," he added, in reply to an inquiring glance that Bill directed to the door, "and I am ready to hear you."

"Firstly, then," said Bill, drawing his chair nearer Islington, "answer me one question, Tommy, fair and square, and up and down."

"Go on," said Islington, with a slight smile.

"If I should say to you, Tommy,—say to you, to-day, right here, you must come with me,—you must leave this place for a month, a year, two years, maybe, perhaps forever,—is there anything that 'ud keep you,—anything, my boy, ez you couldn't leave?"

"No," said Tommy, quietly, "I am only visiting here. I thought of leaving Greyport to-day."

"But if I should say to you, Tommy, come with me on a paesar to Chiny, to Japan, to South Ameriky, 'p'raps, could you?"

"Yes," said Islington, after a slight pause.

"That isn't enything," said Bill, drawing a little closer, and lowering his voice confidentially,—"enything in the way of a young woman—you understand, Tommy—ez would keep you? They're mighty sweet about here; and whether a man is young or old, Tommy, there's always some woman as is brake or whip to him!"

In a certain excited bitterness that characterized the delivery of this abstract truth, Bill did not see that the young man's face flushed slightly as he answered "No."

"Then listen. It's seven years ago, Tommy, that I was working one o' the Pioneer coaches over from Gold Hill. Ez I stood in front o' the stage-office, the Sheriff o' the County comes to me, and he sez, 'Bill,' sez he, 'I've got a looney chap, as I'm in charge of taking 'im down to the 'sylum in Stockton. He's quiet and peaceable, but the insides don't like to ride with him. Hev you enny objection to give him a lift on the box beside you?' I sez, 'No; put him up.' When I came to go and get up on that box beside him, that man, Tommy,—that man sittin' there, quiet and peaceable, was—Johnson!

"He didn't know me, my boy," Yuba Bill continued, rising and putting his hands on Tommy's shoulders,—"he didn't know me. He didn't know nothing about you, nor Angel's, nor the quicksilver lode, nor even his own name. He said his name was Skaggs, but I knowed it was Johnson. Thar was times, Tommy, you might have knocked me off that box with a feather; thar was times when if the twenty-seven passengers o' that stage hed found theirselves swimming in the American River five hundred feet below the road, I never could have explained it satisfactorily to the company,—never."

"The Sheriff said," Bill continued hastily, as if to preclude any interruption from the young man—"the Sheriff said he had been brought into Murphy's Camp, three years before, dripping with water, and sufferin' with perkussion of the brain, and had been cared for generally by the boys round. When I told the Sheriff I knowed 'im, I got him to leave him in my care; and I took him to 'Frisco, Tommy, to 'Frisco, and I put him in charge o' the best doctors there, and paid his board myself. There was nothin' he didn't have ez he wanted. Don't look that way, my dear boy, for God's sake, don't!"

"O, Bill," said Islington, rising and staggering to the window, "why did you keep this from me?"

"Why?" said Bill, turning on him savagely,—"why? because I warn't a fool. Thar was you, winnin' your way in college; thar was you, risin' in the world, and of some account to it; yer was an old bummer, ez good ez dead to it,—a man ez oughter been dead afore a man ez never denied it! But you allus liked him better nor me," said Bill, bitterly.

"Forgive me, Bill," said the young man, seizing both his hands. "I know you did it for the best; but go on."

"Thar ain't much more to tell, nor much use to tell it, as I can see," said Bill, moodily. "He never could be cured the doctor said, for he had what they called monomania,—was always talking about his wife and darter that somebody had stole away years ago, and plannin' revenge on that somebody. And six months ago he was missed. I tracked him to Carson, to Salt Lake City, to Omaha, to Chicago, to New York,—and here!"

"Here!" echoed Islington.

"Here! And that's what brings me here today. Whether he's crazy or well, whether he's huntin' you or looking up that other man, you must get away from here. You mustn't see him. You and me, Tommy, will go away on a cruise. In three or four years he'll be dead or missing, and then we'll come back. Come." And he rose to his feet.

"Bill," said Islington, rising also, and taking the hand of his friend, with the same quiet obstinacy that in the old days had endeared him to Bill, "wherever he is, here or elsewhere, sane or crazy, I shall seek and find him. Every dollar that I have shall be his, every dollar that I have spent shall be returned to him. I am young yet, thank God, and can work; and if there is a way out of this miserable business, I shall find it."

"I knew," said Bill, with a surliness that ill concealed his evident admiration of the calm figure before him,—"I knew the partikler style of d—n fool that you was, and expected no better. Good-bye, then—God Almighty! who's that?"

He was on his way to the open French window, but had started back, his face quite white and bloodless, and his eyes staring. Islington ran to the window, and looked out. A white skirt vanished around the corner of the veranda. When he returned, Bill had dropped into a chair.

"It must have been Miss Masterman, I think; but what's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Bill, faintly; "have you got any whiskey handy?"

[It was Blanche, whose resemblance to her mother, his "she-devil" of a wife, has overcome the sensitive nerves of Bill. She has overheard the conversation, and, captivated by the self-denying and melodramatic generosity of Tom, she accepts him on the spot. But in communicating the news to her adopted pa, she comes very near seeing him cut to pieces by the infuriated Johnson with a long knife. Nothing but the indispensable Bill saves the poor millionaire, in manner and form following, to wit, and this ends the story.]

JOHNSON CARRIED TO THE SKIES.

It was the figure of an old man, with rolling eyes, his trembling hand grasping a long, keen knife,—a figure more pitiable than pitiless, more pathetic than terrible. But the next moment the knife was stricken from his hand, and he struggled in the firm grasp of another figure that apparently sprang from the wall beside him.

"D—n you, Masterman!" cried the old man, hoarsely; "give me fair play, and I'll kill you yet!"

"Which my name is Yuba Bill," said Bill, quietly, "and it's time this d—n fooling was stopped."

The old man glared in Bill's face savagely. "I know you. You're one of Masterman's friends,—d—n you—let me go till I cut his heart out,—let me go! Where is my Mary?—where is my wife?—there she is! there!—there! there! Mary!" He would have screamed, but Bill placed his powerful hand upon his mouth, and he turned in the direction of the old man's glance. Distinct in the moon-light the figures of Islington and Blanche, arm in arm, stood out upon the garden path.

"Give me my wife!" muttered the old man, hoarsely, between Bill's fingers. "Where is she?"

A sudden fury passed over Yuba Bill's face. "Where is your wife?" he echoed, pressing the old man back against the garden wall, and holding him there as in a vice. "Where is your wife?" he repeated, thrusting his grim, sardonic jaw and savage eyes into the old man's frightened face. "Where is Jack Adams' wife? Where is *my* wife? Where is the she-devil that drove one man mad, that sent another to hell by his own hand, that eternally broke and ruined me? Where! Where! Do you ask where? In jail in Sacramento,—in jail, do you hear?—in jail for murder, Johnson,—murder."

The old man gasped, stiffened, and then, relaxing, suddenly slipped, a mere inanimate mass, at Yuba Bill's feet. With a sudden revulsion of feeling, Yuba Bill dropped at his side, and, lifting him tenderly in his arms, whispered, "Look up, old man, Johnson! look up, for God's sake! it's me,—Yuba Bill, and yonder is your daughter, and—Tommy!—don't you know—Tommy, little Tommy Islington?"

Johnson's eyes slowly opened. He whispered, "Tommy! yes, Tommy! Sit by me, Tommy. But don't sit so near the bank. Don't you see how the river is rising and beckoning to me,—hissing and boilin' over the rocks? It's gittin' higher!—hold me Tommy,—hold me, and don't let me go yet. We'll live to cut his heart out, Tommy,—we'll live—we'll——" His head sank, and the rushing river, invisible to all eyes save his, leaped toward him out of darkness, and bore him away, no longer to the darkness, but through it, to the distant, peaceful, shining sea.

HUMOR.

Joint education—Gymnastics.

—Guilt frames—Prison windows.

—Nature's tailoring—A potato patch.

—In tents excitement—Panic in a circus.

—Pies that suit the Celestials—Pup pies.

—The condiment for late dinners—Ketch-up.

—When a man's necktie is untied, how untidy he looks!

—It is strange that so much coal should be found when it is constantly sought "in vein."

—People who sell hay do business on a "large scale."

—It is not considered civil to ask a milkman for a piece of chalk.

—"Doctor, is tight-lacing injurious?" "Of cors-et is, madame."

—Why is the letter Y like a young lady? Because it makes pa pay.

—The worst kind of education—To be brought up by a policeman.

—A kangaroo is a curious chap: when its wide awake its leaping.

—The Phœnix was raised in a hot bed, and that's what made him soar.

—A blacksmith can not only shoe a horse himself, but he can make a horse-shoe.

—"The Pacific Slope"—The Quaker Peace Commissioners running from the Indians.

—In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure? In the case of a watch.

—One style of bonnet is called the "Mansard," because it takes a great deal of a "man's hard" earnings to pay for one of 'em.

—It is strange that when a man does not desire to give up a building whose lease has run out, he releases it if he can.

—"Meet me at the gate, love," has been changed to "Meet me at the grate, love." The cool weather has necessitated the change.

—A little girl at Dubuque amended the Lord's Prayer by asking for "her daily ginger-bread."

—When a naughty little boy breaks a window, he should be punished, on the principle that panes and penalties go together.

—This is the affecting epitaph on a deceased Rock Island Captain's tombstone: "He's done a-catching cod, and gone to meet his God."

—When Jonah's fellow-passengers pitched him overboard they evidently regarded him as neither prophet nor loss.

—Does it not seem to be strange that the public should find their coal *more* when the owners have all agreed to coalesce?

—The Hartford *Times* tells of a gentleman in that city who, on getting a glass of soda, was retiring from the store without the usual little ceremony which follows that operation. "Recollect," said the polite proprietor, "if you lose your pocket-book, you didn't pull it out here."

—"Discontented Wife."—Whether you can safely sweeten your husband's coffee with sugar of lead will depend a good deal on the intimacy of your acquaintance with the attending physician.

—It is stated as a bovinological fact that the milk of a young cow is apt to be foaming. Which is highly probable, as the creature is naturally heifervescent.

—The reason an urchin gave for being late at school, Monday, was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing-down with a bed-cord, and he waited to hear him howl.

—Our literary critic says there couldn't be a more appropriate title for a recent novel than "A Capital Investment," because, like the best advertised railway bonds, it has a crude interest.

—A New York minister, preaching the funeral sermon of a famous skater, the other day, said he had "gone where there is no ice." That was capable of very serious interpretation.

—M. Guizot is very old, and a lover of the fine arts. Latterly he visited a Venus, beautifully sculptured, and the guide, to flatter the ex-statesman, remarked that the artist was over 80 years of age. "What a *memory* he must possess," replied Guizot.

—Some time since a young minister, wishing to impress his Sabbath-school with the dignity of life by reference to the fact that men had souls while ordinary animals have none. Striking an attitude, he asked, "Now, children, what is the great difference between a monkey and a boy?" "The tail, the tail, the tail," came from all parts of the house, and the minister was satisfied.

The Art of Conversation.—Big Mr. Hawkins (sententiously): "Do you know, Mr. Jawkins, it has often struck me that one man's food may be another man's poison?" Little Mr. Jawkins (more sententiously): "Well, I won't go so far as to say that, Mr. Hawkins. But I am certainly of opinion that what may prove eminently beneficial to the health—a—of one individual—a—may prove extremely detrimental, and, indeed, absolutely fatal to another individual—a—differently constituted—a!"

—A young boy attending a mixed school of Paducah writes to us complaining of the partiality which the teacher shows the girls. In conclusion he says: "But, thank the Lord, if they do crowd us out from the stove, and play 'blind man's buff' with the teacher in recess, they can't ride bare-back on a horse, nor play leap-frog, nor wear breeches, nor make dogs fight, nor throw rocks at cats, nor go in swimming, nor smoke and chaw; can they?" On reflection, we rather think our young correspondent is mistaken. We have seen girls who, we believe, can do all these things; but one thing they *can't* do. They can't stand on their heads where boys are.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

GIRLS! PASS ALONG!

PARAPHRASED FROM BERANGER BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Bless me! what a rosy row
Of girls at me their glances throw,
As they gayly come and go,
The light coquettish throng!
Can't the darlings hear me say,
"I have had my youthful day;
Now, I put such things away"?
Girls! pass along!

Ah, my Zoe! pray desist!
Sooth, I care not to be kissed;
Ask your mother if I list
To Cupid's siren songs?
She—but that is *entre nous*—
Knows what Love and I can do;
Her advice you'd best pursue—
Girls! pass along!

Laura! you would hardly guess
How your grandma used to press
Lips of mine;—well—I confess—
We didn't think it wrong;
Look! she's coming! tempt me not
In gay saloon or shady grot;
Girls! pass along!

You smiling too! you naughty Rose!
I wonder now if you suppose
You're not aware what sort of beaux
Around your beauty throng!
I know the husband-hunting crew,
And all the pretty tricks they do;
I'm old, but much too young for you!
Girls! pass along!

Away—away!—you madcaps!—fly—
Your roguish arts why will you try
To blind a graybeard—such as I—
With Cupid's slender thong?
Yet, like a powder-magazine,
My heart from flying sparks I screen,—
The sparks that shoot from wanton e'en,—
Girls! pass along!

A DAY-DREAM.

In a long-forgotten packet,
Tied up with a silken band,
I found it: only a letter,
Traced in a girlish hand.
I read it over and over,
Ah, me! as I did before,
In the days that were full of sunlight,—
The days that are no more.

I dreamed of a golden summer,
Far back in a joyous time,
When every day was a poem,
And every hour a rhyme.
There came a fragrance of roses,
And lilacs, and mignonette,
And a sound of sylvan music,
And the eyes that are with me yet.

A flood of purple sunset
In scintillant glory came,
Till the deep old forest kindled
And burned like a field of flame.
There came a girlish figure,
With billows of floating hair;
And she bent her face above me,—
An angel over my chair!

I saw it all in a moment,
While I held the crumpled sheet;
And then, as the vision faded,
The long, gray city street,
With its hateful rush and clamor,
Came back to my weary eyes;
Ah, still the fruitless struggle!
Ah, still the worthless prize!

THEO. CARPENTER.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20, 1872.

A Grateful Cat.

A cat in a Swiss cottage had taken poison, and came in a pitiful state of pain to seek its mistress' help. The fever and heat were so great that it dipped its own paws into a pan of water, an almost unheard-of proceeding in a water-hating cat. She wrapped it in wet linen, fed it with gruel, nursed it and doctored it all the day and night after. It recovered, and could not find ways enough to show its gratitude. One evening she had gone up stairs to bed, when a mew at at the window roused her. She got up and opened it, and found the cat, which had climbed a pear tree nailed against the house, with a mouse in its mouth. This it laid as an offering at its mistress' feet and went away. For above a year it continued to bring these tributes to her. Even when it had kittens they were not allowed to touch this reserved share, and if they attempted to eat it the mother gave them a little tap, "That is not for thee." After awhile, however, the mistress accepted the gift, thanked the giver with a pleased look, and restored the mouse, when the cat permitted her children to take the prey which had served its purpose in her eyes. Here was a refined feeling of gratitude remembered for months after, quite disinterested, and placed above the natural instincts (always strong in a cat) toward her own offspring.—*Good Words.*

Episcopal Cathedral in New York.

A New York letter says: "The suggestion thrown out by Bishop Potter a few weeks ago for the erection of an Episcopal Cathedral in this city is favorably received by the members of the various Episcopal churches. The Bishop said that every effort was being made for the immediate erection of the contemplated structure. The various committees will be perfected in a short time, and the edifice will be as costly as the Fifth Avenue Cathedral. Already a number of wealthy Episcopalians have promised to become liberal subscribers, and subscription lists will be opened at the principal banks. In connection with the Cathedral it is also proposed to found a college for the training of young men wishing to enter holy orders, and a music school, in order that the services may be carried out in true cathedral style. As soon as the preliminary arrangements are completed a public meeting will be called."

Trick on an Engineer.

From the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Eagle.

One night last week a Hudson River Railroad engineer, while going north with his train at lightning speed, suddenly observed a man on the track. He blew his whistle several times as a signal for danger, but he didn't move. In vain he endeavored to stop the train; it was too late. The engine struck the man with full force, completely annihilating him. The man was made of snow, and was placed on the track by a joker. An attempt had previously been made to play the same trick on another engineer, but he detected the cheat by the whiteness of the effigy. The last one, however, after being placed on the track, was blackened with soot from a locomotive smoke stack.

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C. G. COLLINS,
BOYS' CLOTHING,
184 AND 186 CLARK-ST.

The Chicago Tribune.

Sunday Morning, December 29, 1872.

SUPPRESSION OF THE NEW ORLEANS TIMES.

We have received the first copy of the *Times*, of New Orleans, the successor of the New Orleans *Times*, recently suppressed by Judge Durell. The facts regarding the suppression, as stated by the *Times*, make out a case of high-handed tyranny which it would be hard to find a parallel for. It appears that one J. H. McKee had a claim of some sort against Mr. C. A. Weed, the proprietor of the *Times*, for $1,500. No demand had been made upon Weed for the money; but McKee went before the United States District Court, filed his claim, instituted proceedings in bankruptcy against Weed, and swore that the latter was about to conceal his property and depart the jurisdiction of the Court. Upon this *ex parte* statement, Durell ordered the seizure of the *Times*, and the closing of the establishment. McKee is a tool of the Kellogg-Durell faction in politics. The *Times* was not only free from all liabilities and encumbrances, but was doing a very large and lucrative business, employing over 100 persons, and disbursing $4,000 per week in wages. The order of the Judge not only destroyed for the time being Mr. Weed's property, but locked up the accrued wages of the printers and other employes, and threw them out of employment. If this is a correct statement (and we have seen no other), a more dastardly outrage was never committed by any judicial tyrant of the seventeenth century.

We do not believe, present appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, that the American people will tolerate this transaction, or will allow this Judge, who has exchanged the livery of the Southern Confederacy for the ermine of the United States, to go unwhipped of justice. Judge Barnard, in his palmiest days, never attempted anything so monstrous, and if he, with all his cunning, was not beyond the reach of public indignation, his clumsy imitator at New Orleans will surely be brought to the bar of a tribunal competent to deal with him. A portion of the Administration press have already protested against the villainy, and more of them will probably do so when they learn the facts. The regular bread-and-butter brigade either indorse everything the Durell does, or stand in a state of hopeless imbecility waiting to see what Attorney General Williams will say, or what the President will do, or what the Delphic oracle or the Sibylline leaves will have to utter. We trust that there is manhood enough left somewhere in the House of Representatives to move the impeachment of Durell immediately upon the reassembling of Congress.

A BIG LAWSUIT.

In yesterday's TRIBUNE was printed the material portion of the bill of the heirs of John Bostwick for the recovery of the tracts of land known as the southwest ¼ of Section 14, Township 38, and the west ½ of the southwest ¼ of Section 3, in the same township. These lands are situated in the immediate vicinity of the South Parks, the boulevard connecting the two parks including the northeast corner of the first named tract; the second tract is situated just west of the North Park. The land in both pieces has been laid off in blocks and lots. The southwest ¼ of Section 14 is bounded at present by Fifty-ninth street on the north, Woodlawn avenue on the east, Sixty-third street on the south, and Cottage Grove avenue on the west. The west ½ of the southwest ¼ of Section 3 is bounded by Wabash and Indiana avenues and Forty-third and Forty-sixth streets. The eighty acre tract is worth perhaps $100 per front foot, while the 160 acre tract is worth about $3,500 per acre. The actual value of the land as it now stands will range from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000, and is every day increasing in value. A portion of it has been included, as we have said, in the grand boulevard connecting the two parks. The case derives its chief interest to the public from the fact that it is the first real estate case of any magnitude arising since the destruction of the public records.

The history of this land, as stated by the complainants, is as follows: John Bostwick died in Chicago on the 13th of September, 1855, at the house of B. F. Downing. He was a man of considerable wealth, and had resided in Upper Alton, Madison County, Illinois, since 1834. He had, as long ago as 1835, built a large family residence at that place, upon which and the grounds he had spared no expense. He had established in his own house a seminary for the education of his own children, maintaining a force of teachers for that purpose, and generously permitting his neighbors to share in the advantages. He was widely known because of his hospitality and his enterprise. He dealt largely in lands in various parts of the State, and in the spring of 1855 he visited Chicago. Here he made the acquaintance of Paul Cornell and Benjamin F. Downing, who were in the real estate business. When he came to Chicago he was in robust health, and of powerful frame; but during that summer he fell through the hatchway of a steamboat, (where or when is not stated), and thence his health declined. Some time in August he went, or was taken, to the house of Downing to board. A message was sent to his wife, then at Upper Alton, and she reached Chicago with her father, on the 20th of August. She found him paralyzed, and daily he grew worse, and died on the 12th of September following. She alleges that during this time he frequently endeavored to communicate information to her about his business, making reference to papers, but was physically unable to do so. After his death, Downing presented a bill for the board and attendance on Bostwick, and for the board of Mrs. B. and her father, amounting to $75, upon which was a credit, leaving a balance due him of $49.60. This bill Mr. Higham, father of Mr. Bostwick, paid to Downing, Oct. 15. When Bostwick died, the body was taken by his wife and her father to Upper Alton, and Higham returned to Chicago to take charge of his effects. Paul Cornell had been interested in some dealings with Bostwick, and furnished the coffin, and, when Higham returned to Chicago, Cornell presented his bill. At this time it was known that Bostwick had purchased, and was in possession of, the 80 acres in Section 3, and had fenced and improved the same; but, owing to his illness, he had not paid certain bills for lumber, posts, grading, etc., amounting to $1,636, and also $2,600 of the purchase money. It is alleged that Cornell and Downing, suppressing the substantial facts of the ownership of this 80 acres, and especially the papers relating thereto, represented the interest of Bostwick to be of little value, and sold it to Ralston B. Palmer for $5,000, paying out of the proceeds the bills for improvements, Cornell's bills for legal services, Downing's commissions for making the sale, and Cornell's bill for the coffin, &c. The rest of the money and notes was $240, of which Cornell gave Higham $150. This was on the 15th of October, 1855, and, from that date until the summer of 1872, none of the plaintiffs had any information of the real interests of Bostwick in Chicago, nor had they any notice or knowledge of any of the proceedings in relation thereto that have taken place since then, though during the whole time they have resided in the family mansion at Upper Alton, in this State. They now claim that the real facts of the case are as follows:

That on May 1, 1855, John Bostwick purchased the southwest ¼ of Section 14 of Mark Skinner, for the sum of $16,000, or $100 an acre; that he paid $2,000 cash, giving bond and mortgage, payable in five years with interest included in the notes, that is to say, $1,000 a year for four years, and $15,000 in five years. That he had, on the 5th of June, 1855, purchased of David Hess the 80 acres in Section 3, for the sum of $24,000, to be paid according to the terms of a written contract then executed and delivered by Hess to Bostwick. It is charged that $500 was paid in cash on signing the contract, and a note for $2,500, payable in four months, and bearing interest at 1 per cent a month, was also delivered; the remaining $21,000 to be paid in instalments running through several years. That said Bostwick took immediate possession, fencing and improving the said 80 acres. They allege that Bostwick, between the 5th of June and the day of his death, in September, was offered $24,000 for one-half of this 80 acres, and refused, insisting that it was then worth $80,000.

They further allege that they have discovered that on the 17th of November, 1855, one month after the settlement with Higham, Downing, Cornell, Palmer, Lewis W. Stone, Benjamin F. Smith, David Hess, and others, petitioned the County Court for letters of administration on the estate of John Bostwick; stating that Bostwick, when living, was a resident of Cook County; that he had left property consisting of lands; that he was indebted to Downing for his bill for board; that Downing swore to the truth of his petition; that letters of administration were issued to him, Paul Cornell and Lewis W. Stone becoming his sureties. It is further recited that Downing filed an inventory of the real estate owned by Bostwick, including therein the 160 acres in Section 14, and the 80 acres in Section 3. He also filed a statement that the 160 acres was subject to an agreement to sell one-half the same to Paul Cornell. They described the title of the 80 acres to be an agreement upon the part of Hess to sell the same to Bostwick, provided he paid $500 cash, and paid $2,600 in four months; which $2,600 was not paid, Bostwick having died in the interval. Downing filed his bill for board for $36.50; Paul Cornell a bill for $108.55, and S. S. Greely for $40, which bills were allowed and ordered to be paid. No mention is made of any money received from Palmer under the alleged sale to him. In March, 1856, Downing, as administrator, petitioned the Court, and obtained an order of sale of the real estate of Bostwick, to pay debts, alleging in said petition that Bostwick had resided in Cook County, "and causing it to appear to the Court that there were minor heirs of said deceased, whose names were unknown, having no legal guardian residing in this State." On the 22d of April, 1856, Downing, as administrator, sold the interest of Bostwick in the 160 acres for $50, to Paul Cornell, and the 80 acres to Ralston B. Palmer, for $50. On the 7th of May, the report of sales was confirmed by the Court. Before the sale, or the confirmation thereof, Downing had executed to Palmer and Cornell deeds for the property subsequently sold by him, reciting the consideration to be $50 in each case. Cornell at once took possession of the 160 acres and Palmer of the 80 acres. The plaintiffs allege that all these proceedings, sales, transfers, etc., are void, because false and fraudulent in every respect. What adds to the complication of this case is, that all the original papers of the County Court and all the original records were destroyed by the fire in October, 1871, and the case will have to be contested upon evidence other than the original papers. The children of the deceased Botwick were all minors at the time of their father's death, with the exception of one married daughter.

This is the case as stated by the complainants. The defendants, of course, have their answer to make. The property in question has changed hands many times since the decease of Bostwick, and the abstracts of title have passed under the review of nearly all the lawyers of the city. This fact, in the absence of the records, makes a *prima facie* case against the new claimants.

THE BRITISH POST OFFICE.

The Post Office Blue Book of England, recently issued, contains some very interesting statements and statistics, and is a model of brevity and conciseness, being only a slim little book of 62 pages, which can be read and digested without danger to the shakiest heads,—a merit which might be imitated with profit in our own Governmental publications. The Postmaster General, in his little book, says that, during the year 1871, the separate transactions which his Department effected with the public, at home and abroad, amounted to upwards of 1,216,700,000; that is to say, an average of 38 missives passed through the Post Office to every man, woman, and child, including babies, in Great Britain and Ireland. The detailed items are as follows: Letters, 915,000,000; postal cards, 75,000,000; book packets, 103,000,000; newspapers, 99,000,000; money orders, 12,000,000; telegrams, 12,700,000. In addition to this very handsome fetch and carry, the Postmaster General, by the help of his 38,000 subordinates, issued 1,008,000 excise licenses, established life insurances for 758 new clients, and took care in the Post Office Savings Bank of $85,000,000 of money of 1,300,000 separate depositors. The Missing Letter Department opens a curious chapter, and shows that every year there is about the same number of absent-minded people who send letters without any address, make mistakes in the addresses, or violate such plain postal rules as make delivery impossible. During 1871, 15,000 letters were mailed without any directions, some of them containing coins, and others bank notes and various kinds of treasure. There were also the usual number of strange inclosures—live silk-worms, mice, lizards, and tortoises. One eccentric old gentleman wrote to the Department complaining of a Postmaster who had declined to carry a live snake. The feelings of the naturalist were respected, and as it was found that the snake was a pet, the animal was ordered delivered by a special messenger. In regard to punctuality and vigilance of delivery, the Postmaster General plumes himself somewhat upon the following incident:

> Although the non-delivery of letters and other postal packets gives rise, as may be supposed, to many complaints, in some of which, as I have frankly admitted, the Department is found to be in fault, we have occasionally the pleasure of receiving testimony of a very different kind; as shown by the subjoined extract from a letter, last September, from an American gentleman: "Having recently arrived in England, and not knowing the present whereabouts of a sister, I addressed a letter to her late residence thus:
>
> 'Upper Norwood,
> Or elsewhere.'
>
> I received a reply, in ordinary course of mail, saying it had been delivered to her on the top of a stage-coach in Wales. I venture to say that no other country can show the parallel, or would take the trouble at any price."

The most interesting features connected with the working of the Postal Telegraph during the year is the fact that it has popularized the telegraph, and that people now receive and send messages on occasions which in former days would not have been deemed worthy of any such outlay. The Parliamentary elections, agricultural shows, strikes, boat-races, military reviews, etc., also are made special features of telegraphing. The labor question is incidentally touched upon, and on this question the authority of a man at the head of such an army of workers should have special weight. He says:

> Where large numbers of persons are employed with full work and fair supervision, the admixture of the sexes involves no risk, but it is highly beneficial. It raises the tone of the male staff by confining them during many hours of the day to a decency of conversation and demeanor which is not always to be found where men alone are employed. Further, it is matter of experience that the male clerks are more willing to help the female clerks with their work than to help each other; and that, on many occasions, pressure of business is met and difficulty overcome through this willingness and cordial co-operation.

As a business institution, the British Post Office is royally remunerative. The gross revenue of the Post Office for 1871 amounted to £4,880,000, leaving a net revenue of more than £1,250,000, or $6,250,000, a profit of 25 per cent, which would be considered satisfactory in most any branch of mercantile business.

HOMER VINDICATED.

The researches of Dr. Henry Schliemann, the German savant, in Asia Minor, already promise to establish a great historical fact and, to confirm the truth of the grand Homeric poem. Travellers and archæologists for years have disputed over the location of Troy, and of late years it has come to be very generally accepted that Troy is a myth, existing only in the imagination of the poet, and that the heroes of the Trojan war, who for ten years defied the united arms of all Greece, were but pictures drawn by the fancy of the wandering bard, as he travelled from city to city. There have been those, however, who have been unwilling to surrender to the Trojan iconoclasts, and have clung tenaciously to the heroes and heroines who love, and plot, and fight in the Homeric page. If they have not believed that the fair, frail Helen was so unkind to her royal spouse, Menelaus, as to defend her conduct with the gay young Paris by laying down the duties of "Un mari sage" after the Offenbachian version, still they have been loth to give up the story that the Spartan beauty eloped with Paris, and hence

> Achilles wrath, to Greece the direful spring
> Of woes unnumbered.

To Dr. Schlieman belongs the credit of having rescued from the realms of fiction not only Helen and Paris, but Achilles, the great Thessalian Captain; Agamemnon, commander of the Greeks; the venerable Priam; Hector, the bold warrior; and Andromache, the mournful maiden, who from Priam's tower saw the champion of Ilion go down before the wrathful Achilles. We can now believe with some degree of confidence in that remarkable banding together of the Argives, the Neleids, the Bœotians and Thessalians, to revenge the insult to the King of Sparta; the tedious ten years' siege; the furious quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, by which the Greeks were driven back to the sea; the reconciliation of the two chieftains; the episode of the wooden horse, which has pointed so many morals for suspicious persons; and the final victory, sacking, and destruction of the city, which form the staple of the Post Homerica; and the Cyclic poems, from which Virgil in turn borrowed his hero Æneas, "Trojæ qui primus ab oris." Dr. Schliemann has invested the entire Homeric story with an air of probability by the discovery of the site of the ancient city, in the plain between the Simois and the Scamander, where the tides of battle raged so furiously year after year. The geographical clearness of the great bard has been verified. Dr. Schliemann first satisfied himself that the plateau at the bend of the Scamander near the village of Brunabashi, which has usually been accepted as the sight of the Pergamus of Priam, could not be the locality, and then turned his attention to a plateau, several miles north of Brunabashi, which was admirably adapted for the site of a large city. He made his first excavations in 1870, and discovered some rich remains of architecture and pottery, which convinced him that he was on the right track. He at once made elaborate preparations for excavating, and his labors during 1871 and 1872 have been crowned with remarkable success. His cuttings have revealed to him ruins of different ages in regular strata. Those of historic times he found about seven feet below the surface. At the depth of fifteen feet, he found calcined ruins, showing that, for many years preceding the historic era, wooden houses were used. At a depth of fourteen to twenty-four feet, he came upon stone implements and fragments of pottery, the houses being made of small stones joined together with clay, showing that the inhabitants were Aryans. His later operations, conducted in June last, which form the staple of an exceedingly interesting letter to the New York *Herald*, brought him to the ancient city. Beneath the houses of clay and stone, he struck another strata of rubbish, and came upon houses of unburnt brick, and implements and weapons of copper. Below this stratum, he unearthed huge blocks of stone. Working his way slowly through the rubbish, he came upon a magnificent bas-relief, representing Apollo, with an inscription of the time of the Roman Emperor, Antoninus Pius. Still deeper, he found a wall seven feet in thickness and ten in height, built of large stones joined with clay, which he thinks is either the substructure of some Trojan temple or the wall of circumvallation, which Homer says was thrown up by Neptune and Apollo. Continuing his researches, he at last came upon a colossal structure of solid masonry, forty feet in thickness and twenty feet in height, built upon the primitive rock, which the Doctor conjectures may have been one of the towers on the walls of Troy, and possibly that from which Andromache saw the death of Hector. It is so different in character and structure from anything in the ruins above it, that there can be no doubt it belongs to the age of tradition. Among these ruins he found several live toads, whom the Doctor believes to be contemporaries of Helen and Andromache, and whom he regarded with profound interest on that account. Doubtless, the good Doctor implored them to tell him something about that ten years' siege, which they had witnessed. How funny seems the hand-span of man compared with these old venerable old croakers of mythology, who hopped about in the gardens of Helen 3,000 years ago! In the rubbish immediately above the ancient city, he found pottery of many varieties and great beauty, closely resembling the Etruscan terra-cottas, copper nails, lamps, and urns, the workmanship of which indicates a people of higher civilization than the races which successively built over the site of Troy. An emblem resembling the cross, with the ends crotcheted at right angles with the limbs, was found upon nearly all the pottery, and also the sun, both of which are well-known emblems of the Aryan race. The ruins found in the various strata would seem to indicate that the race following the ancient Trojans was Aryan, in a high state of civilization. Then followed numerous other races, each being less and less civilized, and finally at the surface appear clear traces of Greek occupation.

The paper on "Troy," in *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, concludes thus: "Upon the whole, it does not seem at all likely that the exact site of Troy ever will be ascertained, unless, perhaps, a systematic excavation of the plateau above Burnabashi, vigorously prosecuted by some of the European Governments, should lead to the disentombment of some old stone witnesses, by which the men who held kingly rule in this district at the time of Saul and David may yet speak an intelligent word to the nineteenth century, as strange things, and no less hopeless, certainly have occurred." The suggestion made in the *Encyclopædia* has been followed sooner than any one expected. The "plateau above Burnabashi" has been excavated by the enterprise and from the private fortunes of one man, and the stone witnesses are already telling their eloquent story to the men of the nineteenth century. Dr. Schliemann has devoted much time and money in making these excavations, and now appeals for help. He deserves that help. He has discovered the great City of Troy just where Homer located it, and he has found the evidences that it was destroyed by fire, as is stated in the Post Homeric poems, in addition to numerous archæological facts of the highest importance. His industry and skill should be rewarded by furnishing him liberal means to go on with his work.

MARRYING BY ADVERTISEMENT.

It will probably be admitted that matches are no longer made in Heaven. It was a pretty conceit, and the proverb into which it passed gave it a more lasting character than it deserved. Civil contracts in France, proscriptive laws in Germany, the evils of primogeniture in England, and manœuvering mammas in America, should long since have created a distrust of the sentiment, even among the most romantic persons. But, if there is any lingering faith among newly-betrothed people, or couples who are still engaged in exploring the mysterious realms of *la lune de miel*, the continued prosperity of the *Matrimonial News*, which is published in London as the organ of a regular matrimonial bureau, must put it to flight. The god Hymen has made room for the printer's devil, who now serves in the capacity of love's messenger for 350 matrimonial candidates every week. The *Matrimonial News* is not a new venture. It has been in existence a couple of years, and, as it has not yet been brought low with charges of malpractice, libel, or black-mail, and as it continues to present a full assortment of marriageable people of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions, it is only fair to assume that it has filled a vacuum, and is doing its work well

Though the practice of obtaining husbands or wives by advertising is one which may shock those who have not been educated up, or down, to it, it has some obvious advantages over the forms recognized more generally by society. To begin with, it is cheap. The most elaborate attractions may be described for the sum of twenty-five cents, if they are properly condensed into forty words. All difficulties which may trouble the minds of the matrimonially-inclined are solved in the columns of the paper *pro bono publico* and without extra charge. Twelve stamps will secure a private letter, and a dollar and a quarter a personal interview. If marriage results from this process, a moderate fee of $1.25 more is charged. The total expense of securing a wife (or husband) by this process, then, may be included in the investment of three dollars; or, if the applicant be particularly fastidious and desire to examine various candidates, the expense will be represented by a multiple of that sum, according to the extent of the investigation. Compared to the routine of fashionable courtship, this is an exceedingly economical process of getting married. It dispenses with a protracted term of expenses,—including theatre and opera tickets, carriage hire, extra gas-bills for late hours, bouquets, conciliatory presents to relatives, and the thousand-and-one ante-nuptial offerings that are rigorously demanded by society. There is no giving of the mitten in the new process, and consequently never a dead loss of the investment of a couple of years' hard earnings only to see some other fellow carry off the prize. Yet there is the stimulant of competition, for an attractive advertisement may call forth a platoon of admirers, whose specimens of chirography, grammatical constructions, miniature presentments in photography, and bank accounts are duly submitted for comparison.

The *Matrimonial News* is by no means the organ of the lower classes, if its advertisements are to be accepted for what they purport to be. A recent number shows that among the applicants for wives in this fashion are two noblemen, two Colonels, a member of three learned societies, several barristers, physicians, missionaries, country squires, county magistrates, army and navy officers. Among the applicants for husbands are two heiresses, entitled to large property when they come of age, a French lady of noble birth, and two English titled ladies, one of whom has a jointure of £3,000 per annum. A large number of both sexes describe accomplishments in education, good breeding, excellent family, and fortunes ranging all the way from £50 to £350 per annum, and from £500 to £5,000 cash down. Yet the demands for money qualifications are by no means so numerous as might have been expected. Out of about 200 applications, not more than twenty made it a necessary qualification. Naturally, a younger son, who describes himself as "aged 29, fair, 5 ft. 10 in., has *entree* to the best society, travelled a good deal, domestic, fond of country life, is a good shot, and rides well," advertises that "he requires a wife of means." So many male accomplishments certainly deserve to be furnished with sufficient means to indulge the exquisite tastes they entail. On the other hand, a clergyman desires to form the acquaintance of "a young, pretty, well-educated lady," and adds that "money, though an advantage, is not an essential." One lady even goes so far as to proclaim that "though poor, and not without faults, she is not to be bought with money." It is positively astounding, however, to read of "an heiress of a noble family, aged 24, fair, very handsome, with £720 a year from large landed estates, who is a splendid pianist and harpist, speaks French and Italian, and rides and drives," and yet advertises for a husband, even though she limits responses to gentlemen of good birth.

It is not impossible to conceive that both men and women, matrimonially inclined, who live in so large a city as London, where the circle of individual associations is exceedingly limited, should seek the *Matrimonial News*, and find there a better chance for selection than at home. On the score of taste, there does not seem to be as much real impropriety in falling in love with a photograph, and in marrying where the accessories are found to suit, as there is in joining a young girl to a man *blase* from dissipation, simply as a matter of worldly convenience. A happy married life is more likely to follow after a formal interchange of well-attested possessions, such as is afforded by means of the *Matrimonial News* and its bureau, than in the heartless deceptions which are practised by the Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lammles of fashionable society. Why would not this means of communication be of mutual advantage to the single ladies who preponderate in numbers in Massachusetts, and the single men who cannot find mates in Nevada and Wyoming? Are there not young ladies and young gentlemen who, having chased the matrimonial butterfly in society for years, would gladly avoid themselves of such an opportunity as the *Matrimonial News* offers for settling down in a matter-of-fact way without further embarrassments and disappointments?

A curious case, which is intended to combat Professor Tyndall's idea of testing the efficacy of prayer, is found in the story of a Dissenting exhorter in England. This man had acquired considerable local fame, and he attracted the confidence of a lady who heard him. After his sermon, she went to him to relate an incident of personal experience which, as she thought, might afford him an apt illustration for his exhortations. The preacher listened to her with peculiar interest and in great excitement; and, when she had finished, he requested her as a special favor not to repeat the circumstance until he should come around again. It was some time after that the preacher visited the locality, and he found the same lady among his audience. As a conclusion to his sermon on the value of prayer, he said that, a few years before, a lady living in an out-of-the-way place, in an old-fashioned house, and almost alone in the wing in which her bed-room was situated, discovered, upon retiring to her room at midnight, that a man was concealed under the bed. She was afraid to go out, lest the burglar should suspect that she was going to call for help, and so attack her. She took out her Bible and read the parable of the Prodigal Son. Then she kneeled down at her bedside and prayed aloud. She prayed for those who had been exposed to temptation, for the outcasts, and the wrong-doers. She begged that she might be spared from peril during the night. She asked that mercy might be vouchsafed to all who repented. Having concluded her earnest and eloquent prayer, she retired. The burglar came from under the bed and said to her: "I mean you no harm, ma'am; I am going to leave the house, and I thank you for your prayers." He then went away, and the lady soon heard him jumping out of the window to the lawn below. "The good woman of whom I have told you," added the exhorter, in a broken voice, "is with us now, and the sinner to whom her simple womanly prayer was shame, remorse, penitence, and a future of repentant expiation, is he who here confesses himself to you and his Maker." The story is an affecting one, and no doubt true. It scarcely serves however, to meet with the requirements of Professor Tyndall's test, if, indeed, it is desirable that they should be met. The deep emotion with which the exhorting preacher told the story after several years had elapsed attests the impression which the lady's prayer had made upon *him*, but not necessarily that it had brought about any interference on the part of Providence. To have proved this, it would have been necessary to utter the prayer in silence, that none but God might have heard it. In this case, it may be regarded as doubtful whether the burglar would have come out from under the bed so meekly, abandoned his intention of robbing the house, and turned exhorter for the conversion of the rest of mankind. But, if the incident cannot be accepted as a final test for the efficacy of prayer, it may at least serve as a model for the treatment of burglars in cases where ladies find themselves alone. Men will probably avail themselves of six-shooters.

There is a statement that Mr. James Parton declined an offer from Mr. Edwin Forrest, made shortly before the death of the latter, of $5,000 if he would write the "Life of Forrest." If this is true, Mr. Parton was more nice than wise. If the public properly understands the business of Mr. Parton, it is that of writing biographies. It is presumed that Mr. Parton writes his biographies with the main purpose of making money. The sum of $5,000 is a tolerably neat sum of money for an average biography, and Mr. Parton could have done worse, both in the selection of his subject and in the price which he would receive for the book, than by accepting Mr. Forrest's terms. Edwin Forrest was identified with the American stage and with a new school of acting in such manner as to justify a biography at Mr. Parton's hands; and he had money enough to pay for the posthumous satisfaction of having the work well done. There is no doubt that Mr. Parton would have worked himself up to the proper degree of enthusiasm before he had collected half his material, and we think that both the public and himself have reason to regret that Forrest's offer was not accepted.

THE GREAT CONVERSERS.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM MATHEWS, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Among the books that remain to be written, one of the most interesting and instructive is a volume upon the great conversers of all ages, portraying their styles and peculiarities, and giving well-selected specimens, a kind of quintessence, of their sayings. To cull out their wisest and wittiest, as well as their most eloquent observations, the very *apices rerum*, from all the "Ana" and books of table-talk that have been published from the days of Xenophon and his "Memorabilia" to those of Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe," would be no easy task; yet it would be labor well spent, and we can hardly think of a book more piquant or charming. The materials for it are exhaustless, and the difficulty would be to grapple with such an "embarrassment of riches;" to know, after opening the floodgates of anecdote and reminiscence, when to close them. One becomes, by familiarity, more and more enamored of such a theme; and he is loth, just as he has begun to irrigate the arid wastes of modern social life with the sparkling waters of a younger age, to be silenced by some Palaemon of a publisher with his inexorable "*Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt.*"

Before speaking of some of the most famous talkers of ancient and modern times,—which we propose to do in a few articles,—we desire to say a word upon a question which has been mooted by certain essayists, namely, whether authors or men of the world are the better conversers. William Hazlitt, who was a keen observer, and mingled much in the society of literary men, declares that authors and actors are not fitted to shine in the social circle. Authors, he thought, "ought to be read, and not heard;" and, as to actors, they, he thinks, who have intoxicated and maddened multitudes by their public display of talent, can rarely be supposed to feel much stimulus in entertaining one or two friends, or in being the life of a dinner party. She who perished over night by the dagger or the bowl, as Cassandra or Cleopatra, may be allowed to sip her tea in silence, and not to be herself again till she revives in Aspasia. Actors, again, utter cut-and-dry repartees which are put into their mouths, and must be a little embarrassed when their cue is taken from them. Rousseau, on the other hand, who wrote so laboriously, pronounces the conversation of authors superior to their books; an opinion which, except in the case of a few, to whom the stimulus of society was necessary to bring out their stores, the biographies of celebrated authors hardly confirm. Many of the most celebrated writers, who have filled their books with an originality and eloquence that defy oblivion, have been dumb before their fellow-men. Not seldom it happens that gems of the purest ray serene emit a very dreamy lustre at the dinner-table of patronizing big-wiggery, or in the salons of blue-stockingism. How often has it happened that your man of genius, when invited to a packed assembly for the express purpose of being pumped, has proved as dry and wheezy as a well in August, giving out not even a drop of the anticipated living water! Many a fine spirit that can present novel ideas in kaleidoscopic variety upon paper, not only awing you by their profundity, but dazzling you by their tropical splendor, is notorious for his inability to put two ideas together by word of mouth,—failing even to find a door of utterance in that eternal refuge for the destitute of small talk, the weather! Golden ingots he has,—precious bars of thought,—which, in the privacy of home, he can burnish into splendor, or convert into the coin of the realm; but, like many a wealthy capitalist, he cannot, on the spur of the moment produce the farthings current in the market-place.

Abundant reason is there why this should be so. Those who expect an author that has exhausted himself in his books to be equally brilliant in company, forget that it is the very fact that he has lavished his riches in his writings that must disqualify him from displaying them elsewhere. It is simply because he has been roused to an intense pitch of excitement while engaged in the task of composition that he is proportionally nerveless and relaxed in his social hours. The electrical eel cannot be always giving off shocks; the bow that has long been strung loses its elasticity; the bird that soars to the stars must sometimes rest its wing on the earth. While other men in society abandon their whole souls to the topics of the moment, and, concentrating their energies, appear keen and animated, the man of genius, who has stirred the vast sea of human hearts by his writings, feels a languor and prostration arising from the secret toil of thought; and it is only when he has recruited his energies by relaxation and repose, and is once more in his study, surrounded by those master-spirits with whom he has so often held "celestial colloquy sublime," that his soul rekindles with enthusiasm, and pours itself on paper in thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

It is said that neither Pope nor Dryden were brilliant in conversation; the one being too "saturnine and reserved," and the other too much afraid of the author of the "Essay on Man." Neither Addison nor Cowper shone in society, and the same is true of the celebrated French authors, Descartes, La Fontaine, and Buffon. Addison, indeed, could talk charmingly to one or two friends, but he was shy and absent before strangers. To use his own happy metaphor, he "could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket." Hume's writings were so superior to his conversation, that Horace Walpole used to say that he understood nothing till he had written upon it. Goldsmith was a blundering converser, and showed hardly a spark of the genius that blazes through his writings. Occasionally he blurted out a good thing, as when he applied to Johnson a saying in one of Cibber's plays,—"There is no arguing with Johnson, for, when his pistol misses fire, he knocks down his adversary with the butt end of it;" but generally he "talked like poor Poll," and when he made an accidental hit, soon neutralized its effects by something exquisitely foolish. Neither Corneille, the great French dramatist, nor Marmontel, the novelist, were masters of the intellectual foils. The eloquent Rousseau, whose writings have bewitched thousands, confessed that when forced to open his mouth he infallibly talked nonsense: "I hastily gabble over a number of words without ideas, happy only when they chance to mean nothing; thus, endeavoring to conquer or hide my incapacity, I rarely fail to show it." The witty Charles II., who was so charmed with the humor of *Hudibras* that he caused himself to be introduced privately to the author, found Butler an intolerably dull companion. He was confident that so stupid a fellow never wrote the book. The Earl of Dorset, who sought an interview with the great satirist, was similarly disappointed. Taking three bottles of wine with him, he found the poet dull and heavy after the first had been drained, somewhat sparkling after the second bottle, and, after the third, more stupid and muzzy than ever. "Your friend," said the Earl, after he had left with his introducer, "is like a nine-pin; little at both ends, and great in the middle." Godwin, the author of *The Political Justice*, was as dull as Butler. According to Hazlitt, he had not a word to throw to a dog. His talk was as flat as a pancake. All his genius was hoarded for his books; he had no idea of anything till he was wound up like a clock, not to speak, but to write, and then he seemed like a person risen from sleep or from the dead.

It would be an inexcusable omission in an account of the great talkers to say nothing of the ancients. In conversation, as in oratory, they probably outshown the moderns, the printing-press has damaged the "Mahogany" even more than it has damaged the hustings. Socrates, as we see him in the "Memorabilia," barefoot, and plainly clad, inexorably logical, and the incarnation of common sense, must have been one of the most brilliant and instructive talkers of classic times. Chatting in the agora, the gymnasia, the shop of the corset-maker, in the studio of the statuary and at the table, he must have been a kind of walking encyclopædia, a college on legs; and the whole State must have felt the influence of his philosophy in all the veins of its moral being. The few sayings we have of Themistocles and Alcibiades are "steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire." Most of the reported *mots* of Diogenes are so pungent and racy, that we regret that there was no Bozzy to give us more of them. The man who coined the word "cosmopolite" must have been, in spite of his cynicism, a rare and catholic thinker.

Cicero was a most brilliant talker, and must have been what Sydney Smith calls "a diner-out of the highest lustre." He was a wit as well as an orator, and even deigned to pun when he could hit hard by doing so. He was so famous for his *bon-mots*, that Cæsar employed a man like Baron Grimm to send him a collection of them from time to time, to any place where he might be encamped. Though but few of his jests are preserved,—the *Liber Jocularis*, or collection of them by his freedman, Tiro, having been lost,—yet they are of such a quality as to show that he had a prompt as well as a razor-like wit, that could draw blood when he chose; and it is a wonder that some of them did not cost him his head. A Roman lady having told him that she was but 30 years old,—"It must be true," replied Tully, "for I have heard it these twenty years." When Pompey, who had married Cæsar's daughter, asked Cicero,—referring to Dolobella, who had joined Cæsar's party,—"Where is your son-in-law?" Cicero retorted, "With your father-in-law." Quintilian celebrates Cicero's *urbanitas*, by which the ancients expressed that peculiar delicacy and eloquence of humor that smacks of the cultivation of a capital; but the great orator sometimes stooped to coarse facetiousness, as when, in allusion to the Oriental custom of boring the ears of slaves, he replied to a man of Eastern and servile descent, who complained that he could not hear him, "Yet you have holes in your ears."

Joe Miller is the great storehouse to which it is supposed that most of the modern jackdaws of wit go for their fine feathers. But in the "Ana" of antiquity, as an English writer remarks, we shall find more than one *jeu d'esprit* which now adorns the brazen front of the plagiary. What can be finer than Foote's reply to the English Lord who was boasting the great age of the wine which, in his parsimony, he had caused to be served in extremely small glasses—"It is very little of its age?" Yet this identical witticism, says Mr. Hannay, is in Athenæus, where it is assigned to a woman whose jokes were better than her character. "Wit, like gold," continues the same pleasant writer, "is circulated sometimes with one head on it and sometimes another, according to the potentates who rule its realm. Few situations are more trying than to sit at dinner and hear a *raconteur* telling 'the capital thing said by Louis XIV.' to so-and-so, with a distinct recollection that the same thing was said by Augustus to a provincial. You cannot quote Macrobius without the imputation of pedantry, even if you were capable of the cruelty; and you grin pleasant approbation with the consciousness that you are a hypocrite."

Robert S. Duncanson, an artist who had attained considerable celebrity in this country, died on Saturday week, in an insane asylum, near Detroit. He was born in New York, but for over thirty years made Cincinnati his home. It added a special feature of interest to his paintings that Mr. Duncanson had negro blood in his veins, and his pictures were, therefore, looked upon with more or less of curiosity, and this fact sometimes gained for them a sale which could not always have been secured for them by their real artistic merit, as his work was very uneven. During the time that he resided in Cincinnati, Mr. Duncanson frequently visited Europe, and painted in England, Scotland, and Italy. In England he was received with special honors. During his last visit, Tennyson received him at his home, as a recognition of one of his pictures, the "Land of the Lotos Eaters," which was suggested by Tennyson's poem. Through the influence of Miss Charlotte Cushman, who has always been a devoted patron of art, he found a sale for many of his works in that country, some of which were purchased by the Duchess of Sutherland. One of his best paintings was "Recollections of Italy." He was not a great artist, but he had a peculiarly poetical temperament, which manifested itself in his work, especially in his pictures painted in Italy, and his labor was always conscientious. The Cincinnati *Commercial* says of him: "He was a man of a modest and retiring disposition, and for an artist singularly free from the petty jealousies and bickerings which embitter and estrange the fraternity. The poetic warmth of his art glowed in his remarkably soft, dark, hazel eye, and was reflected from a nature at one sunny and amiable. He was a gentleman whom every one who knew him respected, and his loss will be sincerely regretted by a wide circle of personal friends and professional admirers in this city." His insanity was not of very recent development, as long since he became possessed of the idea that in his painting he was aided by the spirit of Michael Angelo.

A man in Rutherfordton, N. C., recently lodged a complaint before the Mayor against his wife for calling him "Old Pewter Buttons." He had suffered various assaults with broomsticks, and irons, and other weapons with which woman avenges her wrongs, had been scolded various times, and on sundry occasions had been driven out of the house, but of these he had never made complaint. It was only when he was called "Old Pewter Buttons" that his manly spirit was aroused, and he called in the aid of the civil law, the administration of which has been so impartial for many years past in that favored State. The worthy Mayor flew to his relief, and fined the woman a present fine, and made her give bonds to keep the peace hereafter. Under what precise statute pewter buttons become liable in North Carolina we are ignorant, but we have a fancy that the Mayor himself has been called "Old Pewter Buttons" at home, and knew how to sympathize with the plaintiff.

The Port Jervis (N. J.) *Tri-States Union* is gloating, just now, over the discovery of a resident of that place who has a portable heart, revolving abdomen, and two sets of ribs. His name is George Thomas. His father was an Ethiopian, his mother Spanish, and he was born in Brazil. Whether George Thomas received this advantage in entrails, bones, and other things by this international mixing up, we are not aware, but it evidently had something to do with it, as George Thomas has a brother six feet three inches in height, who can contract himself to three feet, and a cousin who can throw his left hip over to his right side, and *vice versa*. The Grimm Brothers, in their excellent collection of folk-stories and legends, tell a tale very similar to the above, but close it with the saving clause: "Now open the window and let these yarns fly out." The *Tri-States Union* neglects this wise precaution of the Brothers Grimm.

At a recent art-sale in New York, several pictures by Eastern artists were sold, which have been on exhibition in Chicago. Among them were the following, which brought the prices annexed: "Shepherds on the Roman Campagna," Gifford, $250; "Lake George," Casilear, $105; "Coming Shower," De Haas, $90; "View on the Grand Canal," Cranch, $80; "Cranes on the Prairie—Morning," W. H. Beard, $180; "Cranes on the Prairie—Evening," W. H. Beard, $160; "On the Esopus," William Hart, $115; "March of Silenus," W. H. Beard, $975; "The Domestic Tyrant," W. H. Beard, $505; "Franconia Notch," Kensett, $650; "Deer at Home," Tait, $70; and the "Morning Prayer," Boughton, $120.

THE KITCHEN.

French vs. American Cuisi[ne]

How a Cook-Room Should Be Arran[ged]
Abolition of Blue Monday.

Treatment of Servants.

has damaged the hustings. Socrates, as
im in the "Memorabilia," barefoot, and
clad, inexorably logical, and the incarna-
common sense, must have been one of
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maker, in the studio of the statuary and
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it hard by doing so. He was so famous
bon-mots, that Cæsar employed a man
ron Grimus to send him a collection of
rom time to time, to any place where he
be encamped. Though but few of his jests
served,—the *Liber Jocularis*, or collection
by his freedman, Tiro, having been lost,—
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esar's daughter, asked Cicero,—referring
bella, who had joined Cæsar's party,—
re is your son-in-law?" Cicero retorted,
your father-in-law." Quintilian cele-
Cicero's *urbanitas*, by which the ancients
sed that peculiar delicacy and eloquence
or that smacks of the cultivation of a
; but the great orator sometimes stooped
se facetiousness, as when, in allusion to
ental custom of boring the ears of slaves,
lied to a man of Eastern and servile de-
who complained that he could not hear
"Yet you have holes in your ears."
Miller is the great storehouse to which it
posed that most of the modern jackdaws of
for their fine feathers. But in the
" of antiquity, as an English writer re-
we shall find more than one *jeu d'esprit*
now adorns the brazen front of the
ry. What can be finer than Foote's
o the English Lord who was boasting the
age of the wine which, in his par
y, he had caused to be served in extremely
glasses—"It is very little of its
Yet this identical witticism, says Mr.
y, is in Athenæus, where it is assigned to
man whose jokes were better than his
ter. "Wit, like gold," continues the
pleasant writer, "is circulated some-
with one head on it and sometimes an-
according to the potentates who rule its
Few situations are more trying than to
dinner and hear a *raconteur* telling 'the
thing said by Louis XIV.' to so-and-so,
distinct recollection that the same thing
aid by Augustus to a provincial. You can-
note Macrobius without the imputation of
try, even if you were capable of the
y; and you grin pleasant approbation with
nsciousness that you are a hypocrite."

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bert S. Duncanson, an artist who had at
considerable celebrity in this country,
n Saturday week, in an insane asylum, near
it. He was born in New York, but for
thirty years made Cincinnati his home.
dded a special feature of interest to his
ings that Mr. Duncanson had negro blood
s veins, and his pictures were, therefore,
d upon with more or less of curiosity, and
fact sometimes gained for them a sale which
not always have been secured for them by
real artistic merit, as his work was very
en. During the time that he resided in
nnati, Mr. Duncanson frequently visited
pe, and painted in England, Scotland, and
In England he was received with special
rs. During his last visit, Tennyson re-
d him at his home, as a recognition of one
s pictures, the "Land of the Lotos Eaters,"
h was suggested by Tennyson's poem.
ugh the influence of Miss Charlotte Cush-
who has always been a devoted patron of
he found a sale for many of his works in
country, some of which were purchased
he Duchess of Sutherland. One of his best
tings was "Recollections of Italy." He
not a great artist, but he had a peculiarly
ical temperament, which manifested itself
s work, especially in his pictures painted in
, and his labor was always conscientious.
Cincinnati *Commercial* says of him: "He
a man of a modest and retiring disposition,
for an artist singularly free from the
y jealousies and bickerings which embitter
estrange the fraternity. The poetic warmth
is art glowed in his remarkably soft, dark,
l eye, and was reflected from a nature at
sunny and amiable. He was a gentleman
m every one who knew him respected, and
loss will be sincerely regretted by a wide cir-
of personal friends and professional admirers
his city." His insanity was not of very re-
t development, as long since he became pos-
sed of the idea that in his painting he was
d by the spirit of Michael Angelo.

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man in Rutherfordton, N. C., recently
red a complaint before the Mayor against his
for calling him "Old Pewter Buttons."
had suffered various assaults with broom-
s, and irons, and other weapons with which
an avenges her wrongs, had been scolded
ous times, and on sundry occasions had been
en out of the house, but of these he had
r made complaint. It was only when he
called "Old Pewter Buttons" that his
ly spirit was aroused, and he called in
aid of the civil law, the administra-
of which has been so impartial for many
s past in that favored State. The worthy
or flew to his relief, and fined the woman a
ent fine, and made her give bonds to keep
peace hereafter. Under what precise statute
ter buttons become liable in North Carolina
are ignorant, but we have a fancy that the
or himself has been called "Old Pewter
tons" at home, and knew how to sympathize
the plaintiff.

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he Port Jervis (N. J.) *Tri-States Union* is
ting, just now, over the discovery of a resi-
of that place who has a portable heart, re-
ng abdomen, and two sets of ribs. His
e is George Thomas. His father was an
iopian, his mother Spanish, and he was born
razil. Whether George Thomas received
advantage in entrails, bones, and other
gs by this international mixing up, we are
aware, but it evidently had something to do
it, as George Thomas has a brother six feet
e inches in height, who can contract
self to three feet, and a cousin who can
w his left hip over to his right side, and vice
a. The Grimm Brothers, in their excel-
collection of folk-stories and legends, tell a
very similar to the above, but close it with
saving clause: "Now open the window and
these yarns fly out." The *Tri-States Union*
lects this wise precaution of the Brothers
mm.

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a recent art-sale in New York, several pic-
s by Eastern artists were sold, which have
n on exhibition in Chicago. Among them
the following, which brought the prices
xed: "Shepherds on the Roman Cam-
na," Gifford, $250; "Lake George," Casilear,
; "Coming Shower," De Haas, $90;
w on the Grand Canal," Cranch, $80;
anes on the Prairie—Morning," W. H. Beard,
; "Cranes on the Prairie—Evening," W.
Beard, $160; "On the Esopus," William
, $115; "March of Silenus," W. H. Beard,
; "The Domestic Tyrant," W. H. Beard,
; "Franconia Notch," Kensett, $650;
er at Home," Tait, $70; and the "Morning
er," Boughton, $120.

THE KITCHEN.

French vs. American Cuisines.

How a Cook-Room Should Be Arranged—Abolition of Blue Monday.

Treatment of Servants.

In the days of the last Empire, when the most beautiful of Spanish women queened it at the Tuileries, and the Nephew of his Uncle was only dreaming of "On to Berlin," all Americans who could afford it, and possibly a few who could not, rushed over to get a glimpse of the gay, wicked capital. Such a motley crew!—Madame, whose husband had the points on Pacific Mail, was in the corner on Prairie Dog, had the inside track in the Erie Ring, or knew, in some mysterious way, the intentions of the Secretary of the Treasury, and could make his deal in gold accordingly; the fortunate speculator himself, having unloaded on his friends, finds money plenty and stocks flat, is a little unnerved by the excitement of the contest, and takes Paris as a counter-irritant; the legal gentleman, who has brought all his knowledge and talents, his most acute forensic abilities, to bear upon the unravelling of some hidden crime, and the conviction of the perpetrator, that those high in authority might have an opportunity to show the public that

> Earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice.

If the seasoning at times seemed disproportionate, why the best of cooks, even political ones, may make mistakes, and tastes differ. Murderers may by them be considered as the *sauce piquante* to society at large. The learned Judge to whom bribery is "an offence so rank it smells to Heaven;" the young *litterateur*, who is to be a special correspondent; grave and reverend clergymen, with failing health, or who consider it only just that they should have some practical demonstration that their theories of total depravity are correct, faith without works being rather at a discount; the blonde belle of Fifth Avenue, who thinks Gotham quite too small a sphere for the exercise of her fascinations and, finding the Emperor somewhat impressed with her acknowledged beauty and amused at her total disregard of prescribed forms, greets the reigning potentate as *mon ami*, carelessly and coquettishly, as she did her last partner in the last German she danced before she left America. These, with representatives from almost all other classes, filled the outgoing steamers, transacted their business, took their brief holiday, or made Paris for a longer season their temporary home. Many went with the idea that it was cheaper to live abroad; and fashionable Americans found that they could obtain a flat on one of the principal boulevards, taking the rates of exchange into consideration, for just about the same rent as they could engage similar accommodations on Fifth avenue or Madison square, in New York. Americans have never learned the alphabet of living cheaply, but many of them did get an insight into the luxury of a

FRENCH KITCHEN.

This room is not infrequently much the smallest of the suit; has a tiled floor, and a porcelain range (an invention which we hope some day to see introduced and patronized in our own country). It does not heat through, like our cast-iron ranges; and, with true French economy, each oven, or place for cooking, has its special fire arrangement; in which the handful of charcoal can be introduced and kindled and the varying degrees of heat necessary for different articles of food graded to perfection; while a closet at the side holds the fuel. The presiding genius was usually a little, old French woman, decidedly sallow, not over-comely, but immaculately clean, with apron, collar, and cuffs of spotless purity. She did the marketing, and never charged an exorbitant commission, but, of course, considered herself entitled to her little perquisites. It was best not to look too closely into these, for they were rarely excessive, and the results to our countrymen—especially the New England portion, whose diet had, in most cases, been composed of equal rations of philosophy and pie—seemed almost miraculous. Grosser Gothamites, whose busier, faster, and more exciting life required more fare and less philosophy to keep them in good condition, and who had learned the initial letter of anti-dyspeptic cookery by the introduction of French bread, also revelled in epicurean satisfaction; while delegates from the South and West wondered how the same viands as they had at home could taste so differently. The soups, sauces, and *entremets* that this alchemist of the kitchen drew from her porcelain crucible almost created a *bouleversement* of the stoical idea that one should only eat to live, and, growing Sybaritic, people were in danger of finding it a very comfortable thing to live to eat.

But to most people the holiday was at last over, and they had to come back to their American homes. If they could only have brought with them that one little room and its presiding genius, it might not have seemed so hard, but this was not possible. Housekeepers returned, therefore, to their

AMERICAN KITCHENS

and American help. How many residents of Chicago and its principal suburbs,—such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco,—when they have suffered different miseries from their differing help, whether Scandinavian, German, Hibernian, Ethiopian, or even "Chinese cheap labor," have looked back with regret to that black-eyed, clean-cuffed *cuisiniere*, and hoped most intensely that they might be good enough, when they should die, to be among the elect who should then return to Paris? Can there be nothing done, however, toward approaching that state of bliss even while we linger here? American women are not housekeepers by nature. How could they be? It is so inharmonious with their frail, ethereal beauty. Such homely virtues may be compatible with the more robust Englishwoman, the heavier German, the thrifty native of France, or even the sunny Italian; but discords are unpardonable, and, therefore, is it not a self-evident fact, upon the very face of the thing, that culinary science must be banished from our educational system?

However, as there may be an occasional woman not too charmingly frail for the ordinary avocations of life, or who may possibly inherit some domestic proclivities, it might not be amiss to discuss this most important room in the house. We do not think we exaggerate when we tell femininity in general that the kitchen and its furnishings should take precedence of the parlor. All women know that the royal road to a man's heart is through his stomach. Cater to his appetite, and you may ask of him anything, even to the half of his kingdom. Then, how very necessary it is that the chamber whence all the ammunition is to come to carry on this all-important siege should be carefully looked after, and provided with proper machinery for its preparation. Therefore, with the insane few who fancy that housekeeping may be preferable to boarding, or that a nest of their own is better than crowding into that of some other bird, we will have a quiet little confab about the matter, and see if we can fit up the household-armory in a satisfactory manner.

Pierre Blot says that the best flooring for a kitchen is made of

TILES.

This can be kept scrupulously clean; but we can imagine Bridget's disgust at the "stone flure, with niver a rag of carpet on it, or even a bit of oil-cloth, and where yees would be shtarved wid the cowld, intirely!" Still, as it is to be hoped that the Hibernian autocrat may not always have us under her thumb, when we have learned a little something ourselves, might it not be well to think over this matter? What could look brighter and cleaner than a floor of red and white tiles, geometrically arranged, into which no grease could soak, and from which every particle of dirt could be immediately removed? It is at least worth consideration, even in our inclement climate, although double windows and doors might be necessary to make the room comfortable. Or there might be a hard-wood floor, painted and varnished; but carpeting should never be permitted in this room. With the utmost care it will speedily become soiled, and detract from that scrupulous cleanliness which should be the first consideration in this apartment above all others.

Another suggestion of Blot's which we would like to impress upon the minds of all our countrywomen is, that under no circumstances should laundry-work be done in the kitchen. How universally it is so connected, and the duties of both departments entailed upon the same person, may be readily ascertained by the frequent advertisements by which Bridget or Gretchen inform the public of their ability and desire to undertake them. It is a combination which should be rigidly ignored. In large establishments, where a laundress is kept as one of the regular servants, and her work is done in a room apart, it is simply a portion of the daily business of the house, and a decided convenience for those who can afford it. Why the housekeeper on smaller means should ever undergo the misery of

BLUE MONDAY

has always been a mystery. The interpolation of this extra work, the new basis upon which all domestic arrangements have to be planned that day, the annoyance inseparable from such a method, the wear and tear of one's patience, and the extra cost in fuel and necessary detergents, naturally make one wonder that no way has been found out of the difficulty which would be universally adopted. In this city of numberless public laundries, it would seem as though the question might easily admit of a practical answer. The rates for simple washing are by no means high, and, if the practice became universal of sending all unclean linen to them, it is very probable that greater facilities and lower rates would very soon obtain, so that the cost would be no greater than if done at home. No more anxious, worried wives; cross husbands who don't like picked-up dinners, and so find it convenient to have business that detains them, laying perhaps the foundation of a series of detentions that find their culmination in a suit for divorce; fewer fretful babies, peevish children, and impertinent servants; altogether, a complete abrogation of Blue Monday and a destruction of Satan's monopoly. We think that the infinite gain in every way would be so great, if the plan were once adopted of sending away the household linen to be cleansed, the cost such a trifle, if any more, that a pæon would rise from every hearthstone.

The ironing, being clean, nice work, could readily be done at home; but, unless the hands are very skillful, we would suggest that the lord and master's shirts and collars had better be finished at the laundry, for there is nothing like peace in the house, and badly-ironed shirts have been known to disturb the serenity of His Royal Highness. He is apt to be rather critical about his linen, and does not always emulate Job if it does not come up to his ideas of spotless purity, and exhibit a smoothly-polished surface to the world at large; therefore, dear ladies, by all means have the Seignior's linen immaculate. It is well to keep up appearances. Hasn't Boston done it, placarding its trust in God on the ruins of its temples to Mammon?

Admitting, then, that the ironing, with this exception, is to be done at home, it should be accomplished in a room apart from the kitchen. While Professor Blot very sensibly objects to the fumes of unclean suds being mingled with soups and gravies, any one with sensitive olfactories will equally object to the aroma arising from cooking as a perfume for their clean clothing, permeating it so thoroughly that nothing will overcome it.

It being agreed, then, that both wash-tubs and sad-irons are to be banished from our model kitchen, let us consider by what means our cooking is to be done. There is not much more probability of our having the porcelain range than there is of our having the French human-attachment that accompanies it, but we can call steam, gas, and anthracite to our aid. Gas presents itself as being the cleanest and most labor-saving of these agents, and, once used, rapidly grows in favor. Whichever of these preference or necessity may induce us to decide upon, one thing must always be kept in view: that no desirable result can be obtained without a proper and sufficient quantity of

COOKING UTENSILS.

The inventive Yankee is constantly filing patents for wonderful machines, that are almost guaranteed to do the entire housework unaided. We have a Utopian expectation that the hour will arrive when, in this progressive country, we shall merely have to wind up some huge piece of machinery, and the whole detail of domestic business will be set in motion, with a consequent perfection in result only to be dreamed of now. It is said that a favored few have already accomplished this with a special golden key; but their instruments are human, and ours are to be strictly automatic. Granted, then, that, while some of these inventions have merely their flaming advertisements to recommend them, others are really most desirable helps. Ignorant Bridget no doubt will object to them; but that astute lady did not know what a spider was when she arrived here a few months ago, and was quite surprised to find it in an iron cooking utensil,—a sort of abnormal frying-pan. Neither was she *au fait* on the subject of vegetables, and probably pared the beets prior to cooking them, boiled the watermelons for squash, and made a futile effort to serve separately the corn and beans which had been converted into succotash. However, Bridget is apt, learns quickly, and can be taught if there is any one to teach her, the desirability of mechanical aid in her new sphere of action. Any housekeeper who can, should, therefore, seek out the best of these and adopt them. Fruit and vegetables are much better and more quickly prepared for the table or the pot by some of these machines than they possibly can be without such aid, and the time thus saved can be utilized in the more careful attention to the process of cooking, and the greater variety of dishes which can be gotten ready. So we will have the various mechanical contrivances for paring, chopping, and otherwise preparing our food, and, unquestionably, we shall have to learn how to use them, for, though Bridget is very "tacheable," she needs a Mentor. With all her ignorance, however, she could hardly make a more ludicrous mistake than her American mistress once did when, in an excess of domestic virtue, she absolutely assumed the task of ordering her own marketing. Advancing to the poulterer's with a self-assurance worthy of the largest experience, and daintily touching a bird with her gloved forefinger, she queried, "How much is this turkey a pound?" "That turkey is a goose, ma'am," was the rather disconcerting reply. Neither have we ever known her to waste nearly an hour in a vain attempt to balance that same domestic bird on its legs and wings, preparatory to placing it in the oven, though we do remember of a young American girl who was once unexpectedly left in charge of the cooking, thus employing herself, getting slightly out of temper and very red in the face because the contumacious bird refused to keep its equilibrium. The relief of that young demoiselle was commensurate with her exasperation when one, slightly better versed in the culinary art, suggested the wisdom of turning the turkey over on its back.

Having thus hinted that the mistress may have something to learn, as well as the cook, we will get back to our special flock of sheep. Copper stew-pans are, no doubt, the most desirable of cooking utensils, provided they are always kept clean; but, in our present system, it would be almost impossible to have this done, and, to avoid the danger of being poisoned, we think we must recommend those that are porcelain-lined, even if they have to be frequently replaced. There should always be a marble slab for moulding bread and pastry, and marble tables are much better and cleaner than wooden ones, if within the compass of one's purse. The objection to them is, that they occasion a great degree of breakage, of which there is ordinarily a sufficient quota. If wooden tables are used, they should be of plain, unpainted wood, which a neat servant will scour to snowy whiteness.

Each kitchen should also be provided with some species of roaster. Ours are all baked meats, whether for funeral or wedding breakfast, and all the rich juices of our various viands are dried away. Our grandfathers rejoiced in wide fire-places, with an attachment of cranes and hooks. In front of these they hung their poultry, venison, beef, or mutton, while pans placed beneath caught the drippings, and grandmother's help (occasionally just-breeched papa was detailed) gave the necessary rotatory movement to the cooking food. Then followed an contrivance known as a Dutch oven, in which the meats were cooked before the fire, till at last, in the general levelling process, all varieties of flesh and fowl found their way into the close, dry stove oven, to have their specific flavors blended into one universal sameness. The present generation of Americans have probably lost, to a great extent, that delicacy of taste which made each variety of food acceptable for its own special virtues, from the very fact that they have never had it properly prepared. It is something like mixing a variety of wines, and, after accustoming a person to such a beverage, expecting him to become a connoisseur of rare vintages or exquisite bouquets. Iron spoons should never be used, for they destroy the flavor of many things. Wooden ones may take their place, but silver is, *par excellence*, the utensil to be desired. Food prepared with milk should never be mixed with anything but silver.

Above all, the kitchen should be

WELL LIGHTED AND VENTILATED.

The delicacy requisite for the proper completion of many culinary operations is almost equivalent to more scientific chemical experiments; and really the results, when considered as affecting the happiness of the great proportion of the human race, are so much more widely diffused, that we think the sister science should at least have an equal chance. Therefore, let plenty of light be admitted, so that any lack of success may not be attributed to the Powers of Darkness; and, if this department is in the house (it is much better semi-detached), then, for the comfort of the inmates, as well as for the improvement of the food, abundant ventilation is necessary. Southern kitchens are almost always detached from the house, and Southern cooks of Ethiopian persuasion are not only the best, but unexceptionably the dirtiest. How well we remember the delicious breakfast rolls light as a puff-ball white as a snow-flake, with which we were once regaled by a certain chocolatic-complexioned Aunt Chloe. How we relished them; there surely never was such bread made before; but some demon of curiosity impelled us to look into the *cuisine* one day. Aunty was moulding her delicious rolls, and how such white bread ever came from off so black a kneading-board has always remained an unsolved problem. Aunty must have been a cook for over twenty years, and had probably concocted those same delicious rolls daily during that long servitude; but we are absolutely certain that the remnants of her first batch of dough formed the underlying stratum of that dingy formation, which had gradually assumed the hardness and color of very dry and dirty putty. We turned away, slightly sea-sick, if such a paradox is admissible, and, strange to say, though the rolls were just as white and light as ever, we never again felt our former relish for them. Indeed, we would not suggest a visit to strange kitchens as an ordinary appetizer. It might come under the head of bitters, but is is doubtful if it would prove a tonic.

FITTINGS.

While there may be abundant shelves for dishes, it is not wise to make drawers an adjunct. They seem to have an inherent propensity for getting into disorder, unaided by humanity, besides offering such admirable opportunities for the disposal of odds and ends—groceries, old combs, hair-brushes, blacking, stay-laces, twine, spoons, cutlery, and other small wares here being brought into most inharmonious juxtaposition. Neither do we think a mirror a necessity. It would be preferable for cook, when she wished to arrange her *coiffeur a la Rabagas*, to retire to her room for that purpose; and, while her tins and coppers may be polished as reflectors, it would be rather better for her not to be encouraged to use them as assistants to her toilette. Considering this, a thoughtful mistress will, if she can, appropriate a small apartment near the kitchen as a withdrawing-room for the benefit of her servants, or have their sleeping accommodations such that they can perform the mysterious rites of the toilette with comfort and in seclusion. Capillary attraction, when applied to food, being apt to prove a repelling force, such a disarrangement of the laws of Nature may by this means be, to a certain extent, avoided.

TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.

In a large house, it is wise to give up all the basement to the *cuisine* and offices for the servants. If a butler is kept, his room might be here, and, while the maids could sleep in the attics, it would be better for them to have a neatly-furnished room where they could sit when their work was over. It would be much cleaner than to have this congregated humanity in the kitchen; would rest and refresh them, teach them self-respect, and, as the latter feeling assumed a healthy form, would react proportionably, and manifest itself in increased deference to those whom they might serve, and in better, more intelligent labor. No *chatelaine* ever lost anything by considering the comfort of her employes. It needs a firm, unswerving hand on the household rein, but it should also be light and gentle. There should be no sudden pull-ups, or impatient goadings, and then, if urgent circumstances should require a sudden spurt, each individual will answer to the word "Go" with the same good temper as your husband's favorite mare does, dear Madame, when he wishes to show off her speed. So we will hope that you will exercise the same care for your bipeds as he does for his quadrupeds, even if they are only human. At all events, it is worth trying, and we think you will find that it will bring its own reward.

A REMINISCENCE OF TROY.

It was the ninth year of the Trojan war,—
A tedious pull at best;
A lot of us were sitting by the shore,—
Tydides, Phocas, Castor, and the rest,—
Some whittling shingles, and some stringing bows,
And cutting up our friends, and cutting up our foes.

Down from the tents above there came a man,
Who took a camp-stool by Tydides' side,
He joined our talk, and, pointing to the pan
Upon the embers where our pork was fried,
Said he would eat the onions and the leeks,
But that fried pork was food not fit for Greeks.

"Look at the men of Thebes," said he, "and those—
Look at those cowards in the plains below;
You see how ox-like are the ox-fed men;
You see how sheepish mutton-eaters grow.
Stick to this vegetable food of mine,
Men who eat pork grunt, root, and sleep, like swine."

Some laughed, and some grew mad, and some grew red;
The pork was hissing; but his point was clear,
Still no one answered him, till Nestor said,
"One inference that I would draw is here:
You vegetarians who thus educate us,
Thus far have turned out very small potatoes."
—*Old and New.*

RELIGIOUS.

Cardinal Cullen calls on the Irish clergy to prevent the holding of wakes by the people.

—The Rev. Dr. Tyng, speaking of Sunday-school teachers who get tired and leave their classes, says everybody gets tired except the devil; he is a bishop that is never out of his diocese.

—The Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., after a protracted debate, agreed to introduce responsive scripture reading by pastor and people into their Sabbath services.

—The *Methodist Recorder* suggests that when the churches are investigating the merits of a candidate, and inquiring whether he is "smart," and whether he can "draw," it might be well to press another question, viz.: "Is he religious?"

—A correspondent of the *Christian Era* says that the Professors in all the present Baptist Colleges in England favor open communion, and that most of the ministers whom they train for the pulpit follow their lead.

—The Rev. Mr. Hepworth's Church of the Disciples, New York, is to be dedicated in January by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The structure is a queer looking affair, built of wood, brick, and iron—in style, a cross between a circus and a gas-house.

—The German membership of the Lutheran Church in this country is nearly 300,000. The Scandinavian membership is about 90,000.

—The Spanish revolution of 1868 opened the country to Protestants, and now there are 10,000, and about 20 native clergymen.

—The Rev. Mrs. E. Gustin, of Attleborough, Mass., has accepted a call to take the pastoral charge at the Spruce Street Christian Mission Chapel, in New Bedford.

—A Presbyterian preacher in Newark, New Jersey, refused to allow Mrs. Wittenmyer to lecture in his church in behalf of the Home for the Friendless, for the reason that women should not speak in the pulpit.

—The Presbyterian churches of Philadelphia raised over a million dollars for church purposes, during the past year.

—The Roman Catholic Bishops and clergy of Ireland, referred to in Justice Keogh's judgment and report to Parliament, including the Bishop of Clonfert, Dr. Duggan, and twenty-two priests, have been indicted.

—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, in a recent address, said he was quite sure that a large portion of the ministers of all denominations did not earn anything like as much as the men who laid the stones in the buildings they were assembled in.

—The Society of Friends are to have a new "meeting-house," in Lawrence, Kansas, costing over $30,000. At the yearly meeting recently held in that city a thousand delegates were present from different parts of the United States and Canada.

—At the late National Unitarian Association a speaker expressed the belief that the failure of their church in Washington City was owing to the preaching of politics.

—The Vienna *New Free Press* enumerates the Old Catholic priests, now declared apostate from the Roman Church, in Germany and elsewhere, finding the total number to be fifty-five—namely, forty-two in Germany and Austria, and thirteen elsewhere.

—The Enon Baptist Church in Louisville is to be disposed of on the lottery principle about the middle of next month.

—John Jacob Astor has given $50,000 toward the endowment of St. Luke's Hospital (Episcopal) in the city of New York.

—The Colgates, of New York, have presented to the Baptist society with which they worship at Yonkers, N. Y., a fine church costing $200,000.

—The Marquis of Waterford is about to enter the Roman Catholic Church. The Marchioness went over some months ago.

—In Touissy, France, twenty-five families have forsaken the Catholic Church, and invited the neighboring Evangelical pastors to minister to them.

—The first thing the Elizabeth, N. J., Baptist Church did for its new pastor, Mr. Gallagher, was to give his wife a $15,000 house.

—The salary of the Episcopal Bishop, just elected for the Diocese of Massachusetts, is fixed at $6,000 per annum.

—The Unitarian body in this country supports but one foreign missionary, who absorbs the whole sum, $2,000, which is annually set apart for foreign missions.

—A deputation of Americans at a recent audience with the Pope expressed the devotion of the American Catholics to the Holy See. The Pope made a feeling response, and concluded by giving his blessing to his spiritual subjects in this country.

—The "Free Religious Association" has just been holding a session in Brooklyn. They announce no form of religious belief, but leave the individual Free Religionist open to hold any form of belief or unbelief as he chooses.

—The Lutheran Church within the last twenty-five years has dismissed about forty ministers desiring to attach themselves to other churches.

—Bishop Cox, of Buffalo, has gone to Hayti to admit several colored men into the priesthood. Episcopal missionaries were first sent there in 1862.

—The Rev. William Hobart Hare, S. T. D., has accepted the missionary Bishopric of Niobrara, to which he was recently elected. The consent of the majority of the Standing Committee and the Bishops having been received, the presiding Bishop will now proceed to take the order for the consecration of the Bishop-elect, which will take place, it is expected, some time in January.

—The Rev. J. G. White, editor and proprietor of the *Protestant Missionary*, Jacksonville, Ill., is reported to have challenged Father Burke to a discussion on the principles and aspects of Roman Catholicism.

—The Presbyterian Board of Church Erection are greatly embarrassed for the want of money. They commenced the year with a deficit of $3,766, which has increased to $30,000. Unless larger contributions from the churches are received, the Board will be compelled either to reject many applications, or greatly reduce the amount granted.

—The Rev. John Hall's congregation in New York has purchased a plat of ground on the northwest corner of Fifty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, for the sum of $350,000, on which they propose to erect a church edifice to cost over $300,000. The church will represent the architecture of the fourteenth century, and will furnish seating capacity for about 2,500 people.

—A sharp imitation of Prussian political tactics has just been accomplished by the Austrian Government, in regard to one of its very troublesome Provincial Diets. In the Tyrol, the "Clerical" Deputies—that is, those who look upon the recent policy of the Vienna Cabinet in Church matters as impious and abominable—have declined to take part in the sittings of the Diet; and as, in that tenaciously superstitious mountain region, these members muster strongly, their secession does not leave a sufficient quorum to transact business. By order of the Emperor, therefore, the Diet has been closed.

—The following glimpse of Portland, Me., idiosyncracies is afforded by the *Press* of that city: "A fearful nuisance, and one peculiar to Portland, is the habit which young people have of going of a Sunday evening from one church to another, entering the building during the service and then immediately leaving if they do not find the person they are in want of. Indeed, most of our young men Sunday nights seem engaged in a fruitless search for a sweetheart who has taken refuge under the drippings of the sanctuary. So much seek her, wandering about from church to church in quest of the fair but fleeting one."

—The pews of the Old South at Boston, which is fast being fitted up for Uncle Sam's use, are stored in the attic ready to be put together again at the end of the two years. The pulpit will be disposed of in a similar manner, and the magnificent chandelier has already found a resting place in the same spot. It has been suggested that the chandelier, which was originally given to the church, might be given to some country church which does not enjoy the blessing of gas, as the new chapel at the South end will be better illuminated by more modern appliances. The organ, which was built by an Englishman named Taylor, who came over on purpose to superintend its erection, and is one of the oldest things in the church, will be placed for the present in the Freeman place chapel.

—The decision of the authorities of the Church of England in favor of transubstantiation has resulted in a number of clergymen leaving the church. The latest one, the Rev. Capel Molyneaux, had been in that church thirty-five years.

—A literary parallel is pointed out in connection with the death of Mr. Thomas Bilby, for more than a quarter of a century Parish Clerk of Islington, who died recently at the age of 78. He was author of the hymn, "Oh, that will be joyful." The parallel is found in Mr. Bilby's life story and that of the Scottish schoolmaster, Andrew Young, formerly English master in the Madras College, St. Andrews, who wrote the hymn, "There is a happy land," which has enjoyed a popularity second only to that won by Mr. Bilby. Both hymn writers were schoolmasters.

—A bill for the suppression of the religious orders, applying to the province and City of Rome, has been presented to the Italian Parliament by the Minister of Justice. Its dispositions include the suppression of the religious orders, the whole property of which is to be converted into Rente. The religious orders are henceforth to be considered and are to stand on the same footing toward the laws of the State as all other civil associations. A reserve is made in favor of the orders for women, which are entitled to houses for the exercise of their mission. The property of the suppressed corporations will continue to be applied to the charitable purposes for which they were originally established.

—It is said that the nomination of Dean Stanley as one of the Select Preachers at the University of Oxford will be strenuously opposed, and mainly by the High Church party. Dean Goulburn intends taking part in the opposition, and in a friendly letter to Dean Stanley he explains as his reason for doing so that his brother of Westminster is in the habit of throwing "the whole weight of his high character, his brilliant abilities, and his eminent position into the support of the rationalistic school"—a school against which Dean Goulburn holds it to be the paramount duty of every Churchman and every Christian to protest whenever opportunity offers.

—The death, some time since, of the Rev. Sir Algernon Peyton, Bart., sealed the fate of the most remunerative pastorate in Great Britain, the living of Doddington. The yearly income of the fortunate incumbent was $50,000, or twice the salary of the President of the United States. Upon the death of the Reverend Baronet named above, Doddington was divided into seven parishes, which will still leave comfortable incomes for the pastors, and bring the churches nearer to the people.

—A few years ago, Kenyon College had, in President Stone, a chief officer who was very popular with the students. It was deemed advisable by Bishop McIlvaine and the other managers of the institution that Mr. Stone should leave his place. This course was supposed to have been adopted because of his suspected ritualistic leanings. His friends and advisers denied that he had any such proclivities, at least to any dangerous extent, and were very angry at the "narrowness" which could propose to dispense with so valuable a man. The wisdom of the act was vindicated a few months later by Mr. Stone's admission to the Roman Catholic Church, and by his publication of a book defending the change. It will be remembered that this work was very amusingly and sharply reviewed in a little pamphlet by Leonard Bacon, Jr. We now have to add that, on the 21st inst., Mr. Stone was ordained a priest of the Paulist order by Archbishop McCloskey, of New York.

A NEW-YEAR REVERIE.

Without, the moonlight, streaming,
Casts a wierd, uncertain gleaming,
While the night-winds moan and murmur like a spirit's wail of woe;
And around my lone heart clinging,
Are the mem'ries sad upspringing
Of a New Year, Happy New Year, in the peaceful "long ago."

From my window oft I'm peeping
When the shades of Night are sleeping,
And the stars look down and glisten o'er Earth's spotless robe of snow;
In the silence I am thinking,
(Fancy unto fancy linking),
Of a New Year, Happy New Year, in the peaceful "long ago."

'Fore my dim eyes flit sweet faces,
While a nameless something traces
A form with grace all matchless in the firelight's ruddy glow;
And a white hand mine seems pressing
With a gentle, sad caressing,
As it did one Happy, Happy New Year in the peaceful "long ago."

"Ever thine!" Those words, a token
Of the pledges made and broken,
Seem again to breathe in fancy their beguiling music low;
While, for pleasures unreturning,
Still my lone heart's ever yearning,
As the passing years are numbered with the fading "long ago."

OWEN M. WILSON, JR.

—Engineer David M. Greene, who was appointed Consulting Engineer by the State, to decide upon the best plan for the introduction of steam on the canals, is preparing a long report on the subject, which he will submit to the State Commission in January. It will give a detailed account of all the machinery connected with the several boats which have competed. It is said that the contest really lies between the Baxter, the Newman, and the Charles Hemje.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—Cooking is even more profitable than painting in Paris. The chief cook at the Cafe Anglais lately bought of Fortuni a picture valued at 70,000 francs, at the same time ordering another for 100,000 francs. In the story above the cafe he has a collection of paintings, including some of the finest pictures in Paris. He also had a collection of curiosities from China and Japan, next to that of the King of Holland, the finest in Europe. His finest pictures are kept at his villa in the country.

EUGENIE GRANDET;

or,

Scenes of Provincial Life.

Translated from the French of DeBalzac for The Chicago Tribune.

XIV.

Eugenie unsealed the letter, trembling. There fell from it a draft on the house of Madame Des Grassins & Corret, of Saumur. Nanon picked it up.

"My dear cousin——"

"I am no longer Eugenie," thought she, and her heart beat heavy.

"You——"

"He once called me '*thou*.'"

She crossed her arms, did not care to read the letter further, and big tears came in her eyes.

"Is he dead?" asked Nanon.

"If he were, he would not write," said Eugenie.

She read the whole letter, as follows:

"My dear cousin, you will learn, I believe, with pleasure, the success of my undertaking. You brought me good fortune. I have returned rich, and I have followed the advice of my uncle, of whose death, and that of my aunt, I have been informed by Mr. Des Grassins. The death of our relatives is in the nature of things, and we have to follow them. I hope that you are now consoled. Nothing resists time; I feel it. Yes, my dear cousin, unhappily for me, the time of illusions is over. How could it be helped? While travelling through many lands, I have have oft meditated on life. I left a child, I have returned a man. To-day I think of many things of which I did not formerly dream. You are free, my cousin, and I am also free; apparently nothing hinders the carrying out of our little plans; but I have too much honor in my character to hide from you the situation of my affairs. I have not forgotten that. I do not belong to myself. I have always remembered, in my long wanderings, the little wooden bench——"

Eugenie rose as if she had been on hot coals, and went and sat down on one of the steps of the court:

"—— the little wooden bench, where we swore eternal love; the passage; the gray sitting-room; my garret chamber; and the night in which, by your delicate kindness, you made my future easier. Yes, these memories have sustained my courage, and I have said to myself that you always thought of me, as I often thought of you, at the hour we agreed upon. Have you really looked at the clouds at 9 o'clock? Yes, have you not? So I do not wish to betray an affection sacred to me; no, I must not deceive you. There is now under consideration, at this moment, an alliance for me which satisfies all the ideas that I have formed concerning marriage. Love, in marriage, is a chimera. To-day, my experience tells me that it is necessary to obey all social laws, and, in marrying, to comply with all things deemed proper by the world. Now, there is already a difference in age between us, which will perhaps have more influence on your future, my dear cousin, than over mine. I will speak to you neither of your customs, nor your education, nor your habits, which do not at all coincide with Parisian life, and which, doubtless, would not harmonize with my ulterior schemes. It is a part of my plan to keep up an extensive establishment, and to receive many people; and I think I recollect that you love a still and quiet life. No, I will be more frank, and wish to make you the judge of my situation; it is proper you should know it, and you have a right to decide on it. I now possess an income of 80,000 livres. This fortune enables me to ally myself to the D'Aubrion family, whose heiress, a young lady of 19, brings me in marriage her name, a title, the place of Honorary Gentleman of the Chamber of His Majesty, and an exceedingly brilliant position. I will acknowledge to you, my dear cousin, that I do not love Mademoiselle D'Aubrion to the slightest extent; but, by marrying her, I insure to my children a social standing, the advantages of which will some day be incalculable; monarchical ideas are daily regaining favor. Then, a few years later, my son, having become Marquis D'Aubrion, with an estate worth forty thousand livres a year, can take whatever position in the State it will suit him to choose. We owe ourselves to our children. You see, my cousin, with what sincerity I lay bare to you the condition of my heart, of my hopes, and of my future. It is possible that you, on your side, have forgotten our childish actions after seven years of absence; but I have forgotten neither your kind treatment nor your words; I remember them all, even those most lightly given, and of which a young man less conscientious than I am, having a heart less youthful and less upright, would not even think. When I say to you that I think of merely making a marriage *de convenance*, and that I still remember our childhood loves, do not I put myself entirely at your discretion, make you mistress of my fate, and say to you that, if I must renounce my social ambition, I will gladly content myself with that simple and pure happiness of which you have offered me such affecting images?"

"Tan, ta, ta,—Tan, ta, ti,—Tinn, ta, ta,—Toun!—Toun, ta, ti,—Tinn, ta, ta," etc., hummed Charles Grandet, to the tune of *Non piu andrai*, as he signed:

"Your devoted cousin,

"CHARLES."

"God's thunder! I am taking a good deal of trouble about this," said he to himself. Then he had obtained the draft, and had added the following:

"P. S. I inclose in my letter a draft on the house of Des Grassins for 8,000 francs, payable to your order, in gold, being the interest and principal of the sum you were so kind as to lend me. I am expecting from Bordeaux a box containing some things which you will allow me to offer you as a testimonial of my everlasting gratitude. You can send back my dressing-case by the stage, to the Hotel D'Aubrion, Street Hillerin-Bertin."

"By the stage!" said Eugenie, "A thing for which I would have given my life a thousand times!"

Frightful and utter disaster! The vessel went down without leaving a rope or a plank on the vast ocean of hopes. Some women, when they see themselves deserted, go and tear their lover from the arms of a rival, kill her, and fly to the end of the world, to the scaffold or to the tomb. Doubtless this is admirable; the inciting cause of that crime is a sublime passion which overawes human justice. Other women lower their heads, and suffer in silence; they go on, dying and resigned, weeping and pardoning, praying, and remembering, till the last sign. This is love, true love, angelic love, proud love, which lives on its grief, and dies of it. That was the feeling of Eugenie after she had read that terrible letter. She raised her eyes to Heaven, thinking of the last words of her mother, who, like some dying persons, had cast a dear and penetrating glance into the future; then Eugenie, remembering that prophetic death and life, took in her whole destiny with one look. She had nothing left but to unfurl her wings, aim at Heaven, and live in prayer till the day of her deliverance.

"My mother was right," said she, weeping. "To suffer and to die."

She came with slow steps from her garden to the sitting-room. Contrary to her custom, she did not go through the passage; but she found the memory of her cousin in that gray old room, on the mantel-piece of which was always a certain saucer, which she used every morning at her breakfast, as well as the sugar-bowl of old Sevres.

That morning was fated to be a solemn and eventful one for her. Nanon announced the Rector of the parish. This Rector, a relative of the Cruchots, was in the interest of the President De Bonfons. Some days before, the old Abbe had decided him to speak to Mademoiselle Grandet, from a purely religious point of view, of her duty to marry.

When Eugenie saw her pastor, she believed he came for the thousand francs she gave monthly to the poor, and told Nanon to get them; but the Rector began to smile.

"To-day, Mademoiselle, I have come to speak to you of a poor girl in whom the whole City of Saumur takes an interest, and who, through lack of charity for herself, is not leading a Christian life."

"My God, sir, you have found me at a time when it is impossible for me to think of my neighbors. I am absorbed in myself. I am very unhappy. I have no other refuge than the church; she has a bosom large enough to hold all our sorrows, and so rich sympathies that we can draw upon them without fear of exhausting them."

"Well, Mademoiselle, while occupying ourselves with that girl, we will occupy ourselves with you. Listen! If you want to insure your salvation, you have but two paths to pursue: either to leave the world, or to conform to its laws; to obey your earthly or your heavenly destiny."

"Ah! your voice speaks to me just when I wanted to hear a voice. Yes, God sends you here, sir. I intend to bid farewell to the world, and live for God alone, in silence and loneliness."

"It is necessary, my daughter, to think over this violent determination for a long time. Marriage is a life; the veil is a death."

"Well, death, death quickly, my pastor!" said she, with frightful eagerness.

"Death! But you have great obligations to fulfil to society, Mademoiselle. Are not you the mother of the poor to whom you give clothes, wood in winter, and work in summer? Your great fortune is a loan, which you must return, and you have solemnly accepted it as such. For you to bury yourself in a convent would be egoism; as for remaining unmarried, you ought not to. In the first place, can you manage alone your immense fortune? You will perhaps lose it. You will soon have a thousand lawsuits, and you will be entangled in inextricable difficulties. Believe your pastor; a husband is useful; you should keep what God has given you. I speak to you as to a cherished lamb. You love God too sincerely not to win your salvation in the midst of the world, of which you are one of the noblest ornaments, and to which it is your duty to set a holy example."

Just then, Madame Des Grassins was announced. She came—brought by revenge and a great despair.

"Mademoiselle——" said she. "Ah, here is the Rector. I will be silent. I came to speak to you of business, and I see that you are having an important conversation."

"Madame," said the Rector, "I leave the field free to you."

"Oh!" said Eugenie, "come back in a little while; your support is very necessary to me just now."

"Yes, my poor child," said Madame Des Grassins.

"What do you mean?" asked Mademoiselle Grandet and the Rector.

"Do not I know of the return of your cousin, and his marriage to Mademoiselle D'Aubrion? A woman's wits are never asleep."

Eugenie blushed and remained silent; but she determined to assume for the future the impassible face her father had worn.

"Well, Madame," replied she, ironically, "doubtless my wits are asleep, for I do not understand. Speak out; speak before the Rector; you know he is my spiritual guide."

"Well, Mademoiselle, this is what Des Grassins writes me. Read."

Eugene read the following letter:

"My dear wife, Charles Grandet has returned from the Indies, and has been in Paris for a month——"

"A month!" said Eugenie to herself, letting the letter fall.

After a pause, she picked it up again:

"I have had to dance attendance twice before I could speak to the future Viscount D'Aubrion. Although all Paris is talking of his marriage, and the bans are published——"

"So he wrote to me at the time when——" said Eugenie to herself. She did not finish; she did not exclaim, like a Parisian woman, "The scoundrel!" But, though not expressed, the contempt was none the less complete.

"—— this marriage is far from being made; the Marquis D'Aubrion will not give his daughter to the son of a bankrupt. I told him of the attention his uncle and I had given to his father's affairs, and the skilful manœuvres by which we had succeeded in keeping the creditors quiet up to this time. And this impertinent little fellow had the face to reply to me—to me who for five years had devoted myself, night and day, to his interests and his honor—that his father's affairs were not his. A referee would have a right to demand of him from thirty to forty thousand francs for fees, at 1 per cent on the total amount of indebtedness. But patience!—he is legally indebted to the creditors to the amount of 1,200,000 francs, and I will have his father declared a bankrupt. I went into this business trusting to that old crocodile of a Grandet, and I have made promises in the name of the family. If the Viscount D'Aubrion cares so little for his honor, mine interests me very much. So I intend to explain my position to the creditors. Nevertheless, I have too much respect for Mademoiselle Eugenie, of an alliance with whom we had thought in happier days, to act until you have spoken to her of this matter——"

Here Eugenie coldly handed back the letter without finishing it. "I thank you," said she to Madame Des Grassins, "*we will see about that!*"

"Your voice was exactly like your dead father's, just then," said Madame Des Grassins.

"Madame, you have to pay us eight thousand one hundred francs in gold," said Nanon to her.

"That is so; be so kind as to come with me, Mrs. Cornoiller."

The Rector left; Mademoiselle Grandet went to her father's closet, and spent the whole day there, not even coming down at dinner time, in spite of Nanon's urging. She appeared in the evening, at the time when her usual visitors came. Never had the parlor of the Grandets been as full as it was that evening. The news of the return and of the stupid treachery of Charles had been disseminated through the whole city. But, however attentive was the curiosity of the visitors, it was not satisfied. Eugenie, who had expected it, betrayed on her calm features none of the cruel emotions which agitated her. She assumed a smiling face to reply to those who wished to show her their concern by melancholy looks or words. In short, she was able to cover her unhappiness with the evil of politeness. About 9 o'clock the games came to an end and the players left their tables, paying their bets, and discussing the last plays at whist, as they joined the circle of talkers. When the assemblage rose in a body to leave the room there occurred a sensation which resounded in Saumur, and afterwards in the district, and in the four surrounding prefectures.

"Please stay, Mr. President," said Eugenie to Monsieur de Bonfons, as she saw him take his cane.

There was no one in the large gathering who did not feel an emotion at these words. The President grew pale, and was obliged to sit down.

"The President will have the millions," said Mademoiselle de Gribeaucourt.

"It is plain that the President will marry Mademoiselle Grandet," exclaimed Madame D'Orsonval.

"This is the best play in the game," said the Abbe.

"It is a fine slam," said the notary.

Each one said his say; each one made his pun; all saw the heiress mounted upon her millions as upon a pedestal. The drama begun nine years before had reached its denouement. To tell the President, in the face of all Saumur, to remain, was not it proclaiming that she wanted to make him her husband? In small towns, the proprieties are so strictly observed that a violation of this kind constitutes there the most solemn of promises.

"Mr. President," said Eugenie to him, in an agitated voice, when they were alone, "I know what pleases you in me. Swear to leave me free during my whole life, and to remind me of none of the rights which marriage gives you over me, and my hand is yours. Oh!" continued she, as she saw him kneeling, "I have not said all. I must not deceive you. Sir, I have an inextinguishable passion in my heart. Friendship will be the only feeling I can give my husband: I wish neither to offend him, nor to act counter to the laws of my heart. But you can possess my hand and fortune only at the price of a great service."

"You see me ready for anything," said the President.

"Here are 1,500,000 francs," said she, taking from her bosom a certificate of a hundred shares in the Bank of France. "Leave for Paris, not to-morrow, not to-night, but immediately. Go to Mr. Des Grassins, find the names of all my uncle's creditors, get them together, and pay the full amount of the indebtness of his estate, the principal with interest at 5 per cent from the day the debt was incurred to the day of payment; then you will please have a general and certified receipt made out in due form. You are a magistrate; I trust myself solely to you in this matter. You are an honorable man, a gentleman; I embark, relying on your word, to go through the dangers of life under the shelter of your name. We will have a mutual indulgence for one another. We have known one another so long, we are almost relatives; you surely would not make me unhappy."

The President fell at the feet of the rich heiress, palpitating with joy and anxiety.

"I will be your slave," said he to her.

"When you have the receipt, sir," said she, giving him a cold look; "you will take it, with all the evidences of indebtedness, to my cousin Grandet, and give him this letter. On your return, I will keep my word."

The President fully understood that he owed Mademoiselle Grandet to an impulse of wounded love; so he hastened to perform her orders with the greatest promptness, so that there might be no reconciliation between the two lovers.

When Monsieur De Bonfons had gone, Eugenie fell into her arm-chair, and burst into tears. All was over. The President took post-horses, and was in Paris the next evening. On the morning of the following day, he went to Des Grassins. The magistrate convened the creditors in the office of the notary where the evidences of indebtedness were deposited, and not one failed to answer. Though they were creditors, it is necessary to do them justice, they were prompt. Then the President De Bonfons, in the name of Mademoiselle Grandet, paid them their principal, and the interest which was due. The payment of the interest was one of the most amazing events of the time for Parisian merchants. When the receipt had been recorded, and Des Grassins paid for his trouble by the gift of a sum of 50,000 francs which Eughie had allowed him, the President went to the Hotel D'Aubrion, and found Charles just as he had returned to his room, crushed by his father-in-law. The old Marquis had told him his daughter would not belong to him until all the creditors of William Grandet had been paid.

The President first gave him the following letter:

"My cousin, the President de Bonfons, has taken it upon himself to hand you the receipt for all the amounts due by my uncle, and the paper by which I acknowledge having received them from you. They have spoken to me of bankruptcy; I have thought that perhaps the son of a bankrupt could not marry Mademoiselle D'Aubrion. Yes, my cousin, you have judged well of my mind and my ways; doubtless I have nothing of the world about me; I know neither its way of calculating nor its customs, and could not give you the pleasures you wish to find there. Be happy, according to the social proprieties to which you sacrifice our first loves. To make your happiness complete, I can offer you only the honor of your father. Farewell; you will always have a faithful friend in your cousin, EUGENIE."

The President smiled at the exclamation which this ambitious man could not suppress as he received the legal document.

"We will reciprocally announce our marriages," said he to him.

"Ah! are you going to marry Eugenie? Well, I am glad of it; she is a good girl. But," continued he, suddenly struck by a brilliant thought, "is she really rich?"

"She had," answered the President in a joking way, "nearly nineteen millions four days ago, but she has only seventeen now."

Charles looked at the President with a stupified air.

"Seventeen——mil——"

"Seventeen millions,—yes, sir. We unite, Mademoiselle Grandet and I, an income of seven hundred and fifty thousand livres when we marry."

"My dear cousin," said Charles, recovering a little assurance, "we can help one another along."

"Agreed," said the President. "Besides, here is a little box which I am also to deliver only to you," added he, putting on the table the box containing the dressing-case.

"Well, my dear friend," said Madame the Marquise D'Aubrion, coming in without paying any attention to Cruchot, "Do not mind what that poor Monsieur D'Aubrion, whose head has been turned by the Duchess DeChaulieu, says to you. I repeat it to you, nothing shall prevent your marriage——"

"Very well, madame," replied Charles, "the three millions my father owed were paid yesterday."

"In money?" said she.

"In their entirety, interest and principal, and I intend to restore his memory."

"What a piece of folly!" exclaimed the mother-in-law. "Who is this gentleman?" said she in her son-in-law's ear, as she saw Cruchot.

"My agent," he replied in a low voice.

The Marquise bowed disdainfully to Monsieur DeBonfons.

"We are helping one another along already," said the President, taking his hat. "Good bye, my cousin."

"This Saumur *Katakona* is laughing at me. I have a great desire to give him six inches of steel in the stomach."

The President had gone. Three days afterwards Monsieur De Bonfons, having returned to Saumur, announced his marriage to Eugenie. Six months later he was appointed Counsellor to the Royal Court at Angers. Before leaving Saumur, Eugenie had the gold of the jewelry which had so long been dear to her heart, melted down, and used it, as well as her cousin's eight thousand francs, for making a gold ostensory, of which she made a present to the church where she had prayed so much to God for *him*. She divided her time between Angers and Saumur. Her husband, who showed devotion, at the happening of a certain political event became President of the Chamber, and finally First President, after the lapse of several years. He was impatiently awaiting the general re-election, in order to have a seat in the Chamber. He already coveted the Peerage, and then——

"Then the King will be his cousin," said Nanon, Grande Nanon, Mrs. Cornoiller, wife of the citizen of Saumur, to whom her mistress announced the honors to which she was called. Nevertheless, the President De Bonfons, for he had at last done away with the paternal name of Cruchot, did not succeed in realizing any of his ambitious ideas. He died eight days after he had been elected Deputy from Saumur. God, who sees all, and never strikes amiss, doubtless punished him for his calculations, and the legal skill with which he had drawn up, *accurante Cruchot*, his marriage-contract, wherein the future husband and wife gave one another, "in case that they shall have no children, the entirety of their property, movable and immovable, without any exception or reservation whatever, in full ownership, dispensing even with the formality of the inventory, nor can the omission of the aforesaid inventory be plead against their heirs or assigns, meaning that the aforesaid donation shall be," etc. This clause may explain the profound respect that the President constantly had for the will and the seclusion of Madame De Bonfons. The women quoted the First President as one of the most delicate of men, pitied him, and often even went so far as to blame the grief and passion of Eugenie, but as they know how to blame a woman, with the most cruel consideration.

"Madame de Bonfons must suffer a great deal to leave her husband alone. Poor little woman! Will she get well soon? What is the matter with her? Gastritis,—cancer? Why does she not see the Doctors? She has been getting yellow for some time; she ought to consult the Paris celebrities. How is it possible for her not to want a child? They say she loves her husband a good deal; then who not give him an heir, in his position? Do you know that that is frightful? and, if it is due to a whim, it would be very blamable. Poor President!"

Endowed with that sure judgment which the recluse exercises through his perpetual meditations, and the subtle vision with which he apprehends things falling within his sphere, Eugenie, accustomed by misfortune and her latest education to divine everything, knew that the President desired her death in order to come into possession of that immense fortune, increased by the estates of his uncle, the notary, and his uncle, the Abbe, whom God had seen fit to call to himself. The poor recluse pitied the President. Providence avenged her for the schemes and the infamous indifference of a husband, who respected, as the strongest of guarantees, the hopeless passion on which Eugenie fed. To have had a child would have been to kill the hopes of egoism, the joys of ambition, hugged by the First President. So God gave heaps of gold to his prisoner, to whom gold was indifferent, and who aimed at Heaven, who lived, pious and good, in holy thoughts, and who constantly and secretly helped the unfortunate. Madame De Bonfons was a widow at 36, with an income of eight hundred thousand livres, still handsome, but with the beauty of a woman of nearly 40. Her face is white, placid, calm. Her voice is gentle, and her manners simple. She has the perfect nobility of sorrow, the holiness of a person who has not stained her soul by contact with the world; but she has also the stiffness of an old maid, and the close ways which the narrow primeval life gives. In spite of her income of eight hundred thousand livres, she lives as the poor Eugenie Grandet lived, lights a fire in her room only on the days when her father formerly allowed a fire to be made in the sitting-room, and puts it out conformably to the programme in force in her young years. She is always dressed as her mother was. The house at Saumur,—a house without sun and without heat, constantly shaded and melancholy,—is the image of her life. She carefully saves up her revenues, and would perhaps seem parsimonious if she did not give the lie to slander by a noble use of her fortune. Pious and charitable foundations, a hospital for the aged, Christian schools for the children, and a richly-endowed public library, bear witness, every year, against the avarice with which certain persons reproach her. The churches of Saumur owe some embellishments to her, Madame De Bonfons, whom they jestingly call Mademoiselle, generally inspires a profound respect. This noble heart, which beat but for the tenderest emotions, had, therefore, to be subjected to the calculations of human interest. Money had to give its cold hues to that celestial life, and give to a woman who was all feeling, distrust for feelings.

"No one but you loves me," said she to Nanon.

The hand of this woman binds up the secret wounds of every family. Eugenie moves toward Heaven, accompanied by an escort of good deeds. The grandeur of her soul diminishes the smallnesses of her education and the habits of her early life. Such is the history of this woman, who is not of the world, though in the midst of it; who, made to be nobly wife and mother, has neither husband, nor children nor family. Recently, they have been talking of a new marriage for her. The people of Saumur busy themselves about her and the Marquis de Froidfond, whose family is beginning to surround the rich widow, as the Cruchots once did. Nanon and Cornoiller are, they say, in the interests of the Marquis; but nothing is more untrue. Neither Grande Nanon nor Cornoiller have sense enough to understand the corruptions of the world.

[THE END.]

THEY SAW A GREAT LIGHT.

A Christmas Story, by E. E. Hale.

CHAPTER I.

ANOTHER GENERATION.

"Here he comes! here he comes!"

"He" was the "post-rider," an institution now almost of the past. He rode by the house and threw off a copy of the Boston *Gazette*. Now the Boston *Gazette*, of this particular issue, gave the results of the drawing of the great Massachusetts State Lottery of the Eastern Lands in the Waldo Patent.

Mr. Cutts, the elder, took the *Gazette*, and opened it with a smile that pretended to be careless; but even he showed the eager anxiety which they all felt, as he tore off the wrapper and unfolded the fatal sheet. "Letter from London," "Letter from Philadelphia," "Child with Two Heads,"—thus he ran down the columns of the little page, uneasily. "Here it is! here it is! Drawing of the Great State Lottery. 'In the presence of the Honorable Treasurer of the Commonwealth, and of their Honors the Commissioners of the Honorable Council, was drawn yesterday, at the State House, the first distribution of numbers.' Here are the numbers: 'First combination, 375-1. Second, 421-7. Third, 591-6. Fourth, 594-1. Fifth'"—and here Mr. Cutts started off his feet—"'Fifth, 219-7.' Sybil, my darling! it is so! 219-7! See, dear child! 219-7! 219-7! O my God! to think it should come so!"

And he fairly sat down, and buried his head in his hands, and cried.

The others for a full minute did not dare break in on excitement so intense, and were silent; but in a minute more, of course, little Simeon, the youngest of the tribes who were represented there, gained courage to pick up the paper, and to spell out again the same words which his father had read with so much emotion; and, with his sister Sally, who came to help him, to add to the store of information, as to what prize number 5—219-7—might bring.

For this was a lottery in which there were no blanks. The old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, having terrible war debts to pay after the Revolution, had nothing but lands in Maine to pay them with. Now lands in Maine were not very salable, and if the simple and ordinary process of sale had been followed, the lands might not have been sold till this day. So they were distributed by these lotteries, which in that time seemed gigantic. Every ticket-holder had some piece of land awarded to him, I think,—but the most, I fear, the lands were hardly worth the hunting up, to settle upon. But, to induce as many to buy as might, there were prizes. No. 1, I think, even had a "stately mansion" on the land,—according to the advertisement. No. 2 had some special water-power facilities. No. 5, which Mr. Cutts' ticket had drawn, was two thousand acres on Tripp's Cove,—described in the programme as that "well-known harbor of refuge, where Fifty Line-of-Battle Ship could lie in safety." To this cove the two thousand acres so adjoined that the programme represented them as the site of the great "Mercantile Metropolis of the Future."

Samuel Cutts was too old a man, and had already tested too critically his own powers in what the world calls "business," by a sad satire, to give a great deal of faith to the promises of the prospectus as to the commercial prosperity of Tripp's Cove. He had come out of the Revolution a Brigadier General, with an honorable record of service; with rheumatism which would never be cured, with a good deal of paper money which would never be redeemed, which the Continent and the Commonwealth had paid him for his seven years, and without that place in the world of peace which he had had when these years began. The very severest trial of the Revolution was to be found in the condition in which the officers of the army was left after it was over. There were men who had distinguished themselves in their profession, and who had done their very best to make that profession unnecessary in the future. To go back to their old callings was hard. Other men were in their places, and there did not seem to be room for two. Under the wretched political system of the old Confederation, there was no such rapid spring of the material prosperity of the country as should find for them new fields in new enterprise. Peace did anything but lead in Plenty. Often indeed in history has Plenty been a little coy before she could be tempted, with her pretty tender foot, to press the stubble and the ashes left by the havoc of War. And thus it was that General Cutts had returned to his old love whom he had married in a leave of absence just before Bunker Hill, and had begun his new life with her in Old Newbury, in Massachusetts, at a time when there was little opening for him,—or for any man who had spent seven years in learning how to do well what was never to be done again.

And in doing what there was to do he had not succeeded. He had just squeezed pork and potatoes and Indian meal enough out of a worn-out farm to keep Sybil, his wife, and their growing family of children alive. He had, once or twice, gone up to Boston to find what chances might be open for him there. But, alas! Boston was in a bad way, too, as well as Samuel Cutts. Once he had joined some old boon companions, who had gone out to the Western Reserve in Northern Ohio, to see what opening might be there. But the outlook seemed unfavorable for carrying so far, overland, a delicate woman and six little children into a wilderness. If he could have scraped together a little money, he said, he would buy a share in one of the ships he saw rotting in Boston or Salem, and try some foreign adventure. But, alas! the ships would not have been rotting had it been easy for any man to scrape together a little money to buy them. And so, year in and year out, Samuel Cutts and his wife dressed the children more and more plainly, bought less sugar and more molasses, brought down the family diet more strictly to pork and beans, pea-soup, hasty-pudding, and rye-and-Indian; and Samuel Cutts looked more and more sadly on the prospect before these boys and girls, and the life for which he was training them.

Do not think he was a profligate, my dear cousin Eunice, because he had bought a lottery-ticket. Please to observe that to buy lottery-tickets was represented to be as much the duty of all good citizens, as it was proved to be, eleven years ago, your duty to make Havelocks and to knit stockings. Samuel Cutts, in the outset, had bought his lottery-ticket only "to encourage the others," and to do his honorable share in paying the war debt. Then, I must confess, he had thought more of the ticket than he had supposed he would. The children had made a romance about it,—what they would do, and what they would not do, if they drew the prize. Samuel Cutts and Sybil Cutts themselves had got drawn into the interest of the children, and many was the night when they had sat up, without any light but that of a pine-torch, planning out the details of the little colony they would form in the eastward,—if—if only one of the ten great prizes should, by any marvel, fall to him. And now this prize—which perhaps he had thought of as much as he had thought of any of the ten—had fallen to him. This was the reason why he showed so much emotion, and why he could hardly speak, when he read the numbers. It was because that had come to him which represented so completely what he wanted, and yet which he had not even dared to pray for. It was so much more than he expected,—it was the dream of years, indeed, made true.

For Samuel Cutts had proved to himself that he was a good leader of men. He knew he was, and many men knew it who had followed him under Carolina suns, and in the snows of Valley Forge. Samuel Cutts knew, equally well, that he was not a good maker of money, nor creator of pork and potatoes. Six years of farming in the Valley of the Merrimac had proved that to him, if he had never learned that before. Samuel Cutts' dream had been, when he went away to explore the Western Reserve, that he would like to bring together some of the best line officers and some of the best privates of the old "Fighting Twenty-seventh," and take them, with his old provident skill, which had served them so well upon so many camping-grounds, to some region where they could stand by each other again, as they had stood by each other before, and where sky and earth would yield them more than sky and heart have yet yielded any man in eastern Massachusetts. Well! as I said, the Western Reserve did not seem to be the place. After all, "the Fighting Twenty-seventh" were not skilled in the tilling of the land. They furnished their quota when the boats were to be drawn through the ice of the Delaware, to assist in Rahl's Christmas party at Trenton; and for many an embarkation at the "head of Elk" had the "Fighting Twenty-seventh" provided half the seamen for the transport. It was the "Fighting Twenty-seventh" who cut out the "Princess Charlotte" cutter in Edisto Bay. But the "Fighting Twenty-seventh had never, so far as any one knew, beaten one sword into one plow-share, nor one spear into one pruning-hook. But Tripp's Cove seemed to offer a different prospect. Why not, with a dozen or two of the old set, establish there, not the New Jerusalem, indeed, but something a little more elastic, a little more helpful, a little more alive, than these kiln-dried, sun-dried, and time-dried old towns of the seaboard of Massachusetts? At any rate, they could live together in Tripp's Cove, as they wintered together at Valley Forge, at Bennett's Hollow, by the Green Licks, and in the Lykens Intervale. This was the question which Samuel Cutts wanted to solve, and which the fatal figures 219-7 put him in the way of solving.

"Tripp's Cove is our Christmas present," said Sybil Cutts to her husband, as they went to bed. But so far removed were the habits of New England then from the observance of ecclesiastical anniversaries, that no one else had remembered that day that it was Christmas which was passing.

CHAPTER II.

TRIPP'S COVE.

Call this a long preface, if you please, but it seems to me best to tell this story so that I may explain what manner of people those were and are who lived, live, and will live at Tripp's Cove,—and why they have been, are, and will be linked together, with a sort of family tie and relationship which one does not often see in the villages self-formed or formed at hap-hazard on the sea-side, on the hill-side, or in the prairies of America. Tripp's Cove never became "the Great Mercantile City of the Future," nor do I believe it ever will. But there Samuel Cutts lived in a happy life for fifty years,—and there he died, honored, blessed, and loved. By and by there came the second war with England,—the "Endymion" came cruising along upon the coast, and picking up the fishing-boats and the coasters, burning the ships on the stocks, or compelling the owners to ransom them. Old General Cutts was 70 years old then; but he was, as he had always been, the head of the settlement at Tripp's,—and there was no lack of men younger than he, the sergeants or the high privates of the "Fighting Twenty-seventh," who drilled the boys of the village for whatever service might impend. When the boys went down to Runkin's and sent the "Endymion's" boats back to her with half their crews dead or dying, faster than they came, old General Cutts was with them, and took sight over his rifle as quickly and as bravely as the best of them. And so twenty years more passed on,—and, when he was well nigh ninety, the old man died full of years and full of blessings, all because he had launched out for himself, left the life he was not fit for, and undertaken life in which he was at home.

Yes! and because of this also, when 1861 came with its terrible alarm to the whole country, and its call to duty, all Tripp's Cove was all right. The girls were eager for service, and the boys were eager for service. The girls stood by the boys, and the boys stood by the girls. The husbands stood by the wives, and the wives stood by the husbands. I do not mean that there was not another community in which everybody was steadfast and true. But I do mean that here was one great family, although the census rated it as five-and-twenty families, which had one heart and one soul in the contest, and which went into it with one heart and one soul,—every man and every woman of them all bearing each other's burdens.

Little Sim Cutts, who broke the silence that night when the postman threw down the Boston *Gazette*, was an old man of 85 when they all got the news of the shots at Fort Sumter. The old man was as hale and hearty as half the men of 60 in this land are to-day. With all his heart he encouraged the boys who volunteered in answer to the first call for regiments from Maine. Then, with full reliance on the traditions of the "Fighting Twenty-seventh," he explained to the fishermen and the coasters that uncle Abraham would need them for his web-footed service, as well as for his legions on the land. And they found out their ways to Portsmouth and to Charleston, so that they might enter the navy as their brothers entered the army. And so it was that, when Christmas came in 1861, there was at Tripp's Cove only one of that noble set of young fellows who but a year before was hauling hemlock, and spruce, and fir, and pine, at Christmas, at the girls' order, and worked in the meeting-house for two days as the girls bade them work, so that, when Parson Spaulding came in to preach his Christmas sermon, he thought the house was a bit of the woods themselves. Only one!

And who was he?

How did he dare stay among all those girls who were crying out their eyes, and sewing their fingers to the bones,—meeting every afternoon in one sitting-room or another, and devouring every word that came from the army? They read the worst-spelled letter that came home from Mike Sawin, and prized it, and blessed it, and cried over it, as heartily as the noblest description of battle that came from the pen of Carleton or Swinton.

Who was he?

Ah! I have caught you, have I? That was Tom Cutts,—the old General's great-grandson,—the very noblest and bravest of them all. He got off first of all. He had the luck to be in Bull Run,—and to be cut off from his regiment. He had the luck to hide under a corn crib, and to come into Washington whole, a week after the regiment. He was the first man in Maine, they said, to enlist for the three-years' service. Perhaps the same thing is said of many others. He had come home and raised a new company,—and he was making them fast into good soldiers, out beyond Fairfax Court House, so that the Brigadier would do anything Tom Cutts wanted. And when, on the first of December, there came up to the Major General in command a request for leave of absence from Tom Cutts, respectfully referred to Colonel This, who had respectfully referred it to General That, who had respectfully referred it to Adjutant General T'other,—all these dignitaries had respectfully recommended that the request be granted. For, even in the sacred purlieus of the top Major General's headquarters, it was understood that Cutts was going home for no less a purpose than the being married to the prettiest and sweetest and best girl in Eastern Maine.

Well! for my part I do not think that the aids and their informants were in the wrong about tis. Surely that Christmas Eve, as Laura Marvel stood up with Tom Cutts in front of Parson Spaulding, in presence of what there was left of the Tripp's Cove community, I would have said that Laura was the loveliest bride I ever saw. She is tall; she is graceful; she has rather a startled look when you speak to her, suddenly or gently, but the startled look just bewitches you. Black hair,—she got that from the Italian blood in her grandmother's family; exquisite blue eyes,—that is a charming combination with black hair; perfect teeth, and matchless color; and she had it all when she was married; she was a blushing bride and not a fainting one. But, then, what stuff this is,—nobody knew he cared a straw for Laura's hair or her cheek; it was that she looked "just lovely," and that she was "just lovely,"—so self-forgetfull in all her ways, after that first start,—so eager to know just where she could help, and so determined to help just there. Why! she led all the girls in the village when she was only 14, because they loved her so. She was the one who made the rafts when there was a freshet, and took them all out together on the mill-pond. And, when the war came, she was, of course, captain of the girls' sewing,—she packed the cans of pickles and fruit for the Sanitary,—she corresponded with the State Adjutant—Heavens! from morning to night everybody in the village ran to Laura,—not because she was the prettiest creature you ever looked upon, but because she was the kindest, truest, most loyal, and most helpful creature that ever lived,—be the same man or woman.

Now had you rather be named Laura Cutts or Laura Marvel? Marvel is a good name,—a weird, miraculous sort of name. Cutts is not much of a name. But Laura had made up her mind to be Laura Cutts after Tom had asked her about it,—and here they are standing before dear old Parson Spaulding, to receive his exhortation,—and to be made one before God and man.

Dear Laura! How she had laughed with the other girls, all in a good-natured way, at the good Parson's exhortation to the young couples. Laura had heard it twenty times,—for she had "stood up" with twenty of the girls who had dared the Enterprise of Life before her! Nay, Laura could repeat, with all the emphasis, the most pathetic passage of the whole,—"And above all, my beloved young friends,—first of all and last of all,—let me beseech you, as you climb the hill of life together, hand with hand, and step with step,—that you will look beyond the crests upon its summit to the eternal lights which blaze in the infinite heaven of the Better Land beyond." Twenty times had Laura heard this passage,—nay, ten times, I am afraid, had she, in an honest and friendly way, repeated it, under strict vows of secrecy, to the edification of circles of screaming girls. But now the dear child looked truly and loyally into the old man's face, as he went on from word to word, and only thought of him, and how noble and true and pure he was,—and of the Great Master whom he represented there; and it was just as real to her and to Tom Cutts that they must look into the Heaven of Heavens for life and strength, as Parson Spaulding wanted it to be. When he prayed with all his heart, she prayed; what he hoped, she hoped; what he promised for her, she promised to the Father in Heaven; and what he asked her to promise by word aloud, she promised loyally and eternally.

And Tom Cutts? He looked so handsome in his uniform, and he looked like the man he was. And in those days, the uniform, if it were only a flannel fatigue-jack on a private's back, was as beautiful as the flag,—nothing more beautiful than either for eyes to look upon; and when Parson Spaulding had said the benediction and the amen, and had kissed Laura, with her eyes full of tears, and when he had given Tom Cutts joy, when all the people came up, in a double line, and they all kissed Laura, and they shook hands with Tom as if they would shake his hands off, and, in the half-reticent methods of Tripp's Cove, every lord and lady bright that were in Moses Marvel's parlor, said "Honored be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

And there was a bunch of laurel hanging in the middle of the the room, as make-believe mistletoe. And the boys who could not make believe even that they were 18, so that they had been left at home, would catch Phebe, and Sarah, and Mattie, and Helen, when by accident they crossed underneath the laurel, and would kiss them, for all their screaming. And soon Moses Marvel brought in a waiter with wedding-cake, and Nathan Philbrick brought in a waiter with bride-cake, and pretty Mattie Marvel brought in a waiter with currant wine. And Tom Cutts gave every girl a piece of wedding-cake himself, and made her promise to sleep on it. And, before they were all gone, he and Laura had been made to write names for the girls to dream upon, that the might draw their fortunes the next morning. And, before long, Moses Cutts led Mrs. Spaulding out into the great family-room, and there was the real wedding-supper. And, after they had eaten the supper, Bengel's fiddle sounded in the parlor; and they danced, and they waltzed, and they polked, to their hearts' content. And so they spent the Christmas of 1861.

Too bad, was not it? Tom's leave was only twenty days. It took him five to come; it took five to go. After the wedding there was but seven little days. And then he kissed dear Laura good-by, with tears running from his eyes and hers; and she begged him to be sure he should be all right; and he begged her to be certain nothing would happen to him. And for near two years they did not see each other's faces again,

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS.

Christmas Eve again!

Moses Marvel has driven out his own bays, in his own double cutter, to meet the stage at Fordyce's. On the back seat is Mattie Marvel with a rosy little baby all wrapped up in flannels and in furs, who is the little Tom Cutts who has never seen his own father. Where is Laura?

"Here she comes! here she comes!" Sure enough; here is the stage at last. Job Stiles never swept around with a more knowing sweep than this afternoon. And the curtains were up already; and there is Laura; and there is Tom! He is a pale, poor fellow. But how pleased he is! Laura is our first, of course. And then she gives him her hand so gently, and the others all help. And here is the hero at Marvel's side; and he is bending over his baby, whom he dares not try to lift with his one arm; and Mattie and old Moses Marvel are crying; but everybody is as happy as a king, and everybody is talking at one time, and all the combination has turned out well.

Tom Cutts had had a hole made through his left thigh, so that they despaired of his life. And, as he lay on the ground, a bit of a shell had struck his left forearm, and knocked that to pieces. Tom Cutts had been sent back to hospital at Washington, and reported by telegraph as mortally wounded. But, almost as soon as Tom Cutts got to the Lincoln Hospital himself, Laura Cutts got there too, and then Tom did not mean to die if he could help it, and Laura did not mean to have him. And the honest fellow held to his purpose in that steadfast Cutts way. The blood tells, I believe; and love tells and will tells. How much love has to do with will! "I believe you are a witch, Mrs. Cutts," the doctor used to say to her. "Nothing but good happens to this good man of yours." Bits of bone came out just as they were wanted to. Inflammation kept away just as it was told to do. And the two wounds ran a race with each other in healing after their fashion. "It will be a beautiful stump after all," said the doctor, where poor Laura saw little beauty. But everything was beautiful to her when at last he told her that she might wrap up her husband as well as she knew how, and take him home and nurse him there. So she had telegraphed that they were coming, and that was the way in which it happened that her father and her sister had brought out the baby to meet them both at Fordyce's. Mattie's surprise had worked perfectly.

And now it was time for Laura's surprise. After she had her baby in her own arms, and was on the back seat of the sleigh; after Tom was well wrapped up by her side, with his well arm just supporting the little fellow's head; after Mattie was all tucked in by her father, and Mr. Marvel himself had looked round to say, "All ready!" then was it that Jem Marvel first stepped out from the stage, and said, "Havn't you one word for me, Mattie?" Then how they screamed again; for everybody thought Jem was in the West Indies. He was cruising there, on board the "Gray-Wing," looking after blockaders who took the Southern route. Nobody dreamed of Jem's being at Christmas. And here he had stumbled on Tom and Laura in the New Haven train as they came on! Jem had been sent to New York with a prize. He had got leave, and was on the way to see the rest of them. He had bidden Laura not to say one word; and so he had watched one greeting from the stage before he broke in to take his part for another.

O! what an uproarious Christmas that was when they all came home! No!—Tom Cutts would not let one of them be said! He was the cheeriest of them all. He monopolized the baby, and showed immense power in the way of baby-talk and of tending. Laura had only to sit on the side of the room and be perfectly happy. It was very soon known what the arrivals were. And Parson Spaulding came in and his wife. Of course, the Cuttses had been there already. Then everybody came. That is the simplest way of putting it. They all would have been wanted to come, because in that community there was not one person who did not love Laura, and Tom, and Jem. But whether they would have come on the very first night, I am not sure. But this was Christmas Eve, and the girls were finishing off the meeting-house just as the stage and the sleigh came in. And, in a minute, the news was everywhere. And, of course, everybody felt he might just go in to get news from the fleet or the army. Nor was there one homestead in Tripp's Cove which was not more or less closely represented in the fleet or army. So there was, really, as the evening passed, a town-meeting in Moses Marvel's sitting-room and parlor; and whether Moses Marvel were most pleased, or Mrs. Marvel, or Laura,—who sat and beamed,—or old General Simeon Cutts, I am sure I do not know.

That was indeed a merry Christmas!

But after that I must own it was hard sledding for Tom Cutts and for pretty Laura. A hero with one blue sleeve pinned neatly together, who, at the best, limps as he walks, quickens all your compassion and gratitude,—yes. But when you are selected a director of your lumber-works, or when you are sending to New York to buy goods, or when you are driving a line of railway through the wilderness, I am afraid you do not choose that hero to do your work for you. Or, if you do, you were not standing by when Tom Cutts was looking right and left for something to do, so that he might keep the wolf from the door. It was sadly like the life that his great-grandfather, Samuel Cutts, led at the old farm in old Newbury after the old war. Tom lost his place when he went to the front, and he could not find it again.

Laura, sweet girl, never complained,—no, nor Moses Marvel,—he never complained, nor would he complain if Tom and his wife and children has lived with him till doomsday. "Good luck for us," said Moses Marvel; and those were many words for him to say in one sentence. But Tom was proud, and it ground him to the dust to be eating Moses Marvel's bread when he had not earned it, and to have nothing but his Major's pension to buy Laura and the babies their clothes with, and to keep the pot a-boiling.

Of course Jem joined the fleet again till the war was over. Then he came, and came with prize-money. He and Tom had many talks of going into business together with Tom's brains and Jem's money. But nothing came of this. The land was no place for Jem. He was a regular Norseman, as are almost all of the Tripp's Cove boys, who have come from the loins of the fighting Twenty-Seventh. They sniff the tempest afar off; and when they hear of Puget Sound, or of Alaska, or of Wilkes' Antarctic Continent, they fancy that they hear a voice from some long-lost home, from which they have strayed away. And so Laura knew, and Tom knew, that any plans which rested on Jem's staying ashore were plans which had one false element in them. The raven would be calling him, and it might be best, once for all, to let him follow the raven till the raven called no more.

So Jem put his prize-money into a new bark which he found building at Bath; and they called the bark the Laura; and Tom and Laura Cutts went to the launching; and Jem superintended the rigging himself; and then he took Tom and Laura and the babies with him to New York, and a high time they had together there. Tom saw many of the old army boys, and Laura hunted up one or two old school friends; and they saw Booth in Iago, and screamed themselves hoarse at Niblo's, and heard Formes in the German Opera; and they rode in the park, they browsed in the Astor, and went shopping at Stewart's, and saw the people paint porcelain at Haughwout's, and, by Mr. Alden's kindness, went through the wonders at Harper's; in short, for three weeks, all of which time they lived on board ship, they saw the lions of New York as children of the public do,—for whom that great city decks itself and prepares its wonders, albeit their existence is hardly known to its inhabitants.

Meanwhile, Jem had chartered the "Laura" for a voyage to San Francisco. And so, before long, her cargo began to come on board, and she, and Tom, and the babies took a mournful farewell, and came back to Tripp's Cove again, to Moses Marvel's house. And poor Tom thought it looked smaller than ever, and that he should find it harder than ever to settle down to being of no use to anybody, and to eat Moses Marvel's bread,—without house, or barn, or bin, or oven, of board, or bed—even the meanest—of his own. Poor Tom! and this was the reward of being the first man in Maine to enter for three years!

And then things went worse and worse. Moses Marvel was as good and as taciturn as ever. But Moses Marvel's affairs did not run as smoothly as he liked. Moses held on, upon one year's cutting of lumber, perfectly determined that lumber should rise because it ought to, and Moses paid very high usury on the money he borrowed, because he would hold on. Moses was set in his way, like other persons whom you and I know; and to this lumber he held and held, till finally the bank would not renew his notes,—no, and they would not discount a cent for him at Bangor, and Moses came back from a long taciturn journey he had started on in search of money, and with only the certainty that he did not mean to have the Sheriff sell his lumber, he must sell it for himself. Nay! he must sell it before the fourth of the next month and for cash, and must sell at the very bottom of a long falling market! Poor Moses Marvel! That operation served to show that he joined all the Cutts' want of luck with the Marvel obstinacy. It was a wretched twelve-month the whole of it, and it made that household and made Tom Cutts more miserable and more.

Then they became anxious about the "Laura" and Jem. She made almost a clipper voyage to California. She discharged her cargo in perfect order. Jem made a capital charter for Australia and England, and knew that from England it would be easy to get a voyage home. He sailed from California, and then the letters stopped. No! Laura dear, no need of reading a word of the ship-news in the *Semi-Weekly Advertiser*; the name of your namesake is not there. Eight, nine, ten months have gone by, and there is no part in Christendom which has seen Jem's face, or the "Laura's" private signal. Do not strain your eyes on the *Semi-Weekly* any more.

No! dear Laura's eyes will be dimmed by other cares than the ship news. Tom's father, who had shared Tom's wretchedness, and would gladly have had them at his house, but Moses Marvel's was the larger and the less peopled of the two,—Tom's father was brought home speechless one day, by the men who had found him where he had fallen on the road, his yoke of oxen not far away, waiting for the voice which they were never to hear again. Whether he had fallen from the cart in some lurch it made, and broken his spine, or whether all this distress had brought on all of a sudden a stroke of paralysis, so that he lost his consciousness before he fell, I do not know. Nor do I see that it matters much, though the chimney corners of Tripp's Cove discuss the question quiet eagerly to this hour. He lay there month after month, really unconscious. He smiled gently when they brought him food. He tried to say "Thank you," they thought, but he did not speak to the wife of his bosom, who had been the Laura Marvel of her day, in any different way from that in which he tried to speak to any stranger of them all. A living death he lay in, as those tedious months went by.

Yet my dear Laura was as cheerful, and hopeful, and buoyant as ever. Tom Cutts himself was ashamed to brood when he got a sight of her. Mother Cutts herself would lie down to rest when Laura came down with the two children, as she did every afternoon. Moses Marvel himself was less taciturn when Laura put the children, one at one side, one at the other, of his chair, at the tea-table.

And in both of those broken households, from one end to the other, thew knew the magic of dear Laura's spells. So that when this Christmas came, after poor Mr. Cutts had been lying useless so long, when dear Laura bade them all take hold and fit up for the little ones, and for the Spaulding children, and the Marvel cousins, and the Hopkinses, and the Phips and Newmarch children, the first Christmas tree that had ever been seen in the Cove, obeyed her loyally, and without wondering. They obeyed her with her own determination that they would have one merry Christmas more. It seems strange to say that this was such a novelty for all the little ones of the neighborhood. But so it was, a novelty to all the home-stayers, for all such festivities are of recent importation in such regions. But there was something for every child. They heaped on more wood, and they kept a merry Christmas despite the storm without. This was Laura's will, and Laura had her way.

And she had her reward. Job Stiles came round to the door when he had put up his horses, and called Tom out and gave him a letter which he had brought from Ellsworth. And Tom read the letter, and he called Laura to read it. And Laura left the children and sat at the kitchen table with him and read it, and said, "Thank God! this is a Christmas present indeed. Could anything in this world be better?"

This is the letter:

JOHN WILDAIR TO TOM CUTTS.

DEAR TOM: I am just back from Washington. I have seen them all, and have done my best, and have failed. They say, and I believe, that the Collectorship was promised to Waters before the old man's death; that Waters had honest claims,—he has but one leg, you know; and that it must go to him. As for the Surveyorship, the gift of that is with Plumptre. And you know that I might as well ask the Pope to give me anything, as him. And, if he hates anybody worse than me, why, it is your wife's father. So I could do nothing there.

Let me say this, though it seems nothing: If, while we are waiting to look around, you like to take the Bell and Hammer Lighthouse, you may have the place to-morrow. Of course I know it is exile in winter, but in summer it is lovely. You have your house, your stores, two men under you (they are double lights), and a thousand dollars. I have made them promise to give it to no one till they hear from me. And, though I knew you ought not take any such place, I could not refuse it till I let you know. I send this to Ellsworth for the stage-driver to take, and you must send your answer by special messenger, that I may telegraph to Washington at once.

"I am very sorry, dear Tom, to have failed you so. But I did my best, you know. Merry Christmas to Laura and the babies. Truly yours,

"JOHN WILDAIR.

"PORTLAND, Dec. 24, 1867."

That was Laura and Tom's Christmas present. An appointment as light-keeper, with a thousand a year!

CHAPTER IV.

THE BELL AND HAMMER.

But, even if they had made Tom a turnpike-keeper, they would not have made Laura a misanthrope. He, poor fellow, gladly accepted the appointment. She, sweet creature, as gladly accepted her part of it. Early March saw them on the Bell and Hammer, April saw the early flowers come, and May saw Laura with both the babies on the beach, laughing at them as they wet their feet, digging holes in the sand for them, and sending the bigger boy to run and put salt upon the tails of the peeps as they ran along the shore. And Tom Cutts, when his glass was clean to his mind, and the reflectors polished to meet even his criticism, would come down and hunt up Laura and the children. And, when she had put the babies to sleep, old Mipples—who was another of the descendants of the "Fighting Twenty-seventh"—would say, "Just you go out with the Major, mum, and if they wake up, and I can't still them, I'll blow the horn." Not that he ever did blow the horn. All the more certain was Laura that she could tramp over the whole island with Tom Cutts, or she could sit and knit or sew, and Tom would read to her, and the days were the happiest days of her married life, and brought back the old sunny days of the times before Fort Sumter again. Ah, me! if such days of summer and such days of autumn would last forever.

But they will not last forever. November came, and the little colony went into winter-quarters. December came, and we were all double-banked with sea-weed. The stoves were set up in-doors. The double doors were put on outside, and we were all ready for the Osprey. The Osprey was the Government steamer which was to bring up our supplies for the winter,—chiefly of colza oil,—and perhaps some coal. But the Osprey does not appear. December is half gone, and no Osprey. We can put the stoves on short allowance, but not our two lanterns. They will only run to the 31st of January, the nights are so long.

That is our condition when old Mipples, bringing back the mail, brings a letter from Boston to say that the Osprey has broken her main-shaft and may not be repaired before the 15th of January; that Mr. Cutts will therefore, if he need oil, take an early opportunity to supply himself from the light at Squires', and that an order on the keeper at Squires' is enclosed.

To bring a cask of oil from Squires' is no difficult task to a Tripp's Cove man. It would be no easy one, dear reader, to you and me. Squires' is on the main-land, our nearest neighbor at the Bell and Hammer. Tom waited day by day for a fine day,—would not have gone for his oil, indeed, till the New Year came in, but that Jotham Fields, the other assistant, came down with a fever turn wholly beyond Laura's management, and she begged Tom to take the first fine day to carry him to a doctor. To bring a doctor to him was out of the question.

"And what will you do?" said Tom.

"Do? my dear boy, I will wait till you come home. Start any fine day after you have wound up the lights on the last beat, take poor Jotham to his mother's house, and, if you want, you may bring back your oil. I shall get along with the children very well, and I will have your dinner hot when you come home."

Tom doubted. But the next day was worse. Mipples voted for carrying him ashore, and Laura had her way. The easier did she have it, because the south wind blew softly, and it was clear to all men that the run could be made to Squires' in a short two hours. Tom finally agreed to start early the next morning. He would not leave his sick man at his mother's, but at Squires', and the people there could put him home. The weather was perfect, and an hour before daylight they were gone. They were gone,—all three had to go. Mipples could not handle the boat alone, nor could Tom; far less could one of them manage the boat, take the oil, and see to poor Jotham also. Wise or not, this was the plan.

An hour before daylight they were gone, half an hour after sunrise they were at the Squires'. But the sun had risen red, and had plumped into a cloud. Before Jotham was carried up the cliff, the wind was northwest, and the air was white with snow. You could not see the foremast of the boat from your seat in the stern sheets, the air was so white with snow. They carried Jotham up. But they told John Wilkes, the keeper at Squires', that they would come for the oil another day. They hurried down the path to the boat again; pushed her off, and headed her to the westward, determined not to lose a moment in beating back to the Bell and Hammer. Who in the world could have believed that the wind would haul back so without a sign of warning?

"Will it hold up, Simon?" said Tom to Mipples, wishing he might say something encouraging.

And all Simon Mipples could say was, "God grant it may!"

And Laura saw the sun rise red and lowering. And Laura went up into the tower next to the house, and put out the light there. Then she left the children in their cribs, and charged the little boy not to leave till she came back, and ran down to the door to go and put out the other light, and, as she opened it, the blinding snow dashed in her face! She had not dreamed of snow before. But her waterproof was on, she pulled on her boots, ran quickly along the path to the other light,—two hundred yards, perhaps,—climbed the stairway and extinguished that, and was at home again before the babies missed her.

For an hour or two Laura occupied herself with her household cares, and pretended to herself that she thought that this was only a snow-flurry that would soon clear away. But, by the time it was 10 o'clock, she knew it was a stiff northwester, and that her husband and Mipples were caught on shore. Yes, and she was caught with her babies alone on the island. Wind almost dead-ahead to a boat from Squires', too, if that made any difference. That crossed Laura's mind. Still she would not brood. Nay, she did not brood, which was much better than saying she would not brood. It crossed her mind also that it was the day before Christmas, and that the girls at Tripp's were dressing the meeting house for dear old Parson Spaulding. And then there crossed her mind the dear old man's speech at all weddings, "As you climb the hill of life together, my dear young friends!" and poor Laura, as she kissed the baby once again, had courage to repeat it all aloud to her and her brother, to the infinite amazement of them both. They opened their great eyes to the widest, as Laura did so. Nay, Laura had the heart to take a hatchet and work out to leeward of the house, into a little hollow behind the hill, and cut up a savin bush from the thicket, and bring that in, and work for an hour over the leaves, so as to make an evergreen festoon to hang over General Cutts' picture. She did this that Tom might see that she was not frightened, when he got home.

"*When* he got home!" Poor girl, at the very bottom of her heart was coming the real anxiety, "*if* he got home." Laura knew Tom, of course, better than he knew himself, and knew old Mipples, too. So she knew, as well as she knew that she was rubbing black-lead on the stove, while she thought these things over,—she knew that they would not stay at Squires' two minutes after they had landed Jotham Fields. She knew they would do just what they did—put to sea, though it blew guns. Nay, she knew that, when they put to sea, it did not blow guns, though now the surf was running its worst over the Seal's Back. She knew, too, that, if they had not missed the island, they would have been here, at the latest, before 11 o'clock. And by the time it was 1 o'clock, she could no longer doubt that they had lost the island, and were tacking about looking for it in the bay, if indeed, in that gale, they dared to tack at all. No! Laura knew only too well that where they were was beyond her guessing; that only the good God knew, for that they, most like, knew as little where they were as she did.

"Come here, Tom, and let me tell you a story. Once there was a little boy, and he had two kittens. And he named one kitten Muff,—and he named one kitten Buff——"

Whang! What was that?

"Tom, darling, take care of baby,—do not let her get out of her cradle,—while mamma goes to the door." Down stairs to the door. The gale has doubled its rage. How ever did it get in behind the storm-door outside? That "*whang*" was the blow with which the door, wrenched off its hinges, was flung against the side of the wood-house. Nothing can be done, but to bolt the storm door to the other passage and bolt the outer window shutters, and then go back to the children.

"Once these was a little boy, and he had two kittens, and he named one Minna, and one Brenda."

"No, mamma—no,—one Muff,—and one—"

"Oh! yes, my darling. Once there was a little boy and he had two kittens—and he named one Buff, and one Muff. And one day he went to walk——"

Heavens, the lanterns! Who was to trim the lamps? Strange to say,—because this was wholly out of her daily routine,—the men always caring for it of course, Laura had had not once thought of it till now. And now it was after 1 o'clock. And now she did think of it, with a will. "Come, Tommy, come and help mamma." And she bundled him up in his thickest storm rig. "Come up into the lantern." Here the boy had never come before. He was never frightened when he was with her. Else he might well have been frightened, and he was amazed there in the whiteness! drifts of white snow on the lee side and the weather side, clouds of white snow on the southwest sides and northeast sides—snow, snow everywhere. Nothing but whiteness, wherever he looked round.

Laura made short shift of those wicks, which had burned all through the night before. But she had them ready. She wound up the Carcels for their night's work. Again and again she drew her oil, and filled up her reservoirs. And as she did so, and old text came over her, and she wondered whether Father Spaulding knew how good a text it would be for Christmas. And the fancy touched her, poor child, and as she led little Tom down into the nursery again, she could not help opening into the Bible Parson Spaulding gave her, and reading:

"'But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.' Dear Tommy, dear Tommy, my own child, we will not sleep, will we? 'While the bridegroom tarried.' O! my dear Father in Heaven, let him come! 'And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him!'"

And she devoured little Tommy with kisses, and cried, "We will go, my darling, we will go, if he comes at the first hour, or the second, or the third. But now Tommy must come with mamma, and make ready for his coming." For there were the other lamps to trim in the other tower, with that heavy reach of snow between. And she did not dare leave the active boy alone in the house. Little Mattie could be caged in her crib, and, even if she woke, she would at best only cry. But little Tom was irrepressible.

So she unbolted the lee door, and rushed out into the snow. Then poor Laura, with the child, crept round into the storm. Heavens! how it raged and howled. Where was her poor bridegroom now? She seized up Tom, and turned her back to the wind, and rushed along sideway. Sideway, the only way she could go; step by step,—did it ever seem so far before? Tommy was crying. "One minute more, dear boy. Tommy shall see the other lantern. And Tommy shall carry mamma's great scissors up the stairs. Don't cry, my darling, don't cry."

Here is the door,—just as she began to wonder if she were dreaming crazy. "Up-a-day, my darling! Up-a-day! One, two,—what a many steps for Tommy. That's my brave boy." And they were on the lantern deck again, fairly rocking in the gale, and Laura was chopping away on her stiff wicks, and pumping up her oil again, and filling the receivers,—as if she had ever done it till this Christmas Eve before. And she kept saying over to herself:

"Then those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps."

"And I will light them," said she aloud. "That will save another walk at sundown. And I know these Carcels run at least five hours." So she struck a match, and with some little difficulty coaxed the threads to take fire. The yellow light flared luridly on the white snow-flakes, and yet it dazzled her and Tommy as it flashed on them from the reflectors.

"Will anybody see it, mamma?" said the child. "Will papa see it?"

And just then the witching devil who manages the fibres of memory drew from the little crypt in dear Laura's brain, where they had been stored unnoticed years upon years, four lines of Leigh Hunt's,—and she saw, poor girl, that she was Hero:

> Then, at the flame, a torch of pine she lit,
> And, o'er her head anxiously holding it,
> Ascended to the roof, and, leaning there,
> Lifted its light into the darksome air.

If only the devil would have been satisfied with this. But of course she could not remember that, without remembering Schiller:

> In the gale her torch is blasted,
> Beacon of the hoped-for strand;
> Horror broods above the waters,
> Horror broods above the land.

And she said aloud to the boy, "Our torch shall not go out, Tommy; come down, come down, darling, with mamma." But all through the day after this, when they had struggled home, horrid lines from the same poem came back to her. Why did she ever learn it? Why, but because dear Tom gave her the book himself, and this was his own version, as he sent it to her from the camp in the valley.

> "'Yes, 'tis he, although he perished,
> Still his sacred troth he cherished.'

"Why did Tom write it for me?

> "'And they trickle, lightly playing
> O'er a corpse upon the sand.'

"What a fool I am! Come, Tommy; come, Mattie, my darling. Mamma will tell you both a story. Once there was a little boy, and he had two kittens. And he named one Buff and one Muff." But this could not last forever. Sundown came. And then Laura and Tommy climbed to their tower, and she lighted her own lantern, as she called it. Sickly and sad through the storm she could see the sister lantern beaming bravely. And that was all she could see in the sullen whiteness. "Now, Tommy, my darling, we will come and have some supper. 'And while the bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept.'

> 'Yes, 'tis he, although he perished,
> Still his second troth he cherished.'

Come, Tommy,—come, Tommy,—come Tommy,—let me tell you a story."

And the children had their supper,—asking terrible questions about papa. Questions which who should answer? But she could busy herself about giving them their oatmeal, and treating them to ginger-snaps, because it was Christmas Eve. Nay, she kept her courage when Tommy asked if Santa Claus would come in the boat with papa. She fairly loitered over the undressing them. Little witches,—how pretty they were in their flannel night-gowns. And Tommy kissed her, and gave her—ah me!—one more kiss for papa. And in two minutes they were asleep. It would have been better if they could have kept awake one minute longer! Now she was really alone. And very soon 7 o'clock has come. She does not dare leave the clock-work at the outer lantern a minute longer. Tom and Mipples wind the works every four hours, and now they have run five. One more look at her darlings Shall we ever see them again in this world? Now to the duty next her hand!

Yes, the wind is as fierce as ever! A point more to the north, Laura notices. She has no child to carry now. She tumbles once in the drift. But Laura has rolled in snow before. The pile at the door is three feet thick. But she works down to the latch, and soon her poor numb hand conquers it, and it gives way. How nice and warm the tower is. And how well the lights burn! Can they be of any use this night to anybody? "O, my God, grant that they be of use to him!"

She has wound them now. She has floundered into the snow again. Two or three falls on her way home, but no danger that she loses the line of march. The light above her own house is before her, so she has only to aim at that. Home again. And now to wait for five hours, and then to wind that light again—at midnight!

"'And at midnight there was a cry made'—O dear! if he would come, I would not ask for any cry!"

And Laura got down her choice inlaid box, that Jem brought her from sea, and which held her treasures of treasures. And the dear girl did the best thing she could have done. She took these treasures out. You know what they were, do not you? They were every letter Tom Cutts ever wrote to her, from the first boy-note in print,—"Laura, these hedgehog quills are for you. I killed him. TOM." And Laura opened them all, and read them one by one, each twice, and put them back, in their order, without folding, into the box. At ten she stopped, and worked her way up-stairs into her own lantern, and wound its works again. She tried to persuade herself that here was less wind,—did persuade herself so. But the snow was as steady as ever. Down the tower stairs again, and then a few blessed minutes brooding over Mattie's crib, and dear little Tom, who has kicked himself right athwart her own bed, where she had laid him. Darlings; they are so lovely, their father must come home to see them. Back then to her kitchen fire. There are more of dear Tom's letters yet. How manly they are,—and how womanly. She will read them all! Will she ever dare to read them all again?

Yes, she reads them all, each one twice over, and his soldier diary, which John Wildair saved and sent home. And as she lays it down, her clock strikes twelve. Christmas day is born!

"And at midnight there was a cry made, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh.'" Laura fairly repeated this aloud. She knew that the other Carcel must be wound again. She dressed herself for the fight thoroughly. She ran in and trusted herself to kiss the children. She opened the lee door again, and crept round again into the storm—familiar now with such adventure. Did the surf beat as fiercely on the rocks? Surely not. But then the tide is now so low! So she came to her other tower, crept up and wound her clock-work up again, wiped off—or tried to wipe off—what she thought was mist gathering on the glasses, groped down the stairway, and looked up on the steady light above her own home, and the Christmas texts came back to her.

"The star went before them, and came and stood above the place where the young child was."

"A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of my people Israel."

"'By the way of the sea,'—and this Laura almost shouted aloud.—'Galilee of the Gentiles, the people who sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them who sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up.' Grant it, merciful Father—grant it to these poor children." And she almost ran through the heavy drifts, till she found the shelter again of her friendly tower. Her darlings had not turned in their bed since she left them there.

And, after this, Laura was at rest. She took down her Bible and read the Christmas chapters. It was as if she had never known before what darkness was, or what the Light was when it came. She took her hymn-book and read all the Christmas hymns. She took her Keble and read every poem for Advent, and the hymn for Christmas morning. She knew that by heart long ago. Then she took Bishop Ken's Christian Year, which Tom had given her for her last birthday present, and set herself bravely to committing his "Christmas Day" to memory:

> Celestial harps prepare
> To sound your loftiest air,
> Ye choral angel at the throne,
> Your customary hymns postpone.

And thus, dear girl, she kept herself from thinking even of the wretched Hero and Leander lines, till her clock struck three. Up-stairs then to her own tower, and to look out upon the night. The sister flame was steady. The wind was all hushed. But the snow was as steady, right and left, behind and before. Down again, one more look at the darlings, and then, as she walked up and down her little kitchen, she repeated the verses she had learned.

And then sat down to

> You with your heavenly ray
> Gild the expanse this day;
> You with your heavenly ray
> Gild—the expanse—this day;
> You—with—your—heavenly—ray.

Dear Laura, bless God,—she is asleep. "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Her head is thrown back on the projecting wing of grandmamma's tall easy-chair; her arms are resting relaxed on its comfortable arms; her lips just open with a smile, as she dreams of something in the kingdom of God's heaven; when, as the day just begins to grow gray, Tom, white with snow to his middle, holding the boat's lantern before him as he steals into her kitchen, crosses the room, and looks down on her; what a shame to wake her,—bends down and kisses her!

Dear child! How she started. "'At midnight there was a cry made. Behold! the bridegroom cometh'—Why, Tom! O my darling, is it you?"

"Have I been asleep on duty?" This was her first word when she came fairly to herself.

"Guess not," said old Mipples; "both lights was burning when I come in. Most time to put 'em out Major. 'Keepers must be diligent to save oil by reasonable prevision!'"

"Is the north light burning?" And she looked guiltily at her tell-tale clock.

"Dearest," said Tom, reverently, "if it were not burning, we should not be here."

Laura took her husband to see the babies. She was not willing to let his hand leave hers, nor he, indeed, to let hers leave his. Old Mipples thought himself one too many, and went away, wiping his eyes, to the other light. "Time to extinguish it," he said.

But before Tom and Laura had known he was gone,—say in half an hour, that is,—he was back again, he was hailing them from below.

"Major! Major! Major! An English steamer is at anchor in the cove,—and is sending her boat ashore."

Tom and Laura rushed to the window. The snow was all over now, and they could see the monster lying within half a mile. "Where would they be, Miss Cutts, if somebody had not wound up the lamps at midnight? Guess they said Merry Christmas, when they see 'em!" And Laura held her breath when she thought what might have been. Tom and Mipples ran down to the beach to hail them, and direct the landing. Tom and Mipples shook the hand of each man as he came ashore, and then Laura could see them hurrying to the house together. Steps on the landing, steps on the stairway,—the door is open, and not Tom this time, but her dear lost brother Jem, in the flesh, and in a heavy pea-coat!

"Merry Christmas, Laura!"

"Laura," said Jem, as they sat at their Christmas dinner, "what do you think I thought of first, when I heard the cable run out so like blazes, when I rushed up and saw your yellow lanterns there?"

"How should I know, Jem?"

"They that dwell in the shadows of death, upon them the light hath shined."

"But I did not think it was you, Laura."

NOTE.—The act of solemn duty here recorded is no matter of imagination. I have only tried to describe what a brave New England woman really did, under the circumstances in which Laura found herself.—*Old and New*.

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

[The following lines were penned by Father Ryan, the author of many choice gems, who is often called "The Poet-Priest Soldier" of the South.]

I walk down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me—save God's and my own!
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where Angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the Human, and Sin.

I walked thro' the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world, each Ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is toned on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men;
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a Voice call me; since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And about me a voice said: "Be Mine!"
And then rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo: "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like a perfume from censer,
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men, like the doves of the Deluge,
The message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float in to speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah, me: how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the Valley, like Virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His Angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

What Buried Herculaneum.

What was the fate of Herculaneum during the eruption of A. D. 79? What special phenomena were displayed on that side of Vesuvius? What causes buried a flourishing city in an instant out of sight of the inhabited world? It has been proved that Pompeii suffered an interment so incomplete that, after a few days, its inhabitants could recognize their dwellings, could camp above and clear them out. Herculaneum, on the contrary, was buried so deep that the next day it was impossible to trace a vestige of it. The ready answer to all these questions usually is, "Lava worked all the ruin. Herculaneum was swallowed up under eight feet of lava. If works of art, bronzes, and pictures have been miraculously preserved, it was due to the impenetrable shield of lava, yielding only to a cutting tool, that protected them from the ravages of time." The explanation is tempting. Fancy pictures waves of fire rolling upon the city, rising like the tidal swell, surging in through doors and windows, sweeping around and molding everything, then slowly cooling, and preserving for posterity treasures that labor must unveil, repaid by their recovery in unharmed beauty.

This is really the opinion that all Europe holds, and even at Naples almost all visitors of Herculaneum declare that they have touched the lava with their own hands; and, in books written on the Vesuvian cities, more than one traveller affirms as positively that the difficulty of cutting the lava presents the chief obstacle to the disinterment of Herculaneum. How can one venture to meet such convictions by asserting that water, not fire, overwhelmed Herculaneum; that it was not a torrent of glowing lava, but a flood of mud and wet ashes that filled the city? How uproot a prepossession so deep that the works of geologists and savants have failed to shake it? Dufrenoy proved that water alone swept over Herculaneum heaps of scoria and pumice crumbled from La Somma; Dyer, Overbeck, Ernst Breton, and others have affirmed in various languages, to no other purpose, that nothing but ashes, wet to paste and hardened by pressure, covered over Herculaneum; no one heeded them, and the blame continues to be thrown on the lava, which makes excavations so costly and laborious.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

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—"How greedy you are!" said one little girl to another, who had taken the last apple in the dish, "I was going to take that."

RAILROAD HORROR[S]

The Disaster on the Buffal[o] & Pittsburgh Road.

Nineteen Persons Kill[ed] Over Twenty Inju[red]

Terrible Scenes --- Human[s] Crushed and Burned A[live]

The Accident on the Indianap[olis] & Chicago Road.

Twenty-five to Thirty Persons Several Chicago People [among] the Number.

...n with your heavenly ray
...ld—the expanse—this day;
...u—with—your—heavenly—ray.
...aura, bless God,—she is asleep. "He
...is beloved sleep."

...ead is thrown back on the projecting
...grandmamma's tall easy-chair; her arms
...ng relaxed on its comfortable arms; her
... open with a smile, as she dreams of
... in the kingdom of God's heaven;
... the day just begins to grow gray, Tom,
...with snow to his middle, holding
...at's lantern before him as he
...into her kitchen, crosses the room,
...s down on her; what a shame to wake
...nds down and kisses her!
... child! How she started. "'At mid-
...ere was a cry made. Behold! the bride-
...cometh'—Why, Tom! O my darling, is

...e I been asleep on duty?" This was
... word when she came fairly to herself.
...ess not," said old Mipples; "both lights
...rning when I come in. Most time to
... out Major. 'Keepers must be diligent
... oil by reasonable provision!'"
... the north light burning?" And she
... guiltily at her tell-tale clock.
...arest," said Tom, reverently, "if it were
...ning, we should not be here."
...a took her husband to see the
... She was not willing to let his hand
...rs, nor he, indeed, to let hers leave his.
...pples thought himself one too many, and
...way, wiping his eyes, to the other light.
... to extinguish it," he said.
...efore Tom and Laura had known he was
...way in half an hour, that is,—he was
...rain, he was hailing them from below.
...ajor! Major! Major! An English
...r is at anchor in the cove,—and is send-
...r boat ashore."
... and Laura rushed to the window. The
...as all over now, and they could see the
...r lying within half a mile. "Where
... they be, Miss Cutts, if somebody
...not wound up the lamps at mid-
... Guess they said Merry Christmas,
...hey see 'em!" And Laura held her breath
... thought what might have been. Tom
...ipples ran down to the beach to hail them,
...rect the landing. Tom and Mipples shook
...and of each man as he came ashore, and
...aura could see them hurrying to the house
...er. Steps on the landing, steps on the
...y,—the door is open, and not Tom this
... but her dear lost brother Jem, in the
...and in a heavy pea-coat!
...erry Christmas, Laura!"

...ra," said Jem, as they sat at their Christ-
...inner, "what do you think I thought of
...when I heard the cable run out so like
..., when I rushed up and saw your yellow
...ns there?"
...ow should I know, Jem?"
...hey that dwell in the shadows
...ath, upon them the light hath shined."
...ut I did not think it was you, Laura."
...—The act of solemn duty here recorded is no
... of imagination. I have only tried to describe
... a brave New England woman really did, under
...rcumstances in which Laura found herself.
... *and News.*

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

...e following lines were penned by Father Ryan,
...uthor of many choice gems, who is often called
...e Post-Priest Soldier" of the South.]

I walk down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me—save God's and my own!
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where Angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the Human, and Sin.

I walked thro' the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world, each Ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is tossed on the shores of the Real,
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And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
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And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;
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Till I knelt long ago at an altar
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That fall on the roses in May;
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RAILROAD HORRORS.

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Nineteen Persons Killed, and Over Twenty Injured.

Terrible Scenes—Human Beings Crushed and Burned Alive.

The Accident on the Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago Road.

Twenty-five to Thirty Persons Injured—Several Chicago People Among the Number.

The Catastrophe on the Buffalo, Corry & Pittsburgh Road.

From the Buffalo Courier, Dec. 27.

The calm of Christmas eve was rudely broken by the terrible news flashed over the telegraphic wires, of an accident attended with horrible suffering and loss of life, on the Buffalo, Corry & Pittsburgh Railroad. On this road there was no natural road bed, and the route had to be laid up hill and down dale, necessitating deep cuts, steep embankments, lofty trellises, and heavy grades. There are numerous places along the line well calculated to appall the heart of the timid traveller. The Cross-Cut Road was built to relieve the necessities of the oil producers. It does not appear to have been a successful enterprise, for a short time ago it was forced into bankruptcy, and being sold by order of the Court, was bid in for the bondholders for the sum of $600,000.

By the first train Wednesday morning a reporter of the *Courier* was despatched to the scene. Arriving at Brocton about 9 o'clock, he found a train on the Cross-Cut in waiting, being the first that had been put in readiness to go up the road since the accident occurred. Brocton, which is the next station beyond Dunkirk, is about fifty miles from Buffalo, and it is at that point that the Cross-Cut Railroad begins. Prospect Station, the vicinity where the disaster took place, is eight miles from Brocton.

PROSPECT.

From Brocton the road continually and rapidly ascends, toiling its way up the Chautauqua hills. Prospect is nothing but a stopping place—a little station house where there is a telegraph office, and not far away two or three farm houses. The station takes its name because of the broad downward survey of landscape which the site commands. About sixty rods beyond the station is a great gully or ravine, with steep and rugged sides, and in warm weather a small creek coursing through it. This gully is crossed by a high trellis several hundred feet long, varying in height from fifteen to twenty-five to thirty feet. In winter time it is a bleak cold place, and much drifted snow accumulates in the bottom. Here was the scene of what was one of the most dreadful accidents that can be found in the record of railroad catastrophes, and passengers hereafter as they pass over that fatal trellis must shudder at the remembrance.

THE DOOMED TRAIN.

The mail train, bound for Brocton, left Corry at 1:20 p. m., Tuesday, in charge of Conductor Fay Flanders and Engineer Joseph Haire. It consisted of the locomotive "Byron P. Bemus," a baggage-car, and one passenger-car. The latter was a strong and nearly new coach, and to this, perhaps, those who escaped annihilation owe their lives. The working employes consisted of the conductor, engineer, fireman, baggage-master, and two brakemen. The coach contained, as far as can be calculated, about forty-five passengers at the moment of the catastrophe. The train proceeded on its way in the usual manner, stopping at the accustomed stations, receiving and discharging passengers, baggage, and mails.

INTO THE GULF.

The train sped on, wending its course down the slopes of the snow-covered hills. It approached the high trellis near Prospect station. None dreamed of danger, or wist that the angel of death swept over the route with them. Thousands of trains had crossed the same trellis, and over even more dangerous places on the line of the road, and no accident of uncommon proportions had ever taken place. The grade at this locality is from eighty-two to eighty-five feet to the mile. Speed had been reduced, preparatory to stopping at the station. In regard to this disaster, the common charge of running at a reckless speed cannot be made. The train moved at a rate not possibly exceeding eight miles an hour—moved comparatively slow along, as if advancing deliberately to its fate. Had the speed been faster, perhaps the dangerous gulf might have been safely passed, and the catastrophe averted.

The accident at Prospect was caused by the breaking off of a portion of the flange of one of the rear wheels of the tender. Railroad travellers can meditate how a little thickness of iron, which may be of poor quality and badly cast, and may be affected by either heat or cold, is the only defender that stands between them and death. A piece only about the size of a man's hand broke off, but this was enough to cause the train to leave the track. The truck became detached from the tender, and, dragging the tank over the ties, the engine kept to the rails and in another moment was beyond danger. The baggage-car and passenger coach, with scarcely the warning of a second, were hurled from the trestle into the bottom of the gully. The height of the trestle at this immediate point is 17 feet. The distance the cars fell in their slanting course was about 25 feet. The drifted snow in all probability broke the force of the fall somewhat, yet the shock must have been tremendous. We have heard of no person who chanced to be so situated as to witness the descent of the cars, but the sight may be readily imagined as one most thrilling and fearful.

THE WRECK ON FIRE.

Of itself, the precipitation of the full freighted passenger car into the bottom of the abyss, was enough to effect a fearful havoc of human life. The coach struck top down, and remained with the trucks uppermost, the roof and sides being crushed in and upon the hapless victims. Some, let us hope the many, of those who are included in the list of the dead, were doubtless killed outright. But the horrors of Angola and New Hamburgh were to be reenacted. The wrecked car took fire from the overturned stove. The flames spread with lightning celerity, and the hapless victims who were yet alive found themselves imprisoned in a fiery tomb. Their shrieks rent the air, and as people from the neighborhood hurried to the scene the horrible smell of burning flesh met their nostrils. The train was due at Prospect at 3:20, and that was about the time of the disaster.

The people of the vicinity—residents of the farm houses, track laborers, etc.—rushed to the spot as soon as the fact became known, and a heroic fight with the flames to save human beings from torture and awful death by fire was begun. It was an unequal contest. The heat was so intense that to remain near the burning cars was almost impossible. No water was to be had, and the only thing that could be done was to meet the flames with snow. Jack-screws were brought and applied, and levers used to force the parts of the coach apart so that access to the crushed and burning inmates could be had. Some were able to crawl out when the way was opened for them, while others was so badly hurt that they could do nothing for themselves, and had to be dragged out. And there were others, more hapless, so wedged in by the wreck that no strength was sufficient to pull them forth, and, in sight of those who could but witness their agony and hear their heart-rending shrieks and prayers for help, they were eaten by the flames. Noble work was done by the wreckers. They piled the snow with unceasing vigor, made every effort to rend the wreck apart so that those yet alive might be saved, and did not cease their toil while there was more work to be done. The two cars were almost entirely consumed.

All the baggage was burned, and all the mail bags, except one containing registered letters. The dead, as they were taken out, were laid upon the snow. The wounded were transported to the neighboring farm-houses.

BURNED AT THE STAKE.

Many soul-sickening incidents of the catastrophe, and burning of the wreck, might be described, but there is none more horrible to relate than the fate which befel Mark Haight, a prominent and much esteemed citizen of Brocton. He, in company with J. A. Dunham, of Pleasantville, was sitting at the forward end of the car. Mr. Dunham escaped with but a slight injury to his hip.

When the car landed bottom up Mr. Haight was crushed under the stove. There he lay, the flames gnawing his limbs, while the upper half of his body was in plain view. Herculean efforts were made to save him, but the weight which grasped and held him was too great. Snow was piled about him and shoved under him, but all to no avail, and for more than an hour—an age of the most indescribable torment—he was held there with his limbs buried in a furnace fire. Horrible were his screams and entreaties, but human aid could not reach him in time. When the vice-like grip of the bonds which held him was at last released, and he was dragged out upon the snow, one of his legs was found to have been burned off almost to the hip, and the other to the knee. Being still alive, he was conveyed to Mayville, and so great was his vitality that he survived some time after being taken to the Chautauqua House.

THE CONDUCTOR.

Fay Flanders has been in the employ of the Cross-Cut for some years, and is one of the most popular conductors on the road. He belongs at Corry. When the car went down he was caught in nearly the same manner as was Haight. The fire began to burn his feet, and it soon became evident that unless he was in some manner speedily released he would be burned to death. The wreck could not be removed from him. At length, by his own direction, a chain was passed around his body, and, by the united strength of half a dozen men, he was dragged out. This was rough handling, but the chances had to be taken or he be abandoned to his fate. His feet were badly burned, and so great was the shock he received that his condition is considered very critical. At the time of our reporter's visit he was at the house of Mr. A. Barnes.

Conductor Flanders gives very little account of the disaster. It occurred without any warning to speak of, and when he recovered from the momentary shock, he found himself wedged in by the wreck, as before described.

THE BRAKEMEN.

Frank Taylor and Claude Hanson were the brakemen. The last mentioned is the only person who was on the car who escaped injury, except two little children, whose escape would seem to have been through Divine intervention. The instant he felt the jolt, Hanson told his companion, who was with him on the platform, to jump. Taylor said he would not, and, remaining at his post, went down with the car, and received injuries from which he soon died. Hanson jumped into the ravine on the opposite side, and was saved. He says that after the cars struck at the bottom, there was for full two minutes dead silence. Then cries and shrieks arose, and he saw that the car had taken fire.

DEAD AND WOUNDED.

Information of the disaster was speedily telegraphed to the Superintendent of the road, H. H. Potter, at Corry, and to points from whence medical assistance could be obtained. A number of physicians soon arrived, and did all that could be done for the wounded.

A special train was run down from Mayville, and returned with the dead bodies of Edwin Bell, Heman Ryan, and W. H. Osborn, and with the badly wounded men Haight, Douglas, Cook, and Cowdry. These were all taken to the Chautauqua House, where, by direction of the estimable proprietor, Mr. Horace Fox, the kindest care was given both the living and the dead. The train made a second trip, returning with fourteen more corpses which were laid out upon the floor of the baggage-room at Mayville.

The wounded, apart from those just mentioned, were taken to the farm houses of Mr. A. Barnes and Mr. W. H. Arnold, where they received the tenderest treatment at the hands of the families and neighbors. Several were not badly hurt, and were soon able to proceed to their various destinations. Others are badly injured, and still remain where they were first taken.

At the house of Mr. Barnes are the two little children who experienced the disaster unharmed. The one is a little 2 year old girl, whose name, as was ascertained from a locket hung about her neck, is Lavinia McCartin. Her mother, who is at Mr. Arnold's house badly injured internally and about the head, knows where her child is, but does not know that her husband, Jas. McCartin, of Titusville, is among the unrecognizable dead. The other child is a little boy, about a year and a half old, whom nobody claims. His father or mother are probably among the nameless dead—perhaps both. He is neatly attired with a red dress, and cloak of the same material.

A great many sad episodes might be noted if we had the space at our command. One melancholy incident was the death of young Edwin Bell, of Sherman. Edwin and his brother Edward were twins, so nearly alike that their own mother could scarcely distinguish one from the other. One was killed outright, and the surviving brother, himself somewhat injured, took the body home.

Heman Ryan, of Farnham, who was probably killed at once, was on the road, in company with his brother, to visit a sick sister. The brother was slightly hurt.

AT MAYVILLE.

After inspecting the place of the accident and its surroundings, our reporter boarded a train for Mayville. The train composed one passenger coach and a small caboose. In the latter lay the dead body of the brakeman Taylor. At Mayville the greatest excitement prevailed, such as the town had never before known. Within that part of the depot used as a baggage room, an indescribably terrible spectacle was presented, namely, that of fourteen dead bodies arranged in two rows across the floor. Among these were the remains of the trackmaster, Con. Maloney; a man who was known to have done wood-chopping near Mayville; and another, identified by papers found about his person as that of John White, of Lancaster. Subsequent to the visit of our reporter, another body was recognized as that of Charles Metz, of Titusville; another as that of A. Cardot, of Arkwright, N. Y.

Nearly all the bodies in the baggage room were burned to charred masses, and some of them can never be identified. The sight beggared description. It was indescribably sickening.

One body of a young woman, with the lower limbs burned off at the knees, was attired with a black dress and a black sack trimmed with fur. A towel, marked with the scarcely legible name "R. J. Gardner," was found upon her.

One body of a man had the legs and one arm completely burned off; another had both legs burned off; the body of a woman was without arms or limbs, and another was an unrecognizable thing burned to a crisp, the head, arms, and limbs, all gone, and the roasted heart protruding from the breast. All this was sufficient to daunt the firmest, and strong men turned away unable to look upon the poor remains; yet a throng of the curious, men, and even women and children, hung about the charnel house.

THE VICTIMS.

The following is a list of the killed whose bodies have been identified:

Mark Haight, of Brocton, N. Y.
Heman Ryan, of Farnham, N. Y.
W. H. Osborne, of Westfield, N. Y.
Frank Taylor, of Corry, Pa.
Edwin Bell, of Sherman, N. Y.
Con. Maloney, of Brocton, N. Y.
John White, of Lancaster, N. Y.
Charles Metz, of Titusville, Pa.
A. Cardot, of Arkwright, N. Y.

Ten bodies remain nameless. Among these are doubtless James McCartin, William F. Rice and wife, and others who are reported missing and supposed to have been on the train. Rumor speaks of several children being in the wreck, and their bodies completely consumed, but probably such was not the case.

The following is a record of the wounded:

Mrs. James McCartin, Miller's Station; severely injured internally, and about the head.

Miss Maggie Curtin, Dunkirk; slightly about the head.

Henry Miller, Titusville, Pa.; slightly injured.

H. H. Mark, Titusville, Pa.; slightly about head and shoulder.

George Miller, Fredonia; slightly injured.

W. H. Lee, Corry, Pa.; slightly about the head.

Barney Cook, Lancaster, N. Y.; severe internal injuries. Will probably die.

John Douglas; home at Dundas, Canada; breast-bone fractured. Dangerous.

W. H. Ticknor, Titusville, Pa.; right arm badly fractured. Will probably require amputation.

Levi Brigge, Angola, N. Y.; internal injuries. Not dangerous.

Jacob Burline, Irving, N. Y.; slightly about head, shoulder, and hip.

J. J. Bates, Titusville, Pa.; slightly about shoulder and hip.

John A. Hilton, Rochester; shoulder dislocated.

Fay Flanders, Corry, Pa.; feet burned, rib broken, and severe shock. Critical.

J. A. Dunham, Pleasantville, Pa.; hip slightly injured.

Miss Eliza Seeley, Ripley, N. Y.; slightly about head and shoulders.

Earl Bacon, mail agent, Brocton; slightly injured in the back and hip. Erroneously reported by telegraph as killed.

John Cowdry, Corry, Pa.; head wounded, and dangerous internal injuries.

Two or three others received slight hurts, not sufficiently serious to prevent the immediate continuance of their journeys.

WEDDED AND DEAD.

About three weeks ago Walter F. Rice, son of James Rice, of Titusville, Pa., was married to a young lady of Rochester, this State. They occupied a fortnight with their bridal tour, and then sojourned a week at the house of the husband's father. The visit ended, they started for their Rochester home, embarking on the doomed mail train. Wednesday night, relatives who were in an agony of grief, sought them among the dead. They could not be distinguished among the charred remnants of mortality. In the debris of the burned car was found a little silver thimble, upon which was engraved the young wife's name, "Cora."

THE ENGINEER.

Our reporter conversed with Mr. Joseph Haire, the engineer, who was in charge of the locomotive by which the train was drawn. Daniel Sullivan was the fireman. Mr. Haire stated that the rate of speed was not over six or seven miles an hour. The first intimation that he had of anything wrong was when the hind truck left the track and parted from the tender. Then the cars disappeared over the brink of the trestle. He stopped the engine as quickly as possible, threw the jack screws down to the wreck, and then did all he could to assist in the rescue of the sufferers. The wheels were all tested before leaving Corry, and were believed to be perfectly sound. The engineer is of the opinion that the breaking of the flange was occasioned by the intense cold.

THE INQUEST.

Coroner J. H. Minton, of Westfield, Chautauqua County, took charge of the dead bodies, and on Wednesday made the preliminary arrangements for an inquest. A jury was empanelled, who viewed the bodies and then examined the scene of the disaster. An adjournment of the investigation was made until yesterday.

The Disaster on the Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago Railroad.

From the Indianapolis Journal, Dec. 27.

The train on the Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago Railway which left Michigan City at 11 p. m. Monday, for this city, met with a succession of delays and accidents, culminating at 8:10 Tuesday evening at a point between Noblesville and New Britton, in an accident which threw the hind car from the track, utterly wrecking it and injuring to a greater or less degree twenty-six or twenty-seven persons, fortunately none of them fatally. According to a statement of conductor Comingore, after leaving Michigan City the train was greatly hindered by the snow drifts on the track, and finally was blockaded at Horse Shoe Lake, about three miles from Laporte, where it was forced to lie all night. By dint of hard work the track was cleared, and the train arrived at Laporte at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning. Here orders were received from the train-despatcher's headquarters, directing that the train be broken up and merged with train No. 2, of which John Alexander was conductor. This train left Laporte at 12 o'clock, and on arriving at Peru left four coaches there and proceeded on the way to this city with two passenger coaches and a baggage car. The coaches were filled with passengers and the train progressed at an ordinary rate of speed, reaching Noblesville about 7:45 p. m.

When about two miles from New Britton the engine broke a rail in passing over, but, with the exception of the forward wheels of the rear coach, the wheels all took the track again. These dragged over the ties until a culvert was reached, when the coupling broke and the car was thrown down an eight-foot embankment, turning completely over in its descent, and landing at nearly right angles with the track. Parties sitting in the forward coach pulled the bell-rope, and as soon as could be the train backed up to the scene of the accident, and the wounded were cared for as best could be done under the circumstances. Mr. Comingore, after putting out the fires to prevent the car from burning, walked to Noblesville and telegraphed to the officers of the road of the accident, and returned again to the wreck in company with a physician, but in the absence of lights not much could be done for the injured ones.

Charley Morris, of this city, and a brakesman, Newton Smock, volunteered to walk ahead of the train and flag the express train, which was expected every minute, which they did until James' switch was reached, and there the train was passed. The run to the city was then made without further detention, the train arriving about midnight.

The officers of the road, upon receiving the news of the disaster, at once procured medical assistance and carriages, which were in waiting when the train arrived. The wounded who lived in the city, or had friends here, were at once conveyed to their residences, and the others were taken to the National House, where their wants were attended to at the expense of the Company. The following is a list of the wounded, with their residences and nature of hurts so far as can be ascertained:

H. H. Walker, city, State agent Home Insurance Company, injured about head, and some internal bruises.

Mark Haynes, of Peru, travelling man for Hibben, Kennedy & Co., cut his head, two ribs broken, and hip sprained as if by fall.

Ella James, Kekomo, sister-in-law of Mr. Walker, cut in head.

Wm. Norris and wife, of Chicago. Mr. N. has a shoulder blade broken.

Ed. A. Mann, Chicago, slightly injured.

S. Reddy, Chicago, slightly injured.

[The four last mentioned are members of the Denin company, and it was because of their injuries that the engagement was broken.]

Wm. Brown, of Philadelphia, Hancock County, bruised badly and knee-pan sprung.

H. Morioz, Arcadia, brakesman, shoulder broken.

Mrs. Boyd, Plymouth, Ind., on her way to Columbus, Ohio, in charge of her two nieces, named Nye, from the same place. Mrs. Boyd's injuries are quite serious, consisting of a broken shoulder-blade, two fractured ribs, and internal injuries. She is still in the National House, unable to be moved. The young ladies, besides receiving slight injuries, were not hurt.

A. W. Smith, city, slightly injured.

S. C. Beattie, Byron, Ohio, slight flesh wounds and a broken rib. The last two named gentlemen asked to be taken to the Surgical Institute, and were driven there, but for some reason they could not gain admittance, and were taken to the Spencer House, where Mr. Beattie is still confined.

H. D. McLenore, A. Mulberry, Mr. Cyrus, of New Britton; W. D. and Miss Rachael Steward, Miss Manley Zimmer, John McLenore, Gilbert M. Brown, Birdie Dall, an infant, Miss Sarah Lynch, Frank Evans, Noblesville, and M. C. Hart, of Chicago, were all injured slightly. Those whose residences are not given left the National Hotel on the early trains Wednesday, before their places of residence could be ascertained.

Miss Ora Walker, Kokomo, slightly injured.

Mr. S. C. Vance, city, suffered a scalp wound an inch or more in length, and his under lip was badly cut. His injuries were dressed Wednesday at the Surgical Institute.

Mr. Walker and Miss James are lying at his residence on Broadway street, and, although badly injured, their physician, Dr. L. D. Waterman, does not fear fatal results. Mr. Haynes was taken to the residence of Dr. Walker, his brother-in-law, on Pennsylvania street, where he now lies. His condition is improving.

The engineer, Thomas Brooks, who had charge of No. 27, is certain the engine broke the rail, as he felt no jolting when passing over it. Mr. Coffin, in his statement in the *Sentinel*, is a little wild. The coach was coupled to the forward car, and not chained, as Mr. C. asserts, nor was it fifteen years old, having been built in the fall of 1871. Mr. Coffin's statement that Conductor Comingore was remiss in his duty toward the passengers because the sight of blood made him sick, is denied by Comingore. The latter gentleman was almost used up by his experience of Monday night, during which time he had no sleep, and had frozen both feet badly. The road bed has but lately been put in excellent repair, and the rail that was broken was almost new.

Too Late.

Having received three pieces of Lyons' cloak velvet, too late to sell at a profit, we shall offer the same at prices lower than we ever offered velvets for before. Ladies desiring velvets for cloaks, or polinaises, will consult their own interest by examining our stock before purchasing. All ready-made velvet cloaks at less than cost. Great bargains in cloth cloaks and Paisley shawls, at Hotchkin, Palmer & Co.'s, No. 953 State street.

"A Happy New Year."

Many a heart will be made joyous and happy when the hundreds of presents have been distributed, purchased within a few days at the very popular jewelry house of Messrs. Goodrich & Kirby, No. 203 West Madison street. Silverware, rich bronzes, fine watches, and other fancy goods too numerous to mention.

Furs at Cost.

By referring to our advertising column, it will be seen that Brewster, furrier, No. 38 West Madison street, opposite the Sherman House, is offering his large and elegant stock of ladies' dress-furs, including a magnificent stock of genuine royal ermine, at actual cost. As a reliable and reputable dealer, Brewster stands second to none in his line.

The Bryant & Stratton Business College.

This institution is in full operation in elegant new rooms at the southeast corner of State and Washington streets. Those who cannot attend the day sessions can be accommodated in the evening. There is no vacation between the holidays. Now is the time to prepare for the coming business activity.

What the Artists Use.

An artists' club, like the Lotos, would of course use the best piano made. They have chosen a Knabe to adorn their grand parlor. Give the favorite a trial at Nos. 320 to 396 Wabash avenue. J. Bauer & Co., sole agents.

"GUY MANNERING" AT McVICKER'S.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: The audiences at McVicker's last week were moderately large,—as full perhaps as could have been expected, in view of the unpleasant weather, and the fact that many of those who intend going to see Miss Cushman prefer to listen to her in some other play than "Guy Mannering,"—in some play which has its own intrinsic merits, independent of Miss Cushman's acting.

The first act of "Guy Mannering" is explanatory and stupid. It serves to introduce most of the characters of the play, and to enable the audience to become acquainted with the amiable *Lucy*, the giddy *Julia*, the gallant *Mannering*, the devoted *Bertram*, etc. But it answers yet another purpose, which possibly was not intended. The neutral tints of the first act render more distinct the vivid colors of those which follow. The audience, lulled by the dull declamation of the young ladies, by *Mannering's* stilted airs, and *Bertram's* unimpassioned wooing, are startled from their languor, as by a trumpet's blast, when *Meg Merrilies* appears upon the scene. A moment before, and people were staring rather stupidly at Messrs. Power and O'Neill, and trying to realize the fact that they were purporting to be *Bertram* and *Dandie Dinmont*, and then lo! a woman flashes upon the stage, and shows how the unreal can become real. It is surely *Meg Merrilies* that they see, and not Miss Cushman; it is no actress clad in shreds and patches and with manifest false hair, but it is the gipsey crone, withered and bent by age, her gray locks hanging over her face. The echoes of the voice of her nursling, of the child that had tugged at her breast, had fallen upon her ear, and, rushing from her den among the rocks, she sees him, and stands petrified in one awful stare. There she remains, with all her being centered in her eyes, while some of the audience are laughing at *Dandie Dinmont's* efforts to attract *Bertram's* attention by kicking his shins under the table, and at *Bertram's* well-bred indifference to the kicking in question. Finally, *Bertram* turns around, and then for the first time she speaks. She draws nigher and nigher to *Bertram*, and in those few following minutes her voice sweeps through a score of changes, from the tender, passionate, amazed accents in which she accosts him, to the close, when she repeats her prophetic rhyme, not declaiming or singing it, but speaking it like the woman who knew it to be true. She loves to touch him, to feel his clothes, his hand. While she reads the lines upon his palm, she holds fondly to his hand; and, if she dared, she would press him to her heart. She is, by turns, the doting foster-mother, the ruler of her clan, and the prophetess of the future.

There are no inequalities in her acting; she does not soar here and droop there; she is not good by fits and bad by starts, and she has so little to do, as one thinks regretfully when it is all over, that it seems impossible to pick out this or that thing, and say, "Here was she chiefly excellent." She has learned what generations of actors go to their graves without accomplishing,—to be able to do well more than one thing. Now she thunders out from the summit of the rock to her Rommany chals not to lay a finger on *Bertram*, and she does it right royally,—a Queen in rags, but every inch a Queen; now she croons, in quavering tones, the lullaby she had sung over young *Harry*, not with trills and flourishes, as a poorer actress would have done, but just as many a man has heard his grandmother sing as she rocked back and forth by the fire; and now she breaks out into a snarl, which sets no one to laughing any more than would the menacing growl of a dog. What infinite variety there is in her tones, when she meets *Lucy* and *Julia*, and rejects their proffered bounty—"I want not your trash! I am not mad. I have been scourged for mad," etc. She expresses, with equal ease, the most differing emotions, whether she is threatening *Hatteraick* with the certain revenge for the blood he has spilt, and which will never dry up, or whether she wails out her "never, any, any more."

It would be well if the actors and actresses at McVicker's could learn just one lesson from Miss Cushman, and that is concerning the use of their voices. Let them learn first to imitate that distinct pronunciation, clear and sharp-cut, whether her voice rises to thunder tones or sinks to a whisper, whether tenderness overcomes her, or anger thrills. Then let them understand that the human voice, as Nature made it, is fully competent, without need of any distortion or perversion, to fully embody and express all the changing passions of the soul. No musical instrument has such compass; nothing can surpass its infinite modulations; it can take in the faltering accents of prayer and the ravings of madness. It is sufficient for all the purposes of clergyman and actor, and it is unnecessary for the one to forge a devotional voice or for the other to invent a variety of voices to express love, anger, revenge, or remorse, all as artificial and unnatural as the masks of actors on the classical stage. With Miss Cushman, as with Janauschek, the voice is so rich, and deep, and strong, that merely to hear that is a pleasure for which one would pay well.

Then, at the close, when she has received what she knows is a fatal wound, she concentrates all her iron energies to fight off death until her purpose is accomplished, and *Bertram* is acknowledged heir.

> Thus o'er the dying lamp, the unsteady flame
> Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
> And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.

Strong through her determination, she struggles to her feet, first calls on the bystanders to recognize *Bertram*, and then, her work done, gives herself up to her tenderness, and fondles and caresses the face which her glazing eyes can no longer see. Hers is no ordinary stage death, with its long-drawn ahs and ohs, and the convulsive rollings across the stage, such as ensues when the *Red Pirate* is killed by *Harold*, and the former dies with many a groan. There is a hush in the theatre, and, though it is the closing scene, the audience keep their seats and forget to put on rubbers and overcoats until all is done. And be sure it is not every actress that can thus charm Chicago into propriety.

There are those who object to her rushing back and forth, to the changing of her stick from hand to hand, to her inarticulate expressions of anger, and to the brandishing of her skinny arm. None of them are particularly pleasing to the lovers of the beautiful, but they are by no means Miss Cushman's private invention, and they can be seen nearly every day by those who take the trouble to look for them. A couple of old Irish women engaged in a jawing match, or a couple of Indian hags in an animated argument, need not dread comparison with *Meg Merrilies* on the score of gesticulation. Miss Cushman is unpleasantly true in all her wild motions and her fierce ejaculations.

It is a little singular that the admirable acting of Miss Cushman should not serve to incite her colleagues, and awaken in them the desire to imitate her excellence, so far as in them. "Emulation is the spur of noble minds," but apparently not of the stock actors at McVicker's. With one exception, they appear to be of the opinion that Miss Cushman is the only attraction, and that, therefore, nothing is expected of them, except to say their words; that if they do anything good it will not be noticed; if they are faulty, it will pass unheeded. So they become more like puppets than men and women. But this idea is one which they have no business to adopt. To those who go, not merely to see Miss Cushman, but to see the play, it is satisfactory in proportion as all the leading characters, not one alone, approach excellence. *Meg Merrilies* may be good, but if *Bertram* is poor, then to that extent the play is spoiled for them. A well-acted play is a harmonious assemblage of many parts, all moving smoothly and perfect in accord. If one is defective and out of proportion, the symmetry of the whole is, to a great extent, destroyed. The marked weakness of Miss Cushman's support hurts her and hurts the receipts.

About the only exception to this indifference is Mr. Lanagan, who is detailed to do duty as *Dominie Sampson*. Mr. L. does not walk through his part; he has studied it laboriously, and has striven to make something out of it. He has earnestly toiled to be, in dress and talk, the veritable *Dominie*, the educated, gentle-hearted, really courteous, for he had spent years with gentlemen, but absent-minded Scotchman, at whose foibles and blunders one laughs, but almost with tears in one's eyes, as one laughs, half-ashamed, at the follies and mishaps of Don Quixote. Mr. Lanagan was rewarded for his efforts by the laughter of the audience, faint at the beginning when they were not quite certain whether they might laugh, but increasing gradually, as they became convinced that it would be the right thing to do. When he first said, "Prawdigious," and held up his arms so as to be a big letter Y, no one smiled, but gradually they wakened up to a sense of the humor of this utterance. The *Dominie* appeared armed with an immense staff, and as he was not equal to the

> Nice conduct of a clouded cane,

it came in play only when he brandished it at *Meg*, or tried to balance a purse on it. His clothes were not merely darned; they were extravagantly patched, and his black hair was plastered down upon his cheeks. So soon as the *Dominie* began talking, at least one person felt that he had heard him before, but in some other form, and under different circumstances. He hunted high and low, and at last closed his eyes, in order that he might judge by the voice alone, uninfluenced by the trappings, of the other man. Then it was not long before he remembered when he had last seen the *Dominie*. It was not in Scotland, but in England; not in *Colonel Mannering's* home, but in the elder Weller's tap-room, and he was then called *Brother Stiggins*. Yes, the *Dominie* was found out; it was the deputy shepherd, with an occasional slight flavor of the *Rev. Mr. Chadband*; and it was a very fair deputy shepherd: he delivered himself of his sentiments as canting, hypocritical, dissenting ministers are supposed to do, and stood there as if ready at any moment to mount into a pulpit and go through an hour-glass, from "dearly beloved" to "amen." So the weak-minded in the audience naturally tittered at this burlesque, and agreed to look upon the *Dominie* as a clown, whose business it was to divert them after the tragic acting of *Meg Merrilies*.

It is the misfortune of Mr. Lanagan that he sets out to play one thing, and inevitably plays something else. Tell him to go to the South Pole, and he turns up at the North. It would be interesting if Mr. Lanagan would write down the mental processes through which he went in constructing his idea of *Dominie Sampson*. Of course he studied the matter; he reasoned it out within himself; and he is able to tell why it is that he has made the *Dominie* when confronted by *Meg Merrilies* a being so much the prey to abject terror, or like *Mr. Stiggins* when he was pumped upon. It would be an interesting study in morbid physiology, where does he get his authority for the psalm-singing tones of the *Dominie*? Why does he make him speak in the accents of those who "blaspheme custard through the nose?" These be questions which he has probably answered to his own satisfaction; but it is doubtful if he can do so to that of others.

Mr. Lanagan's intentions are all right. He is an honest and a conscientious actor. He is desirous of giving the public an equivalent for their money, but how could he be so devoid of tact as to fall into the terrible blunder he has done? How can he so burlesque and caricature the odd, affectionate old scholar? How can he reconcile it with his good taste, to make him talk as Methodist elders are made to do at the minstrels? One thinks what Mr. Jefferson would have made out of the *Dominie*, and trembles at the fate of *Pangloss* in the hands of Lanagan.

Mr. Barron will never make his reputation as *Guy Mannering*. He is one of those who fancies that Miss Cushman is all in all, and that his only function is to kill time, while she is off the stage; he conceives that he owes nothing to the audience, and that they will be satisfied if he merely saunters through his part. He is so indifferent to the proprieties, that throughout the entire play while at the inn, and while in his own drawing-room, he persistently appears in boots, and is also very much in the habit of keeping on his hat before ladies, a practice which is not to be looked for in a person who had been a Colonel in the British army, and who had had many opportunities of associating with ladies and gentlemen. These things offend one, far more than an inappropriate costume, since we all know that they are offences against good breeding, and argue that the actor does not know the rudiments of politeness. How can he play the gentleman, if he does not know how a gentleman behaves?

The conversational powers of Mr. Barron have not been cultivated, and their display does not have an exhilarating effect on the audience. When *Lucy* makes her first appearance, and he tells her what he is—"Hear me then briefly. I came with my widowed mother," etc., it is after the fashion of *Young Norval* telling the tale about his early life on the Grampian Hills, with which we are so familiar. There is another gem, where he introduces *Lucy* to his sister, and contrives to turn it into one of the most solemn and lifeless performances imaginable; and, yet another, when he bids his sister and *Miss Bertram* good-night, not in the light way in which that ceremony is ordinarily gone through with, but in as serious a manner as if he were intending to saddle his trusty war-horse, buckle on his sword, and depart to do singular and most desperate battle with some puissant foe. His manner of speaking to *Dominie Sampson*, when he finds the latter in his sister's room, is excessively offensive and ungentlemanly. It may be the way to talk to a news-boy, but not to the *Dominie*. The chief supports of *Colonel Mannering* are his hat and whiskers, without which he would not be such a terrible being after all. But since Mr. Barron has no whiskers of his own, it is a matter of questionable propriety whether he ought, as *Colonel Mannering*, to go to the trouble of putting on false ones. Not only was shaving the fashion in the army in the Colonel's day, but it was contrary to regulations for him to have as much hair on his face as Mr. Barron gives him. Still, as a bashful young man feels more at ease when he has something in his hands, so Mr. Barron may owe the cold-blooded indifference he pays his part to his reliance on those whiskers.

Mrs. Myers, as *Lucy*, does not remain behind Mr. Barron, so far as failing to throw any life into her part is concerned, or else she fancies that *Lucy* is a solemn young lady who ought to be as gloomy as her mourning dress, or a deserted Ariadne. She is solicitous to speak her words correctly, but she sometimes utters them without regard to their meaning, and as if she knew them parrot-fashion, as when she remarks—"My father's last his only friend," instead of "my father's last—his only—friend." So, when she is replying to *Glosson's* propositions, she does it in a most artificial and unsatisfactory manner; and she utters her "loathing and contempt," and flounces across the stage after it, in the usual, but untruthful, fashion. It is a pity she should do thus, for she can do so much better. Surely, at the close, when she finds out who *Bertram* is, she can ejaculate "My brother! my long lost brother," a litte more feelingly than she has hitherto done; and behave as if she had found a brother, and not a long lost ear-ring.

If it were not for that scene with *Julia Mannering*, Mr. Power, who takes the part of *Henry Bertram*, the unknown heir, would get along fairly enough. He would simply have to roam about with *Dandie Dinmont*, and to listen, like a senseless stone, to the wild words and endearments of *Meg Merrilies*. But, unfortunately, he is supposed to be the romantic suitor of the romantic *Julia*. He is the ardent lover who announces his coming with an air on the flute, and who makes his appearance through an open window. Mr. Power plays on the flute and jumps through the window, and there the likeness to the impassioned lover stops. He makes some remark in a business-like way, about her fulfilling the hopes she once gave, as if she had promised him a Maltese kitten when the cat littered; and the whole conversation is about as lover-like as one between a bachelor of 60 and an old maid of 40, on the subject of Infant Baptism. But it is clearly impossible for Mr. Power ever to act the lover. "His veins are filled with ice-broth" and not blood. But it is singular that he does not display some animation, in manner at least, when with *Meg*. What man, except Mr. Power, could fail to be moved by her? But he stands before her as in the presence of some importunate street beggar, who wants 10 cents, which he, waiting a favorable opportunity to break away from her, does not intend to give. The unhappy Mr. Power has never felt a sensation. He is like the young man in the fairy tale who could not tell how it felt to be afraid. He is as unmoved with Miss Cushman as with Miss Coombs.

There seems no reason why Mrs. Allen, as *Julia Mannering*, could not be a little less mediocre than she is. The representation of the gay, impulsive *Julia* is something apparently beyond her powers, and her nearest approach to it consists in a sort of ponderous levity, which rises to its extreme when she tries to divert the *Dominie's* attention by piling his arms full of books, which so greatly amused one of the audience that he remarked, "Go in, lemons," which showed that one person, at least, appreciated the performance. She makes as poor a "loveress" as Power does a lover, which is inexcusable in a married woman. She is stiff and constrained with *Lucy* and with *Colonel Mannering*, but then it may be said, in mitigation, that it is hard to associate with two such ice blocks without becoming a little frozen.

Mr. O'Neill is sadly out of place as *Dandie Dinmont*. It seems to be generally agreed that he has done wisely in not attempting what is called the Scottish dialect, not merely because it might be difficult for him to adhere rigidly to it, but because it would make it so hard to understand what he was saying. It is pleasant enough to be conversing with an individual who is using any dialect, but it is a different matter when an actor, who is not always as distinct as he should be, is the person who does the talking. But while Mr. O'Neill does not attempt to make *Dandie* talk like a Scotchman, still he does not allow him to talk like a plain Englishman. He makes him talk sometimes as if he were on the verge of lapsing into Scoticism, and kept from doing it only by constant effort, and sometimes he slides into a sort of rural English stage dialect. In his attempt to represent the effect which his carousals had had upon *Dinmont*, he is also unfortunate. That gentleman was not drunk—

> He was nae fou, but just had plenty,

and, even had he been drunk, Mr. O'Neill's representation would have been a very spiritless and tame performance. Still it appears to indicate that Mr. O'Neill is not in the habit of consorting with revellers, and that he has consequently never had a chance to see how men act when they are upset by liquor. It would probably have been better if Mr. O'Neill had taken the part of *Colonel Mannering*. There is a large and respectable Scotch element in our city, and it is wrong to harrow their feelings by presenting to them such specimens of their countrymen as O'Neill's *Dinmont*, or Lanagan's *Dominie*.

As Mr. Lanagan gives *Mr. Stiggins* instead of *Dominie Sampson*, so Mr. Pendleton does not give *Dirk Hatteraick*, the brawny, tanned, grizzled, weather-beaten smuggler, but a sort of fresh-water Jack, with nothing of the desperado about him except a cutlass. While to the youth of Chicago Mr. Pendleton may have seemed the very realization of their idea of Captain Morgan, and other buccaneering gentlemen who sailed the Spanish Main, and the combat with *Bertram*, with its thrusts and parries and dashing arms, a master-piece of valor, yet, to the experienced observer, it looked about as if some woman had glued on whiskers, and put on the clothes of a sailor, and tried to mimic the blushing accents and the swaggering walk of the smuggler. So *Dirk* rushed hither and thither, and brandished his hanger, stamped and said "ha, ha," but it was manifestly a woman in disguise, and much afraid of being detected by the police.

There is one fine point, where *Meg* denounces *Hatteraick* in the cave, where he draws on her and she throws him off. The brutal, uncontrolled passions which filled the heart of the coarse and ruffianly sailor are so far toned down by Mr. Pendleton, that, as he looks at *Meg*, it is with the expression of the little boy who sees his nurse approaching with a cup full of castor oil, of which he knows he is to be the recipient; and so he looks at *Meg*, as if he were about to observe, "I utterly refuse to allow my stomach to be made a drug shop."

Mrs. Post, otherwise *Mrs. McCandlish*, is not precisely what she should be. She too, abjures the Scottish brogue, but, unlike Mr. O'Neill, she does not substitute some hermaphrodite lingo in its place. It would please the audience better were she to speak a little more distinctly, for at present it is difficult to hear her. When she talks of her poor husband "weltering in his blood," she might be a little more natural and a little less theatrical about it, which remark is applicable to her attempts at pathos generally.

Flora would have been more satisfactory if she had not taken so prominent a part in that overdone business of heaping books into the *Dominie's* arms, and if she had been a little more in earnest when her bonnet is smashed. If any one were to sit down on Miss Blake's hat, it is likely she would be a little more waspish than *Flora* was.

Owing to these imperfections, the excellence of Miss Cushman's acting is much marred, and nobody thinks it worth while to go more than once to see "Guy Mannering." The correction of some of these faults is an easy matter, and would be a benefit to both the actors and the theatre. ****

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THE CHAMPION

Is declared to be the simplest, the most effective, and the only always reliable self-acting Fire Extinguisher in use. It is an entirely new invention. The letters patent all issued within the present year. It is therefore free from the defects of all other fire extinguishers before the public. The inventor of the CHAMPION, Mr. J. B. Van Dyne, having had many years' experience in introducing and handling fire extinguishers, brings forward the CHAMPION, greatly superior to all others.

Corporations and individuals desirous of protecting their property against fire, will do well to examine the CHAMPION on WHEELS, with 200 feet of hose, with hook and ladder attachment. It has a capacity of over

13,000 GALLONS

from a single charge of its two large cylinders, so arranged as to throw two effective streams over 100 feet for any length of time, or four effective streams over 100 feet, each at the same time, if an emergency requires. The

Champion Extinguisher,

Hand size, is a model of simplicity and effectiveness for the purpose intended—always ready, and never out of order. It acts with unerring certainty and with great efficiency.

Dec. 19, 1872.

HOTELS.

Continental Hotel,

479, 481 & 483 State-st.,

COR. ELDRIDGE-COURT.

ANDERSON & CO., Proprietors.

Permanent boarders for the winter can secure first-class accommodations at reasonable rates. Also a limited number of table boarders will be taken.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Merchants' Savings Loan & Trust Company, at their office, in the city of Chicago, on Tuesday, Jan. 7, 1873, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 12 o'clock m., for the election of eleven Trustees, to serve during the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

CHARLES HENROTIN, Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE

Chicago West Division Railway Com'y,

Chicago, Dec. 20, 1872.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Company, for the election of Directors, etc., will be held at the office of the Company, 56 and 58 South Halsted-st., on Tuesday, Jan. 14, 1873, at 2 o'clock p. m.

WM. H. OVINGTON, Secretary.

Take Notice.

All persons are hereby cautioned against paying or negotiating any notes, checks, or any documents or accounts whatsoever, belonging to, or in favor of, Geo. P. Witham, deceased. Any person, bank or bankers with whom said Witham has made deposits, or who are indebted to him in any manner whatsoever, will confer a great favor by leaving information to that effect, at KUHN'S European Hotel, Dearborn, near Madison st.

W. J. KUHN, Proprietor Kuhn's Hotel.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

GERMAN SAVINGS BANK, Dec. 26, 1872.

The regular semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent on the capital stock is payably Jan. 7, 1873. Transfer books close the 31st inst.

A. WISE, Cashier.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Fifth National Bank of Chicago, for the election of directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of said bank, in Chicago, on Tuesday, Jan. 14, 1873, between the hours of 3 and 5 p. m.

ISAAC G. LOMBARD, Cashier.

Chicago, Dec. 10, 1872.

HOLIDAY CHROMO.

Splendid Holiday Chromo,

MOTHER IS OUT,

Given to each customer of the GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO., 113 West Washington-st. 120 Twenty-second-st.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Winter Arrangement.

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS.—† Saturday excepted. * Sunday excepted. ‡ Monday excepted. ‖ Arrive Sunday at 8:00 a. m. § Daily.

CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD.

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Through Line, and Louisiana (Mo.) new short route from Chicago to Kansas City. Union Depot, West Side, near Madison-st. bridge.

	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Louis & Springfield Express, via Main Line	* 9:15 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	* 9:15 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Wenona, Lacon, Washington Express (Western Division)	* 4:10 p. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Joliet & Dwight Accomo'dation	* 4:10 p. m.	* 9:40 a. m.
St. Louis & Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	¶9:00 p. m.	‡‡7:20 p. m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., & Louisiana, Mo.	¶9:00 p. m.	‡‡7:20 a. m.
Jefferson City Express	¶9:00 p. m.	‡‡7:20 a. m.
Peoria, Keokuk & Burl'n Ex	* 9:00 p. m.	* 8:10 p. m.

¶Daily, via Main Line, and daily except Saturday, via Jacksonville Division. ‡‡ Daily, via Main Line, and daily, except Monday, via Jacksonville Division.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD.

Depots—Foot of Lake-st., Indiana-av., and Sixteenth-st., and Canal and Sixteenth-sts. Ticket office in Briggs House and at depots.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail and Express	* 7:30 a. m.	* 4:15 p. m.
Dubuque and Sioux City Exp	* 9:15 a. m.	* 2:00 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line	*10:15 a. m.	* 3:15 p. m.
Rock Island Express	*10:15 a. m.	* 4:15 p. m.
Galesburg Passenger	* 3:15 p. m.	* 6:10 p. m.
Mendota & Ottawa Passenger	* 4:30 p. m.	* 9:55 a. m.
Aurora Passenger	* 1:45 p. m.	* 8:15 a. m.
Aurora Passenger	* 5:30 p. m.	* 8:55 a. m.
Aurora Passenger (Sunday)	1:00 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Exp	† 9:15 p. m.	‡ 7:00 a. m.
Pacific Night Express	†10:00 p. m.	‡ 6:45 a. m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation	*11:00 a. m.	* 5:00 p. m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation	* 6:15 p. m.	* 7:15 p. m.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Depot foot of Lake-st. and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket office, 75 Canal-st., corner of Madison.

	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Louis Express	* 7:30 a. m.	* 9:30 p. m.
St. Louis Fast Line	† 8:15 p. m.	* 7:35 a. m.
Cairo Mail	* 7:30 a. m.	* 9:00 p. m.
Cairo Express	† 8:15 p. m.	* 7:35 a. m.
Springfield Express	* 7:30 a. m.	* 9:00 p. m.
Springfield Express	† 8:15 p. m.	* 7:35 a. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Ex	* 9:15 a. m.	* 2:00 p. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Ex	† 9:15 p. m.	* 7:00 a. m.
**Gilman Passenger	* 5:15 p. m.	* 9:00 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 6:10 a. m.	* 6:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 7:10 a. m.	* 7:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	‖ 9:00 a. m.	* 8:40 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	‖12:10 p. m.	* 9:30 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 3:00 p. m.	‖10:30 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 4:15 p. m.	‖ 1:45 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 5:15 p. m.	* 4:20 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 6:10 p. m.	* 5:45 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*11:00 p. m.	* 7:25 p. m.

**On Saturdays this train will be run to Champaign.

CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS & CINCINNATI THROUGH LINE, VIA KANKAKEE ROUTE.

Trains arrive and depart from the Great Central Railroad Depot, foot of Lake-st. For through tickets and sleeping-car berths apply at Ticket office, 75 Canal-st., corner Madison; 123 Washington-st.; Tremont House, corner Congress-st. and Michigan-av.; also foot of Twenty-second-st.

Leave Chicago	* 9:20 a. m.	‡ 8:00 p. m.
Arrive at Indianapolis	* 4:20 p. m.	‡ 3:50 a. m.
Arrive at Cincinnati	* 9:30 p. m.	‡ 9:15 a. m.

Trains arrive at Chicago at 7:00 a. m. and 9:15 p. m. Only line running Saturday night train to Cincinnati. The entire train runs through to Cincinnati. Pullman sleepers on night trains.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD.

Ticket office, 51 West Madison-st.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Pacific Fast Line	*10:30 a. m.	* 2:45 p. m.
Dubuque Day Express	10:30 a. m.	2:45 p. m.
Pacific Night Express	†10:30 p. m.	‡ 6:30 a. m.
Dubuque Night Express	10:30 p. m.	6:30 a. m.
Freeport & Dubuque Express	* 9:15 a. m.	* 2:00 p. m.
Freeport & Dubuque Express	* 9:15 p. m.	* 7:00 a. m.
Milwaukee Mail	* 8:00 a. m.	*10:10 a. m.
Milwaukee Express	* 9:45 a. m.	* 4:00 p. m.
Milwaukee Passenger	* 5:00 p. m.	* 7:40 p. m.
Milwaukee Passenger (daily)	§11:00 p. m.	§ 7:15 a. m.
Green Bay Express	*10:00 a. m.	* 7:15 p. m.
Green Bay Express	* 9:00 p. m.	* 6:30 a. m.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Depot, corner of Harrison and Sherman-sts. Ticket office, 83 West Madison-st.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Omaha, Leavenw'th & Atchison Ex	*10:00 a. m.	* 4:00 p. m.
Peru Accommodation	* 5:00 p. m.	* 9:30 a. m.
Night Express	†10:00 p. m.	‡ 7:00 a. m.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

Depot, corner Harrison and Sherman-sts. Ticket office, southwest corner Madison and Canal-sts.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail, via Air Line and Main Line	* 6:40 a. m.	* 9:30 p. m.
Special New York Express, via Air Line	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Atlantic Express, via Air Line	5:15 p. m.	8:00 a. m.
Night Express, via Main Line	*‡9:00 p. m.	*‡6:30 a. m.
South Chicago Accommodation	*12:00 p. m.	* 1:50 p. m.
Elkhart Accommodation	* 3:40 p. m.	*10:15 a. m.

CHICAGO, DANVILLE & VINCENNES RAILROAD.

Passenger Depot at P., C. & St. Louis Depot, corner of Canal and Kinzie-sts. Out-freight office, corner of Ada and Kinzie-sts. In-freight office at P., C. & St. L. Depot, corner Halsted and Carroll-sts. Freight and Ticket office, 168 Washington-st.

Taking effect Dec. 1, 1872.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	* 7:40 a. m.	* 1:40 p. m.
Evansville & Terre Haute Ex	* 7:00 p. m.	‡ 7:20 a. m.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILROAD.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	* 9:00 a. m.	‡ 7:30 p. m.
Pacific Express	§5:15 p. m.	§ 6:30 a. m.
Fast Line	†*9:00 p. m.	‡*8:00 a. m.
Mail	* 4:55 a. m.	* 6:10 p. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation	* 3:45 p. m.	* 8:50 a. m.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL & GREAT WESTERN RAILROADS

Depot, foot of Lake-st., and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket office, 75 Canal-st., corner of Madison.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail (via main and air line)	* 5:30 a. m.	* 8:45 p. m.
Day Express	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Jackson Accommodation	* 3:35 p. m.	*10:20 a. m.
Atlantic Express	§ 5:15 p. m.	§ 8:00 a. m.
Night Express	†*9:00 p. m.	‡*6:30 a. m.
INDIANAPOLIS VIA PERU ROAD.		
Mail	* 5:30 a. m.	*8:45 p. m.
Night Express	†9:10 p. m.	‡*6:30 a. m.
GRAND RAPIDS AND PENTWATER.		
Night Express	†9:10 p. m.	*6:00 a. m.

HENRY C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger Agent.

OCEAN NAVIGATION.

FOR EUROPE.

INMAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.

Will sail from New York as follows:

CITY OF MONTREAL......Thursday, Dec. 12, 2 P. M.
CITY OF BRUSSELS.......Saturday, Dec. 14, 2 P. M.
CITY OF ANTWERP.......Saturday, Dec. 21, 10 A. M.
CITY OF PARIS.............Saturday, Dec. 28, 2 P. M.
And each succeeding SATURDAY and THURSDAY, from Pier No. 45, North River.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

To or from British Ports....................$30.00
To or from German Ports....................35.00
To or from Bremen or Scandinavian Ports..........35.00
SIGHT DRAFTS for sale at low rates.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, General Western Agent, 86 South Market-st., Chicago.

NATIONAL LINE,

Sailing from New York for Queenstown and Liverpool every Wednesday, and for London direct every fortnight.

CABIN PASSAGE, $65 AND $75.

Steerage to and from British points........$29 currency.
Steerage to or from German points........34 currency.
Steerage to or from Bremen or Scandinavian points........37 currency.

The Steamships of this line are the largest in the trade.

WILLIAM MACALISTER, 55 Market-st., Chicago.

FOR EUROPE.

CUNARD MAIL LINE.

Established, 1840.

From New York every Wednesday. From Boston every Saturday. Cabin passage $80 and $100 gold. Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

Steerage to and from British points........$30.00 currency.
Steerage to or from German points........35.00 currency.
Steerage to or from Bremen or Scandinavian points........38.00 currency.

Drafts on Great Britain, Ireland and the Continent. Through bills of lading for merchandise to and from Europe.

P. H. DU VERNET, General Western Agent, 72 Market-st.

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

$5 Packages OF FRACTIONAL CURRENCY

FOR SALE AT

TRIBUNE OFFICE.

RAILROAD NEWS.

The LaSalle & Chicago Railroad and Riverside.

The Chicago, Millington & Western Railroad--The Town of Millington--Glass Sand.

It will be remembered by our city readers that, after a sharply contested application, the LaSalle & Chicago Railroad was the first of the fifteen new roads seeking admission to the city last year to be granted the independent right of entrance; receiving in this, the only instance of the kind, we believe, on record, the unanimous vote of the Common Council, in May last, every Alderman being in his seat, and recording his vote, and this, too, after the full and repeated hearings of the subject and objections had been considered before the various Committees. This, has caused the proposed line to be regarded with marked attention, the indorsement of its claims being so unusual and full. We understand that parties in New York, representing large capital, have taken hold of this railroad project, and are to commence its construction as early as may be practicable in the spring, with the ability and determination to push the work to completion very rapidly. This, indeed, seemed assential to the creation of the valuable franchise, for each year diminishes the chances and enhances the difficulties of securing new rights of way into the heart of the city; and all who are in possession of such rights have something too valuable to be left to simmer. The route will be west from Chicago, through Riverside to LaSalle, thence to the Mississippi River, traversing coal fields, as well as one of the richest agricultural portions of the State, and promising to become at once a line, the local business of which would alone sustain it, to say nothing of its through connections, making it a most important feeder to the trade of our city. We also learn that the railroad company in question have pending propositions of a very liberal character to the creditors of the Riverside Improvement Company, which have been already accepted by nearly all of them, whereby the difficulties and entanglements of that Company will be adjusted, and important improvements projected, affecting the future value of the property. It is believed that arrangements to this end will be made complete, gigantic as this part of the undertaking may appear, judging from the past and recent outlook of the Riverside affairs, and the fact that the bulk of the creditors have already chosen a liberal settlement in place of a prolonged litigation and consequent determination of claims.

THE C., M. & W. R. R.

The railway corporation referred to in THE TRIBUNE of yesterday as the Chicago, Wilmington & Western, should have been called the Chicago, *Millington* & Western Railway Company. The line of the proposed road runs considerably north from Wilmington, through Kendall County. As Millington is the name of a town somewhat unfamiliar to the public, and liable to become confounded with Wilmington, it may be well to say something concerning the place. It is a small village on the Fox River, twenty-one miles below Aurora, and on the Fox River branch of the Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy Railroad. It was formerly called Milford, and is so designated on most of the maps. Both the village and its water power have, until recently, stood somewhat in the shade from the want of railroad connections. Last summer, however, a company was formed and work commenced upon a canal, to bring the water from a dam four miles above, along the west bank of the river to Millington, when the old dam will be torn out and a head of 21½ feet secured for the whole volume of water in Fox River. This will give one of the finest water powers in the State. It will undoubtedly result in building up quite a manufacturing town, as Millington has a fine agricultural country around it, and is readily accessible to both materials and markets. Within half a mile of the proposed water power is an inexhaustible supply of pure white sand, said by those familiar with glass manufacture to be the finest on the continent for that purpose. It is shipped to the Detroit, Indianapolis, and New Albany factories, and even to Pittsburgh. The matter of starting a plate-glass manufactory at this point is under discussion. Probably no place in the country offers equal facilities for this purpose. There are several railway companies forming with the object of constructing a road in that direction of this line, and it will be a race between these rival interests which will bring about the completion of another railroad southwest from Chicago at an early day.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT FEEDER.

The completion of the Green Bay & Lake Pepin Railway within 14 months, is a feat of railway construction not often performed. The line is 150 miles long, and within the time above named has been put in complete running condition. The road connects Green Bay with the West Wisconsin Railway at Merrillan, and will be an important feeder of the trade of this city. It is the intention of the Company to take the road from Merrillan to the Mississippi River, and to build it next season. The precise point where it will strike the river is not yet determined, but we understand it will be a point opposite Wabasha, near the foot of Lake Pepin, and that some plans for a bridge across the Mississippi River are now in process of maturity. Regular trains will be put on this week, running daily between Green Bay and Merrillan, connecting with the regular passenger trains on the West Wisconsin Road. Green Bay residents congratulate themselves that the new line will add much to their city, and give them easy access to Chicago.

A NOVELTY IN RAILWAY LITERATURE.

is a little book published monthly by the Passenger Department of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway Company, called "The Minstrave Illustrated Railway Guide." It is gotten up in an elegant style, with an elaborate cover, and engravings of depot buildings and scenes along the line of the road. It contains the latest time-tables, distances between stations, and other information regarding the road of much interest to the travelling public. It is used as a medium for extending information regarding the road, which, shall be reliable and useful. The compilation is the work of Mr. John R. Robinson, and is a credit to his judgment and taste

PERSONAL.

The County Clerk issued twenty-one marriage licenses yesterday.

Captain H. C. Johnston, United States Army, is at the Sherman.

Hon. Augusta Adams, of Sandwich, Ill., is at the Sherman.

Hon. L. C. Kilham, Oneida, N. Y., is at Anderson's European Hotel.

Mr. J. C. Mitchell was presented with a beautiful gold watch and chain by the employes of his packing-house, on Christmas Day.

Edgar Steel, Esq., Superintendent of the Southwestern Exposition Association, New Orleans, is at the Gardner.

The Maretzek Italian Opera Troupe, with Pauline Lucca and Clara Louise Kellogg as the *prima donne*, are to be at McVicker's Theatre early in February.

An elegant silver service, said to be the finest ever presented in Chicago, was given to Mr. Z. I. Pratt, Superintendent of the Twenty-ninth street stage line, on Christmas morning, by his employes.

Madame Clara Brinkerhoff, the popular vocalist, was in the city yesterday morning. She left for Beloit, to sing in Goodwin's Opera House last evening, and will fill other engagements in the principal cities of the West.

A beautiful gold pen and pencil it was the fortune of Mr. S. P. Richards, Secretary and Treasurer of the Star Chemical Works, to be presented with on Christmas eve. It was the gift of the employes of that institution.

Rev. Robert McKenzie, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Elgin, whose church edifice was recently burned, is now at the East seeking aid for rebuilding. Rev. J. B. McClure, of this city is supplying his pulpit in his absence.

The following were among the arrivals at the Grand Central, yesterday: E. S. Ayers, H. M. Mayo, Chas. E. Hutchins, Hannibal, Mo.; H. F. Sarfield, Mononee; E. F. Skiles, St. Louis; E. C. Stearns, Cincinnati.

The following were among the arrivals at the Tremont, yesterday: D. A. Ray, Bloomington; J. H. Wattles, Norwich, Conn.; J. W. Prest, Hanibal, Mo.; J. Bennett, Cincinnati; E. D. Saxe, Salt Lake City; James Sargent, Milwaukee.

Minnie Myrtle Miller, the interesting ex-wife of the Poet of the Sierras, is to lecture on Thursday evening of this week at the Michigan Avenue Baptist Church, and on Saturday evening at the Union Park Congregational Church. The subject of both lectures will be: "Joaquin Miller, the Poet and the Man."

The following were among the arrivals at Anderson's European Hotel: T. McCarthy, St. Louis; D. A. Ray, Bloomington; D. Campbell, Ontario, Canada; O. J. Stough, Hinsdale, Mich.; J. W. Porter, Urbana; O. Backus, Albany; A. B. Anthony, Aurora.

The following were at the Gardner yesterday: D. C. Johnson, Erie, Pa.; J. Belknap, Detroit; John Miller, Burlingsford, Vt.; L. M. Bennett, Omaha; B. J. Anderson, Pittsburgh; H. E. Osgood and wife, New Orleans; A. Swanzy, John Bullene, Jr., New York; J. M. Alden, Cairo.

The following were among the arrivals at the Sherman yesterday: A. Elmore, Green Bay; A. Lamonte, St. Louis; O. Bailey, Kansas; John A. Forbush, New Orleans; W. K. Jennings, Pittsburgh; David Chapman, Portland, Oregon; A. J. Chisbrough, Philadelphia; George N. Bennett, Boston; D. A. Nicholas, St. Louis; Edward Starke, Maryland; A. L. Holey, New York; E. C. Isaacs, Montana.

The following were the prominent arrivals at the Briggs yesterday: M. W. Shurtz and wife, Houston, Texas; Henry Miser, E. Prince, Quincy; J. J. Hays, Evansville, Ind.; C. E. Myers, Grinnell, Iowa; J. P. Fisk, St. Louis; R. M. Burnell, Central City, Col.; J. R. Lord, Newton, Mass.; John R. Palmer and wife, San Francisco; J. T. Beatly, Philadelphia; B. H. Pullman, New York.

Charley Reed, the State's Attorney, last evening went to see Charlotte Cushman play *Meg Merrilies*. Stepping out between the acts to "see a man" who was "waiting for him" at Chapin & Gore's, Charley mentioned a curious coincidence,—which was, that, 15 years ago, while attending Yale College, himself and two or three college mates, having asked and failed to get permission to go to Hamilton, slipped off one Saturday night, and went down to New York to see Charlotte Cushman play *Meg Merrilies*. On their return, they were hauled up by President Woisey for violation of the rules and disobedience of an express order, and were suspended for five days, but they managed to fix it up by apologizing and promising not to do so any more, and so were reinstated without further punishment.

To the Ladies.

Cooper & Hennegen, No. 126 Clark street, near Madison, have a small but elegant assortment of seal sacques and other furs that they will positively sell at cost. Call and be assured by an examination of stock and prices.

PARTNERS WANTED.

PARTNER WANTED--IN A MEAT AND VEGETable market doing a good business. Inquire of F. RICELLI, cor Twenty-ninth and State-sts.

PARTNER WANTED--SPECULATION--MONEY to be made by a good business man with small capital to travel with the most attractive star actress in the country, supported by a first-class company of dramatic artists, and ready to start one week from date. Salary, Treasurer, and have charge of all money transactions. Address A 46, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED--IN A PLEASANT BUSIness for a lady or gentleman, who wants a pleasant home and paying business. Capital required, $1,500. Address in full names X 86, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED--WITH CASH CAPITAL from $5,000 to $10,000, to take half interest in business already established; no perishable goods: will guarantee net profit to be at least 25 per cent on money invested. Address R 23, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED--WITH $3,000--ACTIVE OR silent; business, manufacturing, and a monopoly; $20 per week and profits. Address T 84, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED--WITH REFERENCES, AND some capital, in an established real estate office. Address V 80, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED--WITH $5,000 TO $6,000, IN a desirable grain and flour business; have the orbs and wheat houses, and facilities for storing 50,000 bu, in the best location in the city. Interest for partner not so much required as the money. T 85, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED--A GOOD WORKING PARTner in a first-class restaurant; will take the right man for $1,000. Interview on time, if required. Address Q 56, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED--IN A HOTEL OF 50 ROOMS. A well located, and doing a good business. Apply to Kinsley & Co., 204 West Madison-st.

PARTNER WANTED--A YOUNG MAN WITH about $9,000 capital wishes to buy into a lumber business; has had 6 years' experience in the trade. Address J 59, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED--WITH $1,500, TO JOIN AN English manufacturing company in making foreign goods in great demand. N 14, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED--WITH $1,000 OR $200 OR $500 with another to open good paying business; no objection to country. T 81, 326 North Franklin-st.

PARTNER WANTED--GERMAN PHYSICIAN OR druggist wanted to fill vacancy in a drug store in good locality; capital required $400 cash. Call at 30 Calhoun-av.

PARTNER WANTED--$10,000--ENERGETIC BUSIness man to take interest and manage established business; goods staple, and extensively used throughout the West. For particulars apply at 59 South Canal-st.

PARTNER WANTED--WITH $400. I HAVE MORE than I can attend to. Must have a good character at once. Business paying several hundred dollars monthly. 118 East Washington-st., Room 38.

PARTNER WANTED--WITH $10,000 TO $12,000 TO buy an established and very profitable hardware house in this city. Address V 75, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED--IN THE GRAIN AND COMmission business--by an old-established and well-known Board of Trade man; yearly commissions guaranteed to net over fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000); parties must have money enough to carry on the business. For particulars address S 61, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED--WITH SMALL CAPITAL. in a light manufacturing business. Address JAMES BRYANT, Barnes Homes, Chicago, Ill.

FINANCIAL.

GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE CLAIMS BOUGHT at Room 1, No. 56 South Canal-st.

I WILL PAY 18 CENTS FOR $5,000 TO $10,000, Great Western Claims. Address E 58 Tribune office.

LOANS ON REAL ESTATE NEGOTIATED. C. H. CODDINGTON, 4 West Madison-st.

LOANS ON DIAMOND INSURANCE CLAIMS against Chicago companies and all good collaterals; Republic and Great Western claims bought. O. G. BRYANT, Room 3, 42 West Madison Street, Basement.

MONEY TO LOAN ON GOOD COLLATERALS; also will buy Great Western and Republic Insurance Companies' certificates. JAMES B. STOREY, 84 and 86 LaSalle-st., Room 2.

MONEY LOANED ON CITY REAL ESTATE AND on houses on leased ground; purchase money mortgages wanted. B. GROSSMAN, Room 11, 161 Monroe-st.

MONEY TO LOAN ON GOOD CHICAGO CITY OR suburban property, in sums to suit. SAMUEL STRAUS, Room 12, Foot Block, 184 Clark-st.

MONEY TO LOAN ON APPROVED COLLATERAL, on long or short time, and commercial paper bought. W. M. WILLNER, 14 Otis Block, LaSalle-st.

MONEY TO LOAN ON HOUSEHOLD FURNIture, horses, pianos, and other chattel security. E. GOODRICH, 117 Madison-st., Room 5.

MONEY TO LOAN ON GOOD REAL ESTATE security and reasonable terms by WASMANSDORF & HEINEMANN, 165 Randolph-st., (Metropolitan Block.)

TO LOAN--$2 TO $200 ON CHATTELS--TRUEdell, 113 West Madison-st., Room 3.

WANTED--ADJUSTED CLAIMS IN NEARLY ALL bankrupt insurance companies; highest price paid. J. H. PARKER, 115 Dearborn-st., Room 31 Exchange Building, corner Clark and Washington-sts.

WANTED--TO BORROW--A SUM OF MONEY BY a lady starting in business; security satisfactory. Address S 3 Tribune office.

WANTED--$200 TO $600 ON GOOD STOCK COLLATeral, for three or six months. Address D 56, Tribune office.

55 SHARES NO. 1 MANUFACTURING COMPANY stock for sale; will advance 100 per cent within six months; more funds wanted to extend the business. A rare chance to invest. Address F 53, Tribune office.

$4,000 TO LOAN IN ONE SUM ON REAL estate security. Apply to HUTCHINSON & LUFF, Room 30, Tribune Building.

$6,000 REPUBLIC LIFE INSURANCE CO. Policy for sale by H. C. CHRISTOPH, 123 Randolph-st., basement, near LaSalle.

$10,000 TO LOAN. ON CITY PROPERTY. LOUIS L. PALMER, 94 Washington-st., Rooms 18 and 19.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

CASH PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF SECOND-HAND furniture. ADOLPH LONG, 83 and 85 Market-st.

FURNITURE, MATTRESSES, ETC., OF ALL kinds on instalments, to reliable, prompt-paying parties, at lowest cash price. Empire Parlor Bedstead Co., 252 West Madison-st.

FOR SALE--FURNITURE OF 5 ROOMS; ROOMS to rent if desired; also, two outside show cases and awning. Apply second house south of Thirty-fifth-st., on Dearborn, in basement.

FOR SALE--CHEAP--A LARGE COOKING STOVE, suitable for a family or boarding house. Apply at 245 West LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE--OR EXCHANGE--THE FURNITURE of 6 ft rooms, well furnished; cheap rent; well located; 4 in boarders. Address Q 13, Tribune office.

FOR SALE--CHEAP FOR CASH, A COMPLETE set of fat-opening and mourning goods. Must be sold. Owner's going to Europe. Call at 630 West Indiana-st.

FOR SALE--BRUSSELS CARPET, LOUNGE, stove, etc., all nearly new. 206 West Monroe-st.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AND PAINTINGS AT private sale until Jan. 1, 1873, at 1106 Prairie-av.

PARTIES WISHING TO DISPOSE OF FURNITURE, carpets, and household goods of any kind will do well to apply to J. H. PIKE & CO., 97 and 99 LaSalle-st., who will sell at auction every Tuesday and Saturday nights of new and second-hand furniture. J. H. PIKE & CO., General Auctioneers.

THE CHILD'S EMPIRE BEDSTEAD IS THE NOVelty of the times, and is the most convenient child's bed ever invented. A unique little piece of furniture, and convertible instantly into a perfect bed. Fits the smallest child to your house. No more trouble to find room for the children to sleep. Nothing more appropriate for a New Year's present than this. Prices $12 and $16. EMPIRE PARLOR BEDSTEAD CO., 252 West Madison-st.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR BEDSTEAD SURPASSES all. An elegant piece of furniture, and is complete only one-fourth the space of an ordinary bedstead; fits sizes and all sizes; adapted to parlor, library, dining room or chamber. Suitable for a present to your wife. Sold on instalments of $10 a month. EMPIRE PARLOR BEDSTEAD CO., 252 West Madison-st.

MACHINERY.

FOR SALE--ENGINE AND FIRE-BOX BOILER, 12-horse power; in good condition, and for sale cheap. Inquire at 135 Michigan-av.

SPECIAL NOTICE--I HEREBY EXTEND A CORdial invitation to all interested in machinery, especially to basket-makers, and others, to call at 57 and 59 South Canal-st., in R. B. Walker & Co.'s machine shop, up-stairs, on Monday, Dec. 30, between 10 and 12 a. m., to see my "Patent Spiral Cutter" in full operation. It makes from the smallest basket splint to a full-sized barrel hoop, half-round or flat, according to cotton. The machine must be seen to be appreciated. A. F. BOOND, Paterson.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

A WELL-ESTABLISHED GROCERY IN ONE OF the nicest localities on Madison-st., for sale. Reasons given. Cash, $3,000. Address L 85, Tribune office.

A GOOD CHANCE--STOCK AND FIXTURES OF a fruit store, No. 421 State-st., for sale cheap as $150; rent only $20 per month. Apply at store from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

A STOCK OF GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS FOR sale with store fixtures and two years' lease of store, in the best business location of West Madison-st. Address STANLEY, care of Carrier 72.

A BOARDING AND SALE STABLE ON SOUTH Side, for sale cheap, in No. 1 location; or will take a partner in half interest; small capital required. Address LARKIN & BENNETT, 145 Clark-st., Room 1.

A VERY VALUABLE PATENT RIGHT FOR SALE, by States or reasonable terms. A large amount of money can be made selling shop rights, by any person who has tact, or reasonable ability as a salesman. The article can be seen at the office of the Elastic Broom Co., Room 1, No. 52 South Canal-st.

A ONE-HALF INTEREST IN A WELL ESTABlished steam cabinet-ware manufactory, with a good line of business, in office and store fixtures, and capacity to work 30 men, for sale; from $4,000 to $7,000 required. Address, for five days, E 61, Tribune office.

A RETAIL BOOT AND SHOE STORE FOR SALE cheap, with a steady cash trade. Apply to E. L. REYNOLDS, 116 South Halsted-st.

A SOBER, STEADY MAN, HAVING $200 TO $300, can have a money-making business. Call to-day. Full particulars of DR. THORNE, 336 West Madison-st.

A SMALL STOCK OF MILLINERY GOODS AND fixtures for sale; stock entirely new, and all bought for cash; fixtures nearly new; store in best location; with long lease; good reasons for selling. Address G 99, Tribune office.

A FIRST-CLASS BOARDING-HOUSE ON WABASH-av., corner of Twenty-ninth-st., for sale cheap. Capacity for 32 boarders. BARBER & RIEDLE, Real Estate Agents, northeast corner State and Twenty-ninth-sts.

A GOOD PAYING JOBBING AND RETAIL SEED business for sale; terms liberal. Address V 31, Tribune office.

A BAR AND 3 BILLIARD TABLES, WELL LOCATED, on the West Side, near a popular place of amusement, for sale. A. H. McLEAN, 88 Wabash-av.

A BAR ROOM, STOCK, AND FIXTURES FOR SALE, cheap. Enquire at 54 Clark-st.

BEING DESIROUS OF GIVING OUR WHOLE TIME to the grain trade, we will sell our stock on hand with lease of store on South Water-st., and turn over commission goods on hand with good will of our trade at a bargain to a responsible party. Address 3 days M 99, Tribune office.

A CIGAR STAND FOR SALE--A SPLENDID CHANCE for a young man with a small capital. Inquire at the restaurant No. 158 South Halsted-st.; rent $25.

A CIGAR STAND AND FIXTURES FOR SALE cheap for cash. Apply 288 State-st., cigar store.

A DRESS-MAKING STORE FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN; PARties wish to engage in other business. Address P 70, Tribune office.

A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY BOARDING HOUSE FULL of good paying boarders, for sale at a sacrifice; Parties design going South. Apply at 154 South LaSalle-st., basement.

A GROCERY STORE FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN to the right man; is very desirable location; 3 years to suit purchaser. Reason for selling, going East. Inquire for 5 days, at 85 North LaSalle-st.

A GOOD CHANCE--GROCERIES AND PROVISION Counters for sale. 288 West Chicago-av., corner of Hooker-st.

A IF YOU WANT TO GO AND MAKE MONEY NORTH or South, with small capital, call and see two of the best paying stands in the market. Room 7, 14 Madison, southeast corner Clark-st.

A NEWS DEPOT AND CIGAR-STAND TO BE SOLD immediately; going into other business. Inquire at 100 Illinois Block.

A NEWS DEPOT AND CIGAR STORE FOR SALE, with or without stock. 204 State-st.

A ONE OF THE BEST DAY DRINKING SALOONS IN the city for sale. Will located. First-class customers. Address H. McLEAN, 323 Wabash-av.

A ONLY $800 WILL BUY A VERY GOOD PAYING saloon on the North Side; cheap rent. NOCKIN & FISCHER, 13 South Desplaines-st.

A RARE CHANCE.--AN OLD-ESTABlished hardware and stove business in Iowa, with a large run of trade. Clean stock. Good reasons for selling. Best location in city. Address J. W. HOBSON & SON, 240 and 22 South Water-st.

A RETAIL PACKING HOUSE, IN BEST LOCATION in city, for sale, with store and ice-house; cheap rent. Apply to MERRITT & CO., 14 Dearborn-st.

A RARE CHANCE TO BUY A FIRST-CLASS, GOOD paying grocery store in a good location and doing a first-rate business; good satisfactory reasons for selling. Address R 10, Tribune office.

A SPLENDID BILLIARD HALL FOR SALE, 25 TON; 9 tables, bar, and fixtures, complete, on Washington-st., near Board of Trade. T. B. BOYD, 130 West Washington-st.

A SALOON AND RESTAURANT FOR SALE AT A cheap bargain. Inquire at 336 South Clark-st., or 13 South Desplaines.

A SAMPLE ROOM FOR SALE--WELL FITTED UP. In an A 1 location, and doing a fine business; will be sold cheap, for cash. Inquire at No. 14 North Clark-st.

A STOCK, FIXTURES, HORSE, WAGON, AND HARness of a retail grocery, for sale to the only paying groceries in the city, for sale at a sacrifice; rent low; good location; good reasons for selling. Inquire at 267½ West Lake-st.

A THE MOST POPULAR AND BEST PAYING RESTAurant in the city for sale cheap. Apply to KENNEDY & NEWELL, 79 West Madison-st.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL--* * * * I HAVE LEFT 126 &PLEASE call and see me at 60 Desplaines-st. LOTTIE.

PERSONAL--WILL LOOMIS C. KINISTON LEAVE his address with Police?

PERSONAL--MAGGIE MCGINTY IS WANTED AT her old home, No. 65 Calumet-av., at once.

PERSONAL--WILL CALVIN PIER COMMUNICATE his address to his sister? Direct Corunna, Ontario.

PERSONAL--ROBERT FRED, GOODRICH, WHO once lived in Kansas, can get a letter at the Tribune office for you. Call and get it. Important.

PERSONAL--IF FRED GOODRICH, WHO ONCE lived on Calumet-av., will send his address to WALTER GOODRICH, Grove-av., he will learn of something to his advantage.

PERSONAL--STRANGER--WOULD LIKE AN INterview. Call this Sunday evening between 7 and 8 o'clock.

PERSONAL--RELATIONS OF GEORGE SPIVINS would like to see him at his brother's house as soon as possible. Important. Would like his address. Business of importance. SPIVINS.

PERSONAL--MOTHER, THERE IS A LETTER IN the Post Office for you. SONNIE.

PERSONAL--IF THE PERSON WHO TOOK THE diamond pin from Bernard's bosom, on Christmas day, in a street car, at the corner of Clinton and Madison-sts., will leave the same at No. 164 Madison-st., Room 3, he will receive a reward and no questions asked.

PERSONAL--MISS NELLIE ANDERSON WILL learn of something greatly to her advantage by sending address to U 23, Tribune office.

PERSONAL--LIEUT. CUMMINGS: YOU WILL learn of something to your advantage by calling on Mrs. T., with whom you formerly lived at Englewood.

PERSONAL--MAY, WHY YOUR PROTRACTED absence and silence? Shall be home this afternoon, G P.

PERSONAL--A. M., CALL AT NO. 12 SOUTH Clinton-st. A. J.

PERSONAL--MRS. M. NORBOE, PLEASE SEND your address to Tribune office, and hear of one old friend who has lately come to Chicago. U 82, Tribune office.

PERSONAL--W. H. VOORHES DESIRES THE address of Mr. Wm. Hemming, Jr., Brownville, cigar store 207 West Randolph, near Sangamon-st. Call at new brick store 197 South Desplaines-st.

PERSONAL--SLIM SAM: I MISSED YOU. TRY again Monday, or, if pleasant, this p. m., 2 to 5, or write. 207.

PERSONAL--IF ANYONE KNOWING THE whereabouts of Thomas Murphy, aged 19, 6ft. 6 in. in height, fair complexion, who left his home in September last, will communicate with his afflicted mother, MRS. ISABELLA MURPHY, 44 Scott-st., Chicago, they will confer a great favor and receive her sincere thanks.

TO EXCHANGE.

FOR REAL ESTATE, ONE-HALF INTEREST IN A business that the cash receipts run from $200 to $500 per day, for sale or exchange. For further particulars, address O 85, Tribune office.

TO EXCHANGE--FIRST-CLASS CARPENTER work for a couple of cheap suburban lots, or half an acre. Address CRAWFORD, 208 Sabor-st.

TO EXCHANGE--A PRETTY BAY MARE FOR A larger horse or trotter, and pay difference. ANTHONY, 17 Sixteenth-st.

TO EXCHANGE--I WILL EXCHANGE A LOT INside the old city limits for a nice cutter. J. S. GOULD, 119 Dearborn-st.

TO EXCHANGE--80 ACRES OF LAND IN ADAMS County, Ill., for good lot in outskirts of city, or suburban lots. Address P 30, Tribune office.

TO EXCHANGE--SOME UNINCUMBERED PROPerty in Cook County, for business of some kind already established. Address D 98, Tribune office.

TO TRADE--A DIAMOND PIN WORTH $240 FOR books. CHAPIN BROS, 50 East Harrison-st.

TO EXCHANGE--A NO. 1 FARM OF ABOUT 700 acres, good buildings; 80 miles from Chicago, two miles from depot; will be exchanged for Chicago property or merchandise. Address N 11, Tribune office.

TO EXCHANGE--VERY DESIRABLE SOUTH Park property for a residence in the city worth $4,000 or $5,000. Address Q 36, Tribune office.

TO EXCHANGE--CHOICE SUBURBAN LOT AND cash for stock of hardware. Also a beautiful fruit farm to exchange. Address, Mich. E. S. STEWART, 158 Twenty-second-st, Chicago.

TO EXCHANGE--DESIRABLE RESIDENCE LOTS two miles from old limits; will take furniture in full or part pay at cash; value. Inquire for MAC, Room 1, 99 West Madison-st.

TO EXCHANGE--IMPROVED BUSINESS PROPerty for acre property, or will take good farm; choice acre property for house and lot; lot on Wabash-av. for cottage and lot; a fine residence for acre property; 3 lots on North Side for house and lot; also, a very fine improved farm for city property. WILSON & MONTGOMERY, Room 28, Otis Block.

TO EXCHANGE--160 ACRES GOOD FARM LANDS in Hyndia County, Iowa, also, 120 acres in Wright County, Ia. WHITNEY, 134 LaSalle-st., Room 2.

MUSICAL.

A SPLENDID 7-OCTAVE CARVED-LEG STEINway piano for sale; new pianos $150 less than the regular price. It will pay to call at 251 Park-av., West Side.

A SUPERB ROSENBAM PIANO FOR SALE CHEAP; cost $600; can be seen at 276 Cottage Grove-av.

FOR SALE--AT A BARGAIN--A FIRST-CLASS piano, cheap for cash. Apply at 278 Cottage Grove-av.

FOR SALE--A VERY FINE MARTIN & SON piano, 7½ octave, nearly new. A really superior instrument. Address M 19, Tribune office.

FOR SALE--A PIANO ORDER, $400, TO APPLY on $600 piano. Price, $125 cash. Also, $125 organ order, to apply on $225 organ. Wholesale catalogue prices; first-class instruments. Address J. FERDINAND, Room 4, 92 West Randolph-st.

FOR SALE--AT A BARGAIN--SEVERAL NEW AND second-hand pianos, of the best makers, at G. C. KNOPFEL'S Music and Piano Warerooms, 252 Wabash-av.

TO RENT--OR FOR SALE, AT A BARGAIN--SEVeral pianos of standard makers. G. C. KNOPFEL, 252 Wabash-av.

WANTED--A STEINWAY OR OTHER GOOD piano, in exchange for good unincumbered city property. Address D 92, Tribune office.

WANTED--MALE HELP.

Bookkeepers, Clerks, &c.

WANTED--A YOUNG MAN 16 OR 17 YEARS OF age, to take charge of books and cash; must be a correct accountant. Call on C. H. LYON, 69 South Clinton-st. before 9 o'clock Monday morning.

WANTED--A FIRST-CLASS PATENT RIGHTS salesman; will give a liberal commission or good salary; the best thing ever offered. For particulars call at Room 38 Exchange Building.

WANTED--CLERK IN LAW OFFICE. ADDRESS, stating salary expected, Z 67, Tribune office.

WANTED--A YOUNG MAN WHO UNDERSTANDS packing, and is willing to make himself generally useful about store. Must come well recommended. Apply after 7 p. m. at 157 and 159 State-st., second floor.

Trades.

WANTED--MACHINE HANDS (STATE EXPERIence and wages) and finishers, on doors, blinds, sash, and glazing. To let on contract for the year's business. Material will be furnished with machine work done, and applicants must state price for finishing doors (sawed-out) blinds, sash, per m lights and painting and glazing per m lights. Reference required. Address H. K. G. & CO., care Cook, Coburn & Co., Chicago.

WANTED--A FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONER ON starch work. 119 Rhu Island-av.

WANTED--A FIRST-CLASS ENGRAVER. RODDIN & HAMILTON, jewelers, 39 State-st., corner Washington.

WANTED--A STONECUTTER TO WORK AS A helper. Apply to M. FINNIGAN & SON, corner of Dearborn and Madison.

WANTED--FIRST-CLASS STICK CANDY MAKER; must understand his business, and come well recommended. A good workman can get a steady job; must be strictly temperate. Address FOSTER & TOWSLEE, wholesale confectioners, St. Joseph, Mo.

WANTED--A GOOD BOOK COMPOSITOR. LANDON & COE, 509 Wabash-av.

WANTED--A FEW GOOD LATHERS, AT 109 West Madison-st. Building enclosed.

WANTED--A BOY TO RUN A GORDON AND Favorite press. Must be able to set forms ready. Apply at BOUGHMAN'S job office, 167 Clark-st.

WANTED--A YOUNG MAN TO LEARN A MEchanical, artistic, and profitable trade, one whose parents can loan employer $600 for six months, well secured. Address N 76, Tribune office.

WANTED--4 GOOD WAGONMAKERS, 4 SMITHS, 1 shoer, to go to Watseka, Ill.; permanent employment. Apply Monday, 7 to 10 a. m., 76 Wabash-av.

WANTED--TWO BOX SAWYERS AND FOUR nailers, Monday morning. WALTER S. MAHER & BRO., rear of 459 Archer-av.

WANTED--AN EXPERIENCED CYLINDER pressman, for job and newspaper work. Situation permanent. Apply to T 21, Tribune office.

WANTED--A GRAINER (BY THE DAY) AT Byrne & Pryor's, northwest corner Market & Washington-sts. A good job to the right man.

WANTED--AN EXPERIENCED WOOD-TURNER. Apply at once at SWAN & CLARK'S furniture factory, Robey-st., near Blue Island-av.

WANTED--A GOOD BOY TO LEARN THE SURGical trade. Apply to T. E. WALSH & CO., office 83 Exchange Building, corner Clark and Washington-sts.

WANTED--MACHINISTS. CALL AT H. HUMPHREYSTONE'S, 49 South Canal-st., between 11 and 12 a. m., Monday.

WANTED--BOOK COMPOSITORS. 49 SOUTH Canal-st.

Coachmen. Teamsters. &c.

WANTED--A GERMAN OR AMERICAN COACHman. References required. Apply at 48 and 50 Wabash-av., between 9 and 10 a. m., Monday.

WANTED--A STEADY AND RELIABLE COLORed man as coachman; reference required. Also a girl to do housework. Apply at 440 West Randolph.

WANTED--3 OR 4 BOYS OR MEN TO DRIVE wagon, to peddle coal. Apply at 440 West Randolph.

WANTED--A YOUNG MAN TO DRIVE A WAGON. Apply to MICHAEL DORNBY, 284 West Polk-st.

WANTED--COACHMAN--ONE THAT IS COMPEtent, careful, industrious, temperate, and is willing to make himself generally useful; must bring first-class references; no Irish need apply. Call at 36 South Water.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED--800 CHOPPERS, 100 HEWERS, TO make cross-ties. Good contracts to let. Keeper & Bagnell, Lumbermen. Apply to SHAW & WILSON, 24 West Madison-st.

WANTED--A BUSINESS MAN, WITH $10,000 TO $15,000, in an established jobbing business. Address, for particulars, I 97, Tribune office.

WANTED--ALL SEWING MACHINE CANVASSers to call on ALBERT STONE, 150 State-st., who will offer better terms than any one else in the city. Office hours 8 to 9 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

WANTED--A STEADY BOY TO MAKE FIRES AND work around the house. Apply to-day or Monday at 271 Wabash-av.

WANTED--R. WEEKS, CARRIER OF ROUTE No. 2, Tribune, wanting good strong boy to help. Apply Tribune delivery room at 8 o'clock a. m.

WANTED--A GOOD MAN TO SELL IN THE CITY. One that is acquainted with the fancy dry goods trade have preferred. Apply at Rooms 8 and 9, 113 East Madison-st.

WANTED--GOOD MEN TO SELL THE NEW SEWing Machine, the cheapest machine in the city and country. G. W. COOK & CO., Room 8, 152 Clark-st.

WANTED--A BOY AS CLERK IN A REAL ESTATE office, one who lives with his parents preferred, and is well acquainted in the city; salary small. Address, giving age and references, S 77, Tribune office.

WANTED--SEVERAL SMART AND INTELLIGENT men, without age or nationality for a permanent business, in the city or country. Men with a few shillings can make more than a dollar an hour. Call at 79 Clark-st., basement.

WANTED--A MAN AND WIFE TO TAKE A PART or the whole of a house, furnished or unfurnished; can pay in rent, board, and take other part in pay; or man can get employment about store. Also, a man to solicit orders for tea and coffee, or to sell from wagon; one that has a city trade preferred. 626 West Lake-st.

WANTED--A YOUNG MAN WITH SMALL CAPital, to act as Treasurer of a Variety Troupe. Call from 10 to 4 at 207 West Madison-st., Room 12.

WANTED--DRY GOODS SALESMEN, BY A Northwestern Illinois and Wisconsin jobbing house on Broadway, two first-class salesmen, one who is acquainted with Northern Illinois and Wisconsin trade preferred also, one for Indiana. None need apply who cannot undoubtedly control their trade when they visit New York. Apply to FOSTER, PIERCE & CO., 311 West Madison-st.

WANTED--A FIRST-CLASS TRAVELLING SALESman to sell coffee and spices in the country. None but finest talkers and those of business men need apply; no others need call; will be paid. Address TEXAS, care Mail Carrier No. 4.

WANTED--A BOY TO DO CHORES AND GO TO school--not under 12 years of age. Apply at 628 West Lake-st., between 9 and 10 o'clock.

WANTED--A MAN TO DRIVE A BAKER'S wagon. To one that can bring some trade the highest commission, or good salary. Also, a good foreman on bread. Apply for three days. Address, with full name and address, X 59, Tribune office.

WANTED--A MAN TO DO PORTER WORK AND take care of horses at EDWARDS, BLUETT & CO., 26 State-st.

WANTED--A GENTLEMAN OF FIRST-CLASS literary talent, who has resided in the city for a number of years, with references as to ability required. Address K 10, Tribune office.

WANTED--THE SERVICES OF A GOOD REliable man to loan his employer $1,000 or $2,000 on good security. Address P 31, Tribune office.

WANTED--SMART BOY 12 OR 15 YEARS OLD AT Laundry, 434 West Madison-st., Monday morning.

WAN

SITUATIONS WANTED--FEMALE

Domestics.

SITUATIONS WANTED--FOR GOOD COOKS AND second girls, at Mrs. WHITTAKER'S, 265 Chicago-av.

SITUATIONS WANTED--AT THE SCANDINAVIAN EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, No. 161 Clybourn-av. Several Germans and Swedish girls are waiting for situations.

SITUATION WANTED--TO COOK, WASH, AND iron, in a first-class private family. Apply at 327 West Taylor-st.

SITUATION WANTED--AS COOK, BY A MIDDLE-aged woman; wants a specialty. Inquire at 252 Burling-st.

SITUATION WANTED--AS FIRST-CLASS COOK, in private family where there is second girl. Call at Arnold-st., for two days.

SITUATIONS WANTED--FOR COOKS, LAUNdresses, dining-room, chambermaids, and general housework girls. Our office is known as being the only reliable place in the city. 126 West Monroe-st., STAR EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

SITUATIONS WANTED--BY TWO GIRLS, TO DO housework, second work, or dining-room work in private family or boarding house. Call for two days, at North Fourth-st., up stairs.

SITUATION WANTED--AS NURSE-GIRL, IN A private family. Call at 221 South May-st., in rear.

SITUATION WANTED--BY TWO GIRLS--ONE AS cook, and the other to do second-work. Inquire at 55 Ann-st.

SITUATION WANTED--BY A RESPECTABLE girl, in a first-class family, to do sewing and take care of children. Address B 36, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED--BY A RESPECTABLE girl, as nurse, or housework girl, or second work. Call two days at 1150 State-st., up stairs.

SITUATION WANTED--BY A GIRL TO DO GEN eral housework. Apply at 179, corner of Butterfield and Forty-second-sts.

SITUATION WANTED--BY A COMPETENT WOMan as a first-class cook, in either a hotel or restaurant. Apply at 322 West Madison-st., in rear.

SITUATIONS WANTED--FOR GOOD COOKS AND second girls at Mrs. WHITTAKER'S, 265 Chicago-av.

SITUATION WANTED--BY A YOUNG GERMAN woman to do second work in private family. Call Monday or Tuesday at 132 West Cornell-st.

SITUATION WANTED--TO DO GENERAL HOUSEwork in private family by a competent girl. Address West Madison-st.

SITUATION WANTED--TO DO GENERAL HOUSEwork; can do washing and ironing; good references. Apply in rear of 70 Ray-st.

SITUATION WANTED--BY A YOUNG AMERICAN woman, to cook, wash, and iron, or for general housework in small family. P. W., 154 Warren-av.

SITUATION WANTED--A RESPECTABLE MIDdle-aged lady wishes a situation in a small private family. Call at 1170 State-st., Monday.

SITUATION WANTED--AS COOK. ADDRESS 428 North Wells-st.

Seamstresses.

SITUATION WANTED--AS SEAMSTRESS IN PRIvate family, or to take care of one baby, by Jan. 4 or sooner. Address X 81, Tribune Branch office.

SITUATION WANTED--AS SEAMSTRESS IN PRIvate family where there is second girl. Call at Arnold-st., for two days.

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SITUATION WANTED--TO DO GENERAL HOUSEwork; can do washing and ironing; good references. Apply in rear of 70 Ray-st.

SITUATION WANTED--BY A YOUNG AMERICAN woman, to cook, wash, and iron, or for general housework in small family. P. W., 154 Warren-av.

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SITUATION WANTED--AS SEAMSTRESS IN PRIvate family where there is second girl. Call at Arnold-st., for two days.

Housekeepers.

SITUATION WANTED--AS HOUSEKEEPER AND seamstress by a middle-aged lady who has a sewing-machine, and can furnish her business thoroughly; can give unexceptionable references. Address P 10, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED--BY AN ENGLISH WOMAN, as housekeeper, or attendant to an invalid. Address P 179 Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED--AS HOUSEKEEPER, BY A lady competent to take entire charge of a house for a widower or gentleman; city reference. Address S 6, Tribune Branch office.

SITUATION WANTED--AS HOUSEKEEPER, by well experienced in sewing, and thoroughly understands how business is conducted. Address P 81, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED--BY AN AMERICAN LADY as nurse or housekeeper. Call at 154 N. Carpenter-st.

SITUATION WANTED--AS HOUSEKEEPER, BY A young widow from the East; first-class references can be given. Address W 78, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED--BY A YOUNG LADY OF good address; would like a position as housekeeper by one gentleman's family; the best of reference given and name required. Address W 84, Tribune office.

Miscellaneous.

SITUATION WANTED--AS WET NURSE, BY A healthy woman. Apply at Quincy Lying-in Hospital, No. 196 Centre-av.

SITUATIONS WANTED--TWO EXCELLENT washers and ironers want work; would go out to do it, or would take it home. Inquire at No. 1 Eighteenth-st., between Halsted and Union-sts.

SITUATIONS WANTED--TWO FIRST-CLASS women want work at washing and ironing, or would like to do fine laundry work.

SITUATION WANTED--BY A YOUNG LADY AS book-keeper (single entry), who writes a good plain hand, and can furnish the best of references. Address 65, Tribune Branch office.

SITUATION WANTED--BY AN EXPERIENCED nurse; good references from some of the best physicians in the city. Call on or address NURSE, 262 South Peoria-st.

SITUATION WANTED--AS COPYIST, BY A LADY; has had experience. Address F 56, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED--A LADY DESIRES EMployment for a few hours a day; office work preferred. Address F 52, Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED--BY A LADY AS NURSE OR governess, would make herself generally useful; or would go as seamstress in a private family, or would take charge of children; best of reference; salary not an object as a nice home. Call at, or address, H, 438 Wabash-av.

SITUATION WANTED--AS NURSE TO THE SICK; best of medical references given. Apply at 14 Twenty-fifth-st.

SITUATION WANTED--BY A YOUNG ACCOMplished English lady in a restaurant, lunch-room, or confectionery store. 121 West Lake-st.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

AUCTION SALE--TUESDAY MORNING, AT 10 O'clock, at 2 matched Lancaster mares, 5 single horses, all grades, 1 Clarence carriage, 1 three-seated sleigh, 1 spring in your stock if you want it sold; no charge if not sold. 1 new brick barn 26 Twelfth-st. J. Y. MORTON & RUSSELL.

A GOOD, BIG WORK HORSE FOR SALE CHEAP. 846 and 847 West Madison-st.

AUCTION EVERY TUESDAY AND SATURDAY, at 10 o'clock, at Lexington, Halsted, and Kingsbury-sts. Good stabling for horses. Money advanced on goods left on my charge. O. BRIGGS, 611 State-st.

A GOOD FAMILY HORSE, AND CARRIAGE WITH or without harness, for plano, or outside lots. Address 1023 Wabash-av.

CUTTERS, BOB-SLEIGHS, AND ONE LIGHT DEliver, one two-seat business wagon. CONNELEY'S Carriage Manufactory, 176 West Adams-st.

FOR SALE--A FINE ASSORTMENT OF SLEIGHS and cutters, also second-hand; these can be seen at our stock before purchasing elsewhere. L. S. TOWER, BRO., 55, 57, and 59 South Clinton-st.

FOR SALE--CHEAP, A VERY FAST PONY AND sleigh, nearly new; will exchange for cutter and horse separate. 24 South Halsted-st.

FOR SALE--A FIRST-CLASS NEW CUTTER, $10 less than value. 171 South Water-st. C. S. DEWEY & CO.

FOR SALE--A BAY HORSE, 8 YEARS OLD, 15½ hands high, suitable for express or business wagon; not present owner $150, price $180. Also a team of horses for sale cheap. Horses must be sold; fair trial allowed. Call on Monday at barn rear of 462 Mitchell-st.

FOR SALE--A FINE, GENTLE, 7-YEAR OLD mare; a race or lady horse, and new harness, very cheap, 9 Milwaukee-av. Will trade for real estate.

FOR SALE--CHEAP--TO COVER ADVANCES, A two-seated cutter, newly painted. 259 State-st., lean side.

FOR SALE--LIGHT AND HEAVY DELIVERY wagons, open square box and business buggies; also one pair of bobs suitable for express or light buck wagon. 1362 South Canal-st.

FOR SALE--PORTLAND SWELL-BOX AND square-box cutters, cheap. BEAL & BROWN, 153 West Madison-st.

FOR SALE--ONE TWO-SEATED ONE-HORSE sleigh, $30; one cutter, cheap. N. J. PARSONS, 49 West Madison-st.

FOR SALE--CHEAP, AN EXPRESS WAGON, OR will trade for double set buggy harness. Address HENRY GEORGE, 311 West Washington-st.

FOR SALE--CHEAP, A GOOD HORSE, BUGGY, and harness. Inquire at 209 superior-st.

FOR SALE--CHEAP--A SOUND IRON GRAY mare 6 years old. Apply rear of 359 West Lake-st.

FOR SALE--FINE HORSE AND HARNESS, $200; top buggy, $60; one cutter, $40. Bargains must be sold Monday. ANTHONY, 17 Sixteenth-st.

FOR SALE--A NICE SOUND HORSE, SIX years old, Democrat buggy, and harness 18, or will exchange. Apply at stable 61 State-st. H. DECKER.

FOR SALE--CHEAP--MUST BE SOLD TO-MORrow, 1 Clarence carriage and 1 three-seated open sleigh, 21 to order. J. MORTON & RUSSELL, 249 West Twelfth-st.

FOR SALE--CHEAP--1 BLACKSMITH BELLOWS and anvil. J. MORTON & RUSSELL, 249 West Twelfth-st.

FOR SALE--A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF LIGHT cutters and family sleighs, also several second-hand sleighs and cutters, one three-seated sleigh, price low. FOSS, SHAW & CO., 45 and 47 Wabash-av.

FOR SALE--2 SPRING COVERED GROCERY wagons, in good order. 16 Pierce-st., West Side.

FOR SALE--TWO GOOD, YOUNG BUSINESS driving horses, both good travellers, and kind to ride; will sell cheap if taken immediately. Corner of Seventh-third-st. and Calumet-av.

FOR SALE--TWO GOOD HORSES, HARNESSES, and top and side-covered four-seating spring wagon, very little use; no use for it. Inquire at 36 and 38 Wabash-av., up-stairs.

FOR SALE--SLEIGHS, SINGLE AND DOUBLE, of Portland and swell body, at Grand Central stable, 67 and 69 Fourth-av.

E. R. BROOKMAN, 180 TWENTY-SECOND-ST., has for sale a lot of Portland cutters cheap, also carriers and horses not engaged yet for New Year trade. Also no room for new horses or boarding horses.

SLEIGHS AT COST--I WILL CLOSE OUT THE balance of my stock of sleighs at cost. Have a few to be by the hour to responsible parties only. HATCH-AWAY'S, 169 and 660 State-st.

SLEIGHS--SLEIGHS--SLEIGHS--WE WILL CLOSE out the balance of our sleighs at cost. Give us a call. FLETCHER, LAZEAR & CHENEY, 238 State-st.

TROTTER WANTED--I WANT TO BUY A TROTter that has beaten, and made record better than 2:40 at last season in public. Direct to W E, St. James Hotel, Paris, Ill.

WHO WANTS A GOOD DRIVING HORSE FOR the kicking? 126 West Jackson-st.

WANTED--TEAMS TO HAUL ICE. JAS. F. SMITH & BRO., 186 Indiana-av.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE--BY J. H. KEELER, 16 CLARK-ST. Lot 3, 196 East Madison-st.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM corner of Madison-sts., south of Fourteenth-st., 2-story house and lot, 20x70; $13,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., 2-story and basement brick house and lot, 22x70; $13,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., south of Twenty-second-st., 2-story and basement brick house and lot, 20x70; $10,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., 2-story marble front house and lot, 22x70; $14,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., south of Twenty-seventh-st., 2-story marble front house and lot, 22x70; $14,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., two-story and brick basement house, 22x70; $12,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., south of Twenty-seventh-st., large two-story and basement brick house, 22x70; $12,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., south of Twenty-first-st., 2-story and basement brick house, 22x70; $12,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., south Park and Calumet-sts., near Twenty-fourth-st., 2-story and basement brick house and lot, 22x70; $12,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., near Dearborn-place, first-class 2-story and basement brick house and lot, 20x132; $10,500.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., south of Twenty-first-st., 2-story marble front house and lot, 22x70; $14,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., two-story and brick basement house, 22x70; $12,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., south of Twenty-seventh-st., 2-story and basement brick house and lot, 22x70; $12,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., south of Twenty-first-st., 2-story and basement brick house and lot, 22x70; $12,000.

FOR SALE--BY SHEPPARD & STREETER, ROOM 5, 196 East Madison-st., south Park and Calumet-sts., near Twenty-fourth-st., 2-story and basement brick house and lot, 22x70; $12,000.

FOR SALE--BY H. F. ELDRED & CO., REAL ESTATE and Renting Agency, 153 Monroe-st.

FOR SALE--BY H. F. ELDRED & CO., REAL ESTATE and Renting Agency, 153 Monroe-st.

FOR SALE--GREAT BARGAIN--I WILL SELL MY house, lot, and barn, 1st, 2d, and 3d floors, 22x70, with brick basement, nearly new; 10 rooms; $13,000; $6,000 can remain on mortgage. Also a cottage and lot, 16x30; $1,500. Also a cottage and lot, 16x30; $1,500. Also a cottage and lot, 16x30; $1,500

THE CHURCHES.

The Ministerial Association and the Bible in Public Schools.

The Methodist Church of America Organized on Christmas.

The Week of Prayer---Services in the Churches To-Day.

Episcopal and Roman Catholic Calendar for the Week.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The Chicago Ministerial Association (Congregational) has been discussing the relation that religion should sustain to the public schools; not exactly whether the Bible should be retained therein, or ruled out; but, in addition to its retention, how far should its doctrines be specially inculcated. It was contended by some of the divines that State education included moral as well as intellectual culture, the responsibility, while resting largely on the parent and church, in part, likewise, rested on the public school. In the course of the debate the subject met with a searching analysis, presenting itself under four general departments, to-wit: 1. The State to have nothing to do with education in the public schools; 2. The State to provide schools and allow denominational religious teaching, according as the majority in power may determine; 3. The State to provide public schools, but rule out all religious instruction; 4. The State to provide schools and allow religious instruction to a certain extent, limited to the most general teaching of the Word of God. The discussion harmonized mainly in a line of this last view, although, while held as a sound theory, it was generally admitted as difficult respecting its feasibility. A paper adverting to the theme was read by Rev. Dr. Patton.

On the same general topic, though respecting the higher departments of education, the Methodist Bishops have just issued their encyclical address to this effect: "It is certain that all attempts to secularize higher education will fail, and that this must still be largely under the control of the Church. The choice is between Christianity and infidelity. If the College is not Christian, it will be anti-Christian."

METHODISM IN AMERICA.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* is out with an article showing that the Methodist Church of America was organized on Christmas. It appears that the first Conference was held Dec. 24, 1784, in Lonely Lane Chapel, Baltimore, which Conference became *de facto* the Protestant Episcopal Methodist Church of the United States by a special permit from Mr. Wesley on the following day. Some sixty itinerants were present on the occasion, among whom were Francis Asbury and Thomas Coke. The latter was chosen Chairman, and read the letter from Mr. Wesley. This document, after stating the difficulties necessarily attending the growth of the Methodist Church in a country where the membership was so widely scattered, while its great centre of ecclesiastical power was so far away (in Europe), makes this official and final declaration:

I conceive myself at full liberty, as I violate no order and invade no man's right, by appointing or sending labourers into the harvest. I have accordingly appointed Dr. Coke and Mr. Francis Asbury to be joint superintendents over our brethren in North America, as also Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey to act as elders among them, by baptizing and ministering the Lord's Supper. If any one will point out a more rational and scriptural way of feeding and guiding those poor sheep in the wilderness, I will gladly embrace it. At present I cannot see any better method than that I have taken. It has indeed been proposed to desire the English Bishops to ordain part of our preachers for America. But to this I object: 1. I desired the Bishop of London to ordain one only, but could not prevail. 2. If they consented, we know the slowness of their proceedings; but the matter admits of no delay. 3. If they should ordain them now they would likewise expect to govern them. And how grievously would this entangle us! 4. As our American brethren are now totally disentangled, both from the State and from the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again, either with the one or the other. They are now at full liberty simply to follow the Scriptures and the primitive Church. And we judge it best that they should stand fast in that liberty wherewith God has so strangely made them free.

Whereupon it was then agreed "to form ourselves in an Episcopal Church, and to have Superintendents, Elders, and Deacons."

THE "WEEK OF PRAYER,"

which originated some years ago at the call of the missionaries in India upon all Christendom to pray for them, and which has since passed almost into an international religious institution, will be, as usual, observed in the city by most, if not all, the Christian denominations. There will be local and general meetings for prayer, and the programme as announced by the Evangelical Alliance will be mainly followed. The opening of "the week" will be next Sabbath, the first one of the New Year, and the subjects from day to day as follows, as given by the "Alliance":

Sunday, Jan. 5.—Sermons. Subject: The foundation, security, and universal extension of the Christian Church.

Monday, Jan. 6.—Devout acknowledgment. Remembrance of God's mercy to the Nation, to families, and to the churches; providential and spiritual blessings to ourselves; confession of sin.

Tuesday, Jan. 7.—Prayer: For Christian Churches; their increase in love, activity, fidelity to truth, and the closer manifestations of the unity in the faith; for ministers, missionaries, and evangelists.

Wednesday, Jan. 8.—Prayer: For families: for sons and daughters of Christian parents; for a blessing on home influences, and on the services and ordinances of "the Church of God;" for schools, colleges, and universities for children and youth at home and abroad; for young men in business or professions; for servants; and for all in sickness and tribulation.

Thursday, Jan. 9.—Prayer: For nations; for kings and all in authority; for the maintenance of peace; for the increase of righteousness; for the spread of religious liberty; for the growth of sound knowledge; for continental, concord, and good will among all classes; for the discernment of God's hand in national judgments; and for the removal of intemperance, immorality, and the sins which are "a reproach to any people."

Friday, Jan. 10.—Prayer: For mankind; for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, and the spread of pure literature; for the overthrow of all kinds of tyranny and oppression; for the removal of every kind of anti-Christ; for all prisoners and captives; and for the increase of that kingdom which is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Saturday, Jan. 11.—Prayer: For Sunday-schools; for missionary, tract, and Bible-circulating societies; for the raising up and sending forth of more "laborers into His harvest;" and for the removal of hindrances to the spread of the Gospel, and the conversion of the world.

Sunday, Jan. 12.—Sermons: "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and amen."

THE CHURCH BUILDINGS.

The weather has held back, but not entirely checked, operations among the church buildings. The Second Presbyterian structure has made good progress, and the rear section fronting on Twentieth street is near readiness for the congregation to occupy their Lecture Room &c. The Michigan avenue front will be finished next season. The Church of the Messiah, Rev. Laird Collier's, is not being pushed, but the lecture room will be finished in May. This congregation have just made arrangements to worship in Martine's Dancing Hall until their own premises are ready.

DR. COLLYER

was at Amsterdam, N.Y., hale and hearty, on the 24th inst., and expected to spend his holidays at Troy. The line of his lecture tour touches at Poughkeepsie, Syracuse, Montrose, Hudson, Sing Sing, Plainfield, Newburgh, Bath, Clyde, Seneca Falls, in New York, and at Bethlehem, Towanda, and Westchester, in Pennsylvania. Meantime, his church is being supplied by President Hosmer, of Antioch College, and other noted divines from the East. This week Rev. Mr. Weiss, of Boston, is expected to fill the pulpit next month.

ANOTHER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Chicago, which now has four theological seminaries in full blast, that are graduating a hundred ministers or thereabouts annually, for the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist denominations, is to have a fifth, that will represent the Lutheran Church. Official action has been taken in the matter, and already one Professor, the Rev. H. E. Jacobs, of Gettysburg, Pa., has been elected to fill an important chair.

CHRISTMAS.

It is noteworthy how general the observance of Christmas has become with all the denominations. Some of the most striking festive and religious features of Christmas in this vicinity were among sects that not many years ago would have deemed it a dangerous concession to the Papal calendar. Several Presbyterian, and Congregational, and Baptist churches received Christmas decorations, and the evening was marked by a festival, and, in some cases, a morning service was held. Christmas has come to be adopted as the Christian holiday throughout the world. Settled to the most practical, and hearty, and loving home interpretation of "Peace on earth, and good will to men."

SERVICES TO-DAY.

Services, morning and evening, will be held in the following places of public worship to-day:

BAPTIST.

The Rev. W. L. Noyes will preach this morning and evening at the Free Church.

—The Rev. Florence McCarthy will preach at the usual hours in the Union Park Church.

—The Sabbath School of the Western Avenue Church will have a Christmas festival this evening, beginning at half-past 7 o'clock.

—The Rev. W. W. Everts will preach this morning in the First Church. In the evening there will be a Gospel meeting.

—The Rev. Dr. Gregory, of Champaign College, will preach this morning and evening in the University Place Church.

—Rev. Jesse B. Thomas will preach morning and evening to the Michigan Avenue Church.

—Rev. E. P. Goodspeed will preach in the morning and Henry Morehouse in the evening at the Second Church.

METHODIST.

The Rev. Dr. Fowler will preach this morning and evening at the Centenary Church.

—The Rev. Dr. Tiffany will preach this morning and evening at the First Church. There will be a watch meeting Tuesday night, beginning at 9 o'clock.

—The Rev. Dr. Shrpard will preach as usual, the evening subject being "The Death Roll of 1872."

—There will be preaching this afternoon at the Reuben Street Church.

—Rev. S. McChesney will preach at Trinity Church, on Indiana avenue, near Twenty-fourth street, to-day, at 10:30 a.m. Services of unusual interest at 7:30 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The Rev. A. E. Kittredge preaches as usual at the Third Church, the evening subject being appropriate to the close of the year.

—The Rev. C. L. Thompson will preach as usual at the Thirty-first Street Church, the evening subject being the third lecture on the Prodigal Son.

—The Rev. Arthur Swazey will preach morning and evening at the Ashland Avenue Church.

—Prof. Swing will preach this morning at McVicker's. The services will be in the spirit of the Christmas season.

—There will be services in the Fourth Church on Congress street.

EPISCOPAL.

The Rev. Clinton Locke will officiate this morning and evening at Grace Church.

—The Rev. Charles Edward Cheney will preach this morning and evening at Christ Church.

—The Rev. H. C. Kinney will officiate, as usual, at the Church of the Atonement.

—The Rev. J. F. Walker, Rector of Calvary Church, will officiate as usual.

—The Rev. E. Sullivan will preach at the corner of Twenty-second street and Indiana avenue. The morning subject is, "Voices of the Dying Year."

—Bishop Whitehouse will administer the rite of confirmation at the Church of the Epiphany this evening.

UNITARIAN.

—The Rev. John Hewitt will preach this morning at Unity Church, Oak Park, on "Life Memories and Lessons." In the evening he will preach in the Third Church on "Divine Influences in Life." No evening service.

—The Rev. Dr. Hosmer will preach to-day in Unity Church for the Rev. Robert Collyer.

—The Rev. R. L. Collier will preach this morning at Martine's Hall, on Indiana avenue, and this evening will lecture on "Criminals and Poor People."

CONGREGATIONAL.

The Rev. E. F. Williams will preach this morning at the Tabernacle Church on "Immortality," and in the evening on "Accidents."

—The Rev. E. P. Goodwin will preach this morning and evening at the First Church.

—The Rev. William A. Bartlett will preach this morning and evening at Plymouth Church.

—The Rev. L. T. Chamberlain preaches this morning and evening in the New England Church.

NEW JERUSALEM.

The Rev. C. D. Noble, pastor of the Second Society, will hold services this afternoon in Plymouth Church.

—There will be services this morning at the Church Hall, on Prairie avenue, and in the afternoon at the West Side Temple; Dr. Hibbard will preach at both places; in the morning, on the "Old and New Testaments," and in the afternoon on "Christmas."

UNIVERSALIST.

There will be no service to-day in the Church of the Redeemer.

—The Rev. H. F. Campbell will preach this morning at Murray Chapel. There will be a Sunday School concert in the evening.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Rev. A. X. Shoemaker preaches this morning at the Church of God on "Time," and this evening on "Preparations for the New Year."

—The Rev. J. Carey Harris will preach this morning and evening in the Church of the Pilgrims.

—The Rev. F. Richards will preach this morning at the Evangelical Lutheran Church, at the corner of Dearborn and Erie street.

—Henry Morehouse will speak this morning at the North Side Tabernacle, and D. L. Moody in the evening.

A watch-meeting service will be held Tuesday evening in the North Side Tabernacle, when Messrs. Morehouse, Moody, and other speakers, are expected to be present.

—H. L. Hastings, of Boston, will preach this morning and evening in Advent Chapel.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

EPISCOPAL.

Dec. 29—First Sunday after Christmas.
Jan. 1—Circumcision.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Dec. 29—Sunday within Octave of Nativity.
Dec. 30—St. Thomas of Canterbury, B. M.
Dec. 31—St. Sylvester, B. C.
Jan. 1—Circumcision of Our Lord.
Jan. 2—Octave of St. Stephen.
Jan. 3—Octave of SS. Innocents.
Jan. 4—Octave of the Holy Innocents.

JEWISH.

Dec. 31—New Moon.

MATRIMONIAL.

Six Thousand Two Hundred and Sixty-seven Marriage Licenses Issued During 1872.

They used to speak, once upon a time, of Death as the great leveller, who knocked impartially at the marble fronts of Michigan avenue and the cottage of Sebor street; but there is now an aristocracy beyond the grave. One sleeps in a pine box, another in mahogany; one in the Potter's Field, and another in a choice lot in a really respectable cemetery. There is still left one place where rigid equality is the law, where all conditions of society are treated with exact impartiality, where the millionaire has no more room allowed him than the beggar, and where the belle of the city is shouldered by the seamstress. This paradise of the communists is nothing else than the register of marriage licenses, kept in the office of the County Clerk, where rich and poor, high and low, are limited to the narrow compass of one little line. The book contains the most curious blending of familiar and unfamiliar names, of men and women of all nationalities and all creeds. It reminds one of fashionable weddings by Bishops, and of forced ones by Justices of the Peace.

The total number of licenses issued since the 1st of January, when John Arbuckle made the first application, is 6,267. Taking them by months, they are as follows:

January	434	July	537
February	356	August	589
March	520	September	604
April	471	October	726
May	594	November	566
June	470	December	600

Why October and November should be such favorites, and February and March so unpopular, it is difficult to explain, but it is possibly owing to the prevalence of east winds during the last mentioned months.

The destruction of the old registers by the fire of October, 1871, renders it impossible to give the number of marriages for that year. From the time the register was started again, about the middle of October, to the close of December, there were 1,133.

MASONIC.

ORIENTAL CONSISTORY.

At the triennial election of Oriental Consistory S. P. R. S. A. and A. Rite, the following officers were regularly elected and installed:

T. T. Gurney, Ill. Commander-in-Chief.
D. W. Barnard, 1st Lieut. Commander.
H. H. Pond, 2d Lieut. Commander.
E. J. Hill, Grand Min. of State.
Jno. O'Neil, Grand Chancellor.
Jas. H. Miles, Grand Secretary.
E. B. Myers, Grand Treasurer.
Edw. Goodale, Grand Ar. and Eng.
B. F. Reynolds, Grand Hospitaller.
T. T. Ovitt, Grand M. of Cers.
Wm. Shaw, Grand Sta. Bearer.
J. L. Briggs, Grand Capt. Guards.
Jno. P. Ferris, Grand Sentinel.

APOLLO COMMANDERY.

At the annual conclave of Apollo Commandery No. 1, K. T., held recently, the following officers were elected:

Em. Commander—Sir James Hoye Miles.
Generalissimo—Sir Walter Augustus Stevens.
Captain General—Sir Tenny Town Oviatt.
Prelate—Sir DeWitt Clinton Crager.
Treasurer—Sir Henry Winsnip Bigelow.
Recorder—Sir Benjamin R. W. Locke.
Senior Warden—Sir Elias Palmer Hall.
Junior Warden—Sir Lieut. Beecher Dixon.
Standard Bearer—Sir Francis Trowbridge Sherman.
Sword Bearer—Sir Geo. Washington Muir.
Warder—Sir Samuel Myrick Henderson.
Captain Guards—Sir Isaac Parker.

HOME LODGE.

No. 308, A. F. and A. M., at its annual communication held Dec. 21, elected the following officers:

Bro. Amos Grannis, W. M.
Bro. E. P. Tobey, S. W.
Bro. E. A. Ballard, J. W.
Bro. R. B. W. Locke, Secretary.
Bro. L. V. Parsons, Treasurer.
Bro. Isaac Parker, Tyler.

BIGELOW LODGE.

At the annual communication of H. W. Bigelow Lodge, No. 438, A. F. and A. M., held Dec. 18, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

R. T. Smith, W. M.
Nicholas C. Langlois, S. W.
Joseph Russell, J. W.
William Locke, Treasurer.
Hannibal S. Collins, Secretary.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

MONETARY.

SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 28.

During the past week there has been some slight progress toward an easier money market. The demands of the packers have fallen off some, as might reasonably have been expected from the intervention of the holiday season. But up to a week ago they were larger for a month than they had ever been in this city before. It is apparent that the packing of pork and beef exercises a more important influence on local business and finances from year to year, and the large increase in the receipts of hogs, cattle, and sheep this fall over any previous one, shows that no branch of the business of the city is increasing so rapidly. Comparing the receipts of the last three months of 1872 with the same period of 1871, we find an increase of 50 per cent in the receipts of hogs, 50 per cent in the receipts of sheep, and 12 per cent in the receipts of cattle. The heaviest demand upon our local banks to pay for these, however, is probably over. There will, of course, be a great deal of packing and shipping in January and February, but the shipments from here eastward are now making a large amount of exchange, which represents the capital first paid out, and which is available for further payments.

The remittances from here to New York are unusually heavy at present, and help to keep up the price of exchange, which was sold between banks to-day at 50c per $1,000 discount to par.

The clearings of the Chicago banks, for the week ending Dec. 28, were:

Date.	*Clearings.*	*Balances.*
Monday	$ 3,117,356.61	$ 926,914.82
Tuesday	2,643,676.44	226,422.00
Wednesday—Holiday		
Thursday	2,823,206.27	376,341.35
Friday	2,451,364.20	297,412.28
Saturday	2,784,673.43	255,118.60
Total	$13,820,549.05	1,332,210.64
Corresponding week last year	$13,183,997.74	1,233,771.14

The following quotations of local stocks are furnished by Messrs. Hammond & Watson, 54 Washington street:

	Bid.	*Ask'd*
First National Bank	158	160
Third National Bank		140
Fifth National Bank	130	
Commercial National Bank	140	
Merchants' National Bank	170	
Union National Bank	125	
Northwestern National Bank	300	
Corn Exchange National Bank	110	114
City National Bank	145	
National Bank of Illinois	110	111
National Bank of Commerce	100	101
Chicago City Railway	155	165
North Division Railway	100	105
West Division Railway	110	111
Babcock Extinguisher		85
Elgin Watch Company	105	108
Cook County 7s		99¾ & int.
Chicago City 7s		99¾ & int.
Chamber of Commerce		100
Traders'		103

COMMERCIAL.

SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 28.

The following were the receipts and shipments of the leading articles of produce in this city during the past twenty-four hours, and for the corresponding date a year ago:

	RECEIPTS.		SHIPMENTS.	
	1872.	1871.	1872.	1871.
Flour, brls	5,440	4,224	3,940	5,878
Wheat, bu	23,650	14,895	5,860	710
Corn, bu	144,800	143,019	5,778	403
Oats, bu	10,850	22,390	6,702	2,400
Rye, bu	1,140	1,822		
Barley, bu	6,000	6,926	6,000	1,450
Grass Seed, lbs	6,740	20,000	14,540	23,000
Flax Seed, lbs	6,620			
Broom Corn, lbs	28,900	28,370	4,971	
Cured Meats, lbs	199,800	231,200	1412,280	1706,071
Beef, brls	263	85	150	
Pork, brls	163	257	365	188
Lard, lbs	120,850	226,340	587,940	513,610
Tallow, lbs	20,700	20,400	56,000	
Butter, lbs	50,297	29,102	10,450	5,140
Dressed Hogs, No	1,592	2,148	532	1,474
Live Hogs, No	19,624	6,222	3,261	822
Cattle, No	1,083	1,246	1,373	1,435
Sheep, No	337	191	1,536	495
Hides, lbs	119,134	273,684	103,694	124,484
Highwines, brls	451	274	301	210
Coal, tons	95,700	81,618	82,200	20,780
Potatoes, bu	30	2,500	200	90
Lumber, m ft	135	388	309	235
Shingles, m	160		184	90
Salt, brls		31	241	1,268
Salt, brls	1,020		821	1,268

Withdrawn from store on Friday for city consumption: 1,901 bu wheat; 4,474 bu corn; 813 bu rye; 855 bu barley. Withdrawn for do during the past week: 10,786 bu wheat; 14,331 bu corn; 8,341 bu oats; 4,539 bu rye; 17,666 bu barley.

The following grain has been inspected into store this morning, up to 10 o'clock: 63 cars wheat; 176 cars corn; 16¼ cars oats; 15 cars rye; 54½ cars barley. Total, 330 cars, or 131,000 bu.

The following were the receipts and shipments of breadstuffs and stock at this point during the week ending with this morning, and for corresponding weeks ending as dated:

	RECEIPTS.		SHIPMENTS.	
	Dec. 28, 1872.	*Dec. 21, 1872.*	*Dec. 30, 1871.*	
Flour, brls	29,402	28,492	10,554	
Wheat, bu	169,580	303,896	76,105	
Corn, bu	260,510	336,000	627,286	
Oats, bu	144,160	247,940	132,837	
Rye, bu	16,000	39,115	11,161	
Barley, bu	82,250	93,325	41,343	
Dressed hogs, No	6,833	7,362	1,148	
Live hogs, No	72,748	135,110	2,750	
Cattle, No	5,003	6,339	4,768	
	SHIPMENTS.			
Flour, brls	23,880	45,132	16,052	
Wheat, bu	44,000	107,972	5,175	
Corn, bu	18,409	71,343	37,033	
Oats, bu	72,872	147,127	33,910	
Rye, bu	2,253	6,584	2,158	
Barley, bu	37,500	74,159	24,457	
Dressed hogs, No	6,174	8,481	1,457	
Live hogs, No	20,206	23,004	9,394	
Cattle, No	3,756	5,823	5,162	

The formation of protective freight unions among the merchants of different Western cities, for the purpose of obtaining lower rates of freight on goods from the East than can be secured by individual shippers, has led to a reaction on behalf of the principal railroad lines, which has taken shape in the following agreement entered into between the agents of the various companies:

It is agreed that the trunk lines and their several fast freight, despatch, transportation, and colored lines will not hereafter make any contracts westward, in any form whatever, with forwarders or receivers, at less than the joint tariffs, unless by agreement of the general freight agents of the trunk lines; nor guarantee the continuance of such rates more than one week from the time rates are given, unless they are agreed upon to continue for a fixed period; nor guarantee time under any circumstances.

It is also agreed by the several connections of the trunk lines, that they will not, under any circumstances, nor in any form, rebate directly or indirectly, their respective proportions of the through westward rates fixed by the trunk lines; nor pay salaries, expenses, or commissions, in whole or part, to agents or clerks of freight associations or other shippers; nor give passes to forwarders or receivers of freight; but will observe through rates, classifications, and conditions westward solely in the hands of the trunk line officers, without any forms of concession, interference, or complications whatever on their respective lines.

The purpose of this agreement is declared to be the maintenance of absolute uniform rates and classifications by all lines, routes, and transportation companies; and we pledge ourselves to discontinue every form of direct, indirect, or remote detail which, in the exercise of the strictest good faith, can be construed as an unfair inducement to secure trade against honorable competition.

Signed on behalf of the Penn. Railroad; N. Y. C. & H. Railroad; Erie Railway; T. W. & W. Railway; C. C. C. & I. Railway; Vandalia Route; I. B. & W. Railway; T. P. & W. Railroad; Penn. Co., operating P., Ft. W. & C., and P., C. & St. L. Railroad; A. & Gt. W. Railway. The agreement was also signed by the agents of nearly all the leading Western railroad companies.

In reference to this, the New York *Daily Bulletin* says:

So far as this action is calculated to maintain uniformity of rates and prevent favoritism, or discrimination, there can be no valid objections to it. The freight agents have as much right to unite to protect their mutual interests as the merchants have to form protective freight unions. But so far as this action is intended to concentrate and strengthen a railroad freight monopoly, and is countenanced in that object by the great railroad companies, so far it is calculated to produce most unfavorable results. In this view it involves a virtual throwing down of the gauntlet to the business classes in the entire country, and is a distinct warning that henceforth it is useless to make complaints to or demand redress from the railroad companies.

GRAIN WAREHOUSE RECEIPTS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27, 1872.

J. W. Preston, President Board of Trade:

Your warehouse examining Committee beg leave to report that they were invited by Messrs. J. & E. Buckingham to visit the Illinois Central Elevators A and B and examine the grain in store, as well as their books and accounts in regard to the same. We have done so, and find that Elevator "A," (which has been re-built since the fire,) has just been completed, and that the firm commenced storing grain in it on the 15th of the present month. On the evening of the 24th inst. there was in store in that house, 293,700 bushels of corn, and receipts outstanding for that amount. Elevator "B" now contains about one million bushels of grain and it is impracticable to re-weigh it at present, and we therefore have to rely upon a careful estimate made by an expert, of the amount of grain actually in the bins at this time.

Upon examining the books of the firm, we find that they had outstanding receipts for grain against the "B" house on the 24th inst., as follows:

	Bu.		*Bu.*
No. 1 spring	1,092	No. 2 rye	29,431
No. 2 do	136,201	Rejected do	220
No. 3 do	86,021		
Rejected do	4,730	Total rye	29,651
No grade do	749		
Hard do	1,092	No. 1 oats	795
No. 3 red winter	1,456	No. 2 do	323,702
Rejected do	226	Rejected do	20,104
		No grade do	616
Total wheat	226,188		
		Total oats	345,127
Yellow corn	1,877		
No. 1 do	1,589	No. 2 barley	24,063
No. 2 do	825,113	Rejected do	4,540
Rejected	6,961	No. 3 do	6,774
Total corn	336,654	Total barley	35,057

Total grain receipts, 971,677 bu.

We find that the estimate above referred to gives warrants for grain. We have a sufficient amount of all the grades of grain on hand to redeem their outstanding receipts. The firm will cancel all receipts on which grain has been delivered, by cutting and perforating the signatures, and notifying the State Registrar of the same; thus effectually preventing any re-issue of the receipts.

We take pleasure in saying that the Messrs. Buckingham cheerfully afforded all the assistance needed to give the Committee an opportunity to investigate their warehouse business, and we are satisfied that they are conducting that business in a straightforward and careful manner.

J. STILES,
W. N. BRAINARD,
J. R. BEWSLEY,
} Committee.

The leading produce markets were generally firm to-day, and grain tended to greater activity, with higher prices, though receipts promise to increase with the advance of the New Year, and there is but little prospect of material relief in shipments. The speculative spirit is evidently gathering in strength, and unless it should play out unexpectedly, the results can scarcely be other than a further advance in the prices of breadstuffs. In the market for groceries there were few changes, and none worthy of note. No improvement was visible in the demand, either from local or interior buyers, and prices were comparatively steady as previously quoted. Dry goods were moving on a limited scale at about former rates. No considerable activity is looked for in this branch of trade until after the holidays, when dealers anticipate a good demand, and an advance in certain lines of goods. The butter trade was fairly active, with prices firm and unchanged. Shippers were buying liberally of low grades, while the offerings of choice packed and roll butter were chiefly taken on local account. Grain bags were again quoted firm, though there was only a limited movement. Burlaps and gunnies met with a fair inquiry at uniform prices. The cheese trade remains inactive and easy. Stocks are generally moderate, but are fully equal to present requirements. Coal continues firm at former quotations. Hay was selling to a fair extent at the prices current earlier in the week. Hides and leather continue firm. No new features were noted in the oil market. Trading was by no means active, the demand being mainly for carbon, lard, whale, and turpentine. Paints and colors remain dull. Tobacco was firm. Alcohol was firm, in sympathy with highwines. Lumber was quiet and steady. Brick, lime, cement, &c., were in full and nominal. Iron and steel, metals and tinners' stock, were quiet and unchanged. Sash, doors, and blinds were in moderate demand at previous prices. The wool market was quiet and steady. Broom-corn was unchanged; choice green hurl is very scarce; excepting a moderate inquiry for the better grades the market is very dull. Hops are very firm at 20@40c for common to prime, and 45c for very choice; the New York market is also reported firm, and the supply of domestic hops comparatively light. Seeds are quiet and unchanged. Potatoes are in fair demand from 70@75c on track, and 80@90c for small lots from store. Poultry was in fair demand and firm, the supply of chickens being light. Game was in good request at previous prices; prairie chickens quotable at $4.00@4.25. Eggs are firm at 28@30c. Green fruits were in moderate demand from the local trade. Groceries were unchanged.

Highwines were quiet and firm at the quotation of yesterday, though our reports were larger than usual, and New York was dull. It is stated that the demand here has been in excess of the supply for several days past. Sales were reported of 150 brls at 90c per gallon.

Dressed hogs were in fair shipping demand at yesterday's prices, but rather quiet, as holders generally asked an advance, which shippers were unwilling to pay. The market closed firm at $4.35@4.37½ per 100 lbs for good smooth lots. Sales were reported of 100 head at $4.40; 268 at $4.37½; 200 at $4.35; and 13 at $4.30. Total, 641 head.

Provisions were rather more active, and steady at former prices, though our quotations for cash pork are a shade lower than yesterday. It is very difficult to obtain correct quotations when there is nothing doing. The steadiness that has reigned in the live hog market for several days past is inducing more confidence among buyers, especially as the indications are that shipping facilities will be more ample (or less restricted) before long. They are bidding former prices with more freedom than heretofore, but are not willing to advance their views. It is stated that several sales have been made recently which were not reported—some of them large ones. The market closed quiet at the following range of prices: Mess Pork—Old, $11.25@11.50; new pork, cash or seller the month, at $11.50; do seller January, $11.45@11.50; do seller February, $11.60@11.65; do seller March, $11.80@11.85; do seller April, $11.95@12.00; prime mess, $10.50; extra prime, $8.75. Lard, cash, or seller January, $7.00; do seller February, $7.12½; do seller March, $7.20@7.25. Sweet pickled hams, 7½@8¼c, and green hams at 7½c for 15-lb averages, and 7@7½c for 16-lb averages. Green shoulders, 3½@3¾c; do rough sides, 4¼@4½c; do short ribs, 5@5¼c; do short clear, 5¾@5¾c; dry salted meats quotable at 8¾c for shoulders; 5¾c for short ribs, and 5¾c for short clear. Boxed shoulders, seller January, quoted at 3¾c. English meats for delivery in December and January, 5¾c for Cumberlands; 5¾c for short ribs or long clear; 6c for short clear; 8¼@8½c for long cut hams. Bacon is quoted at 4¾c for shoulders, 7¼c for clear ribs, 7¾c for short clear, all packed. Mess beef, $8.50@9.00; extra mess do, $9.50@10.00; beef hams, $27.50@28.50. City tallow, 7½@7¾c; grease quotable at 5½@6¼c. Sales were reported of 100 brls (old) mess pork at $11.80; 200 brls do (new), part seller January, at $11.50; 500 brls do, seller April, at $12.00; 1,000 tes lard, part seller January, at 7c; 100 tes do, seller February, at 7¼c; 200 lbs ds shoulders (16 lbs) at 3½c; 100,000 lbs green do at 3¼c; 300 boxes shoulders at 3¾c; 300 boxes do at $3.70; 100,000 lbs shoulders, seller March, at 3¾c; 200 boxes short ribs at 5¾c; 250 boxes long clear, seller last half of February at 5¾c; 250 boxes short clear at $6.06¼; 200 boxes do at 6c; 250 boxes long and short clear, seller February, at 5¾c; 20,000 lbs green hams (14 lbs) at 8c; 40,000 lbs do (15 lbs) at 7¾c; 15,000 pcs do (16 lbs) at 7¾c; 15,000 pcs do (without cost of delivery) at 7c; 20,000 lbs do (20 lbs) at 6c; 250 tes sweet pickled hams (15¼ lbs) at 8¾c; 50 brls yellow grease at 5½c; 10 brls country tallow at 7¼c; 1,000 lbs do at 7c.

The following were the receipts and shipments of provisions in this city during the past week:

	Received.	*Shipped.*
Beef, bbls	140	524
Pork, brls	441	1,103
Meats, lbs	1,333,640	7,555,162
Lard, lbs	457,800	2,968,200

The following are the statistics of hog packing to date, at the principal points, as compared with the same time last season:

	1872.	1871.
Chicago	528,788	620,679
Cincinnati	360,000	549,735
St. Louis	350,000	278,000
Louisville	250,000	300,000
Milwaukee	119,720	157,940
Indianapolis	95,000	95,000
Peoria	90,000	72,000

To same date in 1870 Chicago returned 419,414 head.

Henry Milward & Co. write as follows:

The intervention of the Christmas week has produced its usual results in the curtailment of the receipts of live hogs as compared with the previous weeks. But, although the discrepancy has been considerable, it has not been at all so marked as was the case last year, when many authorities averred that the season was about closing and that the bulk of the crop had been marketed. This erroneous impression was however, speedily corrected, and during the unusually mild days of January and February the heavy receipts came ceaselessly and continuously. This role will probably be re-enacted this year but in an extremer degree. From all quarters come the reports that the country is still teeming with hogs, and that the farmers have only delayed marketing them until after the Christmas holidays, in hopes of better prices ruling then. Even the drovers acknowledge such to be the case, and some even go so far as to express the belief that prices will recede to $3.00 gross, in consequence of the inordinate supplies yet to come forward. Be that as it may, the prices would be quite high enough to allow the packers any due security for their investments. From the statement made up by Mr. Sidney D. Maxwell, Superintendent of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, issued last week, and, which seems to be most thorough and complete in all its details, it would appear that the estimated increase in numbers over last year is 897,720, or about 18.66 per cent, exclusive of the increase in weight, which is universally conceded to be considerable. With such an increase in our production, and no apparent increase, but rather a falling off, in our consumption, and with the export demand diminishing, our packers may naturally feel apprehensive as to the future and refuse to take the risk unless they can buy the hogs at reasonable rates. Our shippers of provisions have been much inconvenienced during the week by the blocking up of the through route to Liverpool *viz* Portland and Boston. Neither of them have been able to receive freight, and there is now a large accumulation awaiting transport. All the lines are profuse in promises of amendment, but relief, but thus far these have proved vague, unfruitful, and unsatisfactory.

Flour was more active, being in better demand both for shipment and on local account, and was quoted strong, in sympathy with New York and in consequence of our advance in wheat. Stocks are not large, and the supply of water in the country is generally low, so that production is rather light. Bran was steady. Sales were reported of 100 brls white winter extras at $9.00; 200 brls spring extras (Minn.) at $6.75; 100 brls do (Baraboo) at $6.50; 100 brls do at $6.50; 200 brls do at $6.50; 300 brls do on private terms; 100 brls superfine at $4.50; 100 brls do at $3.50; 200 brls do at $3.25; 50 brls rye flour (Jeckman's) at $8.00; 50 brls do at $7.87½; 100 brls rye (Beloit City) at $4.50. Total, 1,552 brls. Also, 30 tons bran at $11.00 on track; 1 car corn meal at $13.50 per ton on track.

Wheat was active and strong at an average advance of 1½@2c, under a decided speculative movement, which commenced last evening, was stimulated by early private advices of this morning, and a rather sharp advance in Liverpool, and strengthened by a corresponding report from New York; though slightly dashed by the news that the latter city has 2,100,000 bu in stock. The feeling was so strong that, although some of our heaviest houses unloaded freely, the offerings were all absorbed, and like Oliver Twist, the boys cried out for more. The demand was due to a fair extent from the short interest, but it was principally from those anxious to go long, and several bets were offered "to prove" that the market will touch $1.25 before delivery day on Thursday next. Prices were remarkably steady, when the urgency of the demand is considered, and that fact was mentioned as an argument to prove that the advance is a permanent one. Our local sellers were chiefly those who look for a considerable increase in our receipts after the holidays, especially if they should be invited by higher prices. It is stated that there were numerous speculative orders to buy on the floor to-day, many of them being from the winter wheat raising districts, while the districts that raise spring wheat furnish sellers almost exclusively. Seller January opened at $1.20¾, advanced to $1.21¾, and closed at $1.20¾; seller February sold at $1.22¾@1.23¼, closing at $1.22½; seller March at $1.24@1.24¼; and seller all next year at $1.18. Seller the month, or cash No. 2 spring, sold at $1.20@1.21, closing at $1.20½; No. 1